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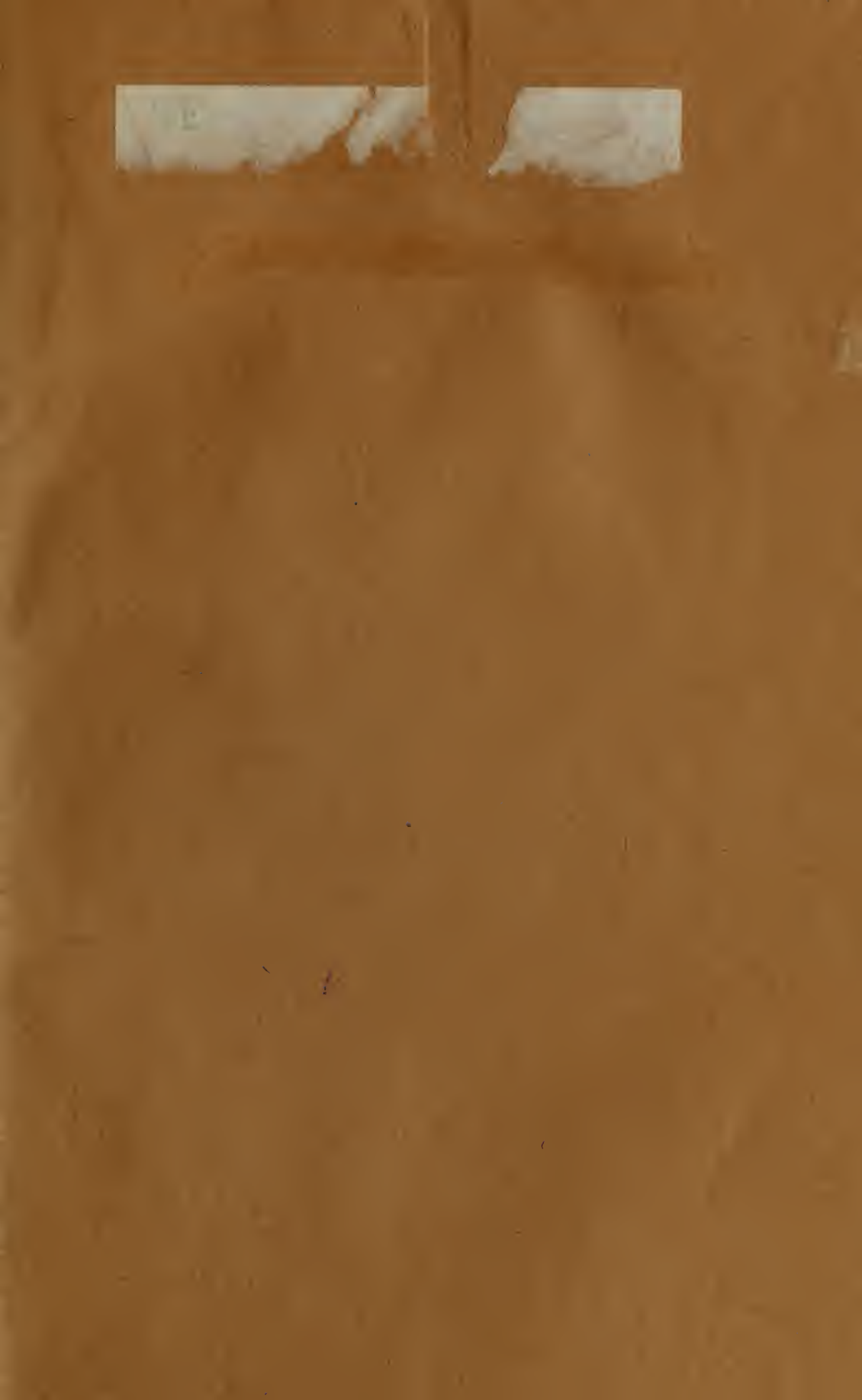
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Ada Rehan as "Katharina."

TAMING OF THE SHREW.

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COMPLETE WORKS

OF

SHAKESPEARE.

WITH NOTES BY

MALONE, STEEVENS, AND OTHERS.

TOGETHER WITH

A BIOGRAPHY, CONCORDANCE OF FAMILIAR PAS-
SAGES, INDEX TO CHARACTERS, AND
GLOSSARY OF OBSOLETE TERMS.

Illustrated with twenty-three Steel Engravings
and ten Photogravures.

IN EIGHT VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

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CONTENTS

VOLUME III.

	PAGE
TAMING OF THE SHREW	5
WINTER'S TALE	71
COMEDY OF ERRORS	151
MACBETH	197
KING JOHN	259
EXPLANATORY NOTES	325

TAMING OF THE SHREW.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

<p>A Lord. CHRISTOPHER SLY, <i>a drunken Tinker</i>, Hostess, Page, Players, Huntsmen, and <i>other Servants attending on the Lord.</i></p>	}	<p><i>Persons in the Induction</i></p>
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BAPTISTA, *a rich Gentleman of Padua.*

VINCENTIO, *an old Gentleman of Pisa.*

LUCENTIO, *Son to Vincentio, in love with Bianca.*

PETRUCHIO, *a Gentleman of Verona, a Suitor to Katharina.*

GREMIO,	}	<i>Suitors to Bianca.</i>
HORTENSIO,		

TRANIO,	}	<i>Servants to Lucentio</i>
BIONDELLO,		

GRUMIO,	}	<i>Servants to Petruchio,</i>
CURTIS,		

PEDANT, *an old fellow set up to personate Vincentio*

KATHARINA, <i>the Shrew,</i>	}	<i>Daughters to Baptista.</i>
BIANCA, <i>her Sister,</i>		
Widow.		

Tailor, Haberdasher, and Servants attending on Baptista
and Petruchio.

SCENE, *sometimes in Padua; and sometimes in
Petruchio's House in the Country.*

TAMING OF THE SHREW.

INDUCTION.

SCENE I. *Before an Alehouse on a Heath.*

Enter Hostess and SLY.

Sly. I'LL pheese you, in faith.

Host. A pair of stocks, you rogue!

Sly. Y'are a baggage; the Slies are no rogues: Look in the chronicles; we came in with Richard Conqueror. Therefore, *paucas pallabris*; let the world slide. *Sessa!*

Host. You will not pay for the glasses you have burst?

Sly. No, not a denier. Go by, says Jeronimy;—Go to thy cold bed and warm thee.

Host. I know my remedy; I must go fetch the third-borough. *[Exit.*

Sly. Third, or fourth, or fifth borough, I'll answer him by law. I'll not budge an inch, boy; let him come, and kindly. *[Lies down on the ground, and falls asleep.*

Wind Horns. *Enter a Lord from Hunting, with Huntsmen and Servants.*

Lord. Huntsman, I charge thee, tender well my hounds: Brach Merriman,—the poor cur is embossed, And couple Clowder with the deep-mouthed brach. Saw'st thou not, boy, how Silver made it good At the hedge corner, in the coldest fault? I would not lose the dog for twenty pound.

1 *Hunt.* Why, Belman is as good as he, my lord; He cried upon it at the merest loss, And twice to-day picked out the dullest scent. Trust me, I take him for the better dog.

Lord. Thou art a fool; if Echo were as fleet,

I would esteem him worth a dozen such.
 But sup them well, and look unto them all;
 To-morrow I intend to hunt again.

1 *Hunt.* I will, my lord.

Lord. What's here? one dead, or drunk? See, doth he breathe?

2 *Hunt.* He breathes, my lord. Were he not warmed with ale,

This were a bed but cold to sleep so soundly.

Lord. O monstrous beast! how like a swine he lies!
 Grim death, how foul and loathsome is thine image!

Sirs, I will practise on this drunken man.—

What think you if he were conveyed to bed,
 Wrapped in sweet clothes, rings put upon his fingers,
 A most delicious banquet by his bed,

And brave attendants near him when he wakes;

Would not the beggar then forget himself?

1 *Hunt.* Believe me, lord, I think he cannot choose.

2 *Hunt.* It would seem strange unto him when he waked.

Lord. Even as a flattering dream, or worthless fancy.
 Then take him up, and manage well the jest;—
 Carry him gently to my fairest chamber,
 And hang it round with all my wanton pictures:
 Balm his foul head with warm distilled waters,
 And burn sweet wood to make the lodging sweet:
 Procure me music ready when he wakes,
 To make a dulcet and a heavenly sound:
 And if he chance to speak, be ready straight,
 And, with a low, submissive reverence,
 Say,—What is it your honor will command?
 Let one attend him with a silver basin,
 Full of rose-water, and bestrewed with flowers;
 Another bear the ewer, the third a diaper;
 And say,—Will't please your lordship cool your hands?
 Some one be ready with a costly suit,
 And ask him what apparel he will wear;
 Another tell him of his hounds and horse,
 And that his lady mourns at his disease:
 Persuade him that he hath been lunatic.
 And, when he says he is—, say that he dreams,
 For he is nothing but a mighty lord.
 This do and do it kindly, gentle sirs;
 It will be pastime passing excellent,
 If it be husbanded with modesty.

1 *Hunt* My lord, I warrant you, we'll play our part,

As he shall think, by our true diligence,
He is no less than what we say he is.

Lord. Take him up gently, and to bed with him.
And each one to his office when he wakes.—

[*Some bear out* *SLY.* *A trumpet sounds*
Sirrah, go see what trumpet 'tis that sounds.—

[*Exit* *Servant*
Belike, some noble gentleman, that means,
Travelling some journey, to repose him here.

Re-enter a *Servant.*

How now? who is it?

Serv. An it please your honor,
Players that offer service to your lordship.

Lord. Bid them come near.—

Enter *Players.*

Now, fellows, you are welcome

1 Play. We thank your honor.

Lord. Do you intend to stay with me to-night?

2 Play. So please your lordship to accept our duty.

Lord. With all my heart.—This fellow I remember,
Since once he played a farmer's eldest son;—
'Twas where you wooed the gentlewoman so well.
I have forgot your name; but, sure, that part
Was aptly fitted, and naturally performed.

1 Play. I think 'twas Soto that your honor means.

Lord. 'Tis very true;—thou didst it excellent.—
Well, you are come to me in happy time;
The rather for I have some sport in hand,
Wherein your cunning can assist me much.

There is a lord will hear you play to-night:

But I am doubtful of your modesties;

Lest, over-eyeing of his odd behavior,

(For yet his honor never heard a play,)

You break into some merry passion,

And so offend him; for I tell you, sirs,

If you should smile, he grows impatient.

1 Play. Fear not, my lord; we can contain ourselves,
Were he the veriest antic in the world.

Lord. Go, sirrah, take them to the buttery,
And give them friendly welcome every one:
Let them want nothing that my house affords.—

[*Exeunt* *Servant and* *Players*
Sirrah, go you to Bartholomew my page, [*To a* *Servant.*
And see him dressed in all suits like a lady:

That done, conduct him to the drunkard's chamber,
 And call him—Madam, do him obeisance.
 Tell him from me (as he will win my love)
 He bear himself with honorable action,
 Such as he hath observed in noble ladies
 Unto their lords, by them accomplished.
 Such duty to the drunkard let him do,
 With soft, low tongue, and lowly courtesy;
 And say,—What is't your honor will command,
 Wherein your lady and your humble wife
 May show her duty, and make known her love?
 And then—with kind embracements, tempting kisses,
 And with declining head into his bosom,—
 Bid him shed tears, as being overjoyed
 To see her noble lord restored to health,
 Who, for twice seven years, hath esteemed him
 No better than a poor and loathsome beggar.
 And if the boy have not a woman's gift,
 To rain a shower of commanded tears,
 An onion will do well for such a shift;
 Which, in a napkin being close conveyed,
 Shall in despite enforce a watery eye.
 See this despatched with all the haste thou canst;
 Anon I'll give thee more instructions.— [Exit Servant.
 I know the boy will well usurp the grace,
 Voice, gait, and action of a gentlewoman.
 I long to hear him call the drunkard husband;
 And how my men will stay themselves from laughter,
 When they do homage to this simple peasant.
 I'll in to counsel them; haply, my presence
 May well abate the over-merry spleen,
 Which otherwise would grow into extremes. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. *A Bedchamber in the Lord's House.* SLY is discovered in a rich night-gown, with Attendants; some with apparel, others with basin, ewer, and other appurtenances.

Enter Lord, dressed like a Servant.

Sly. For God's sake, a pot of small ale.

1 Serv. Will't please your lordship drink a cup of sack?

2 Serv. Will't please your honor taste of these conserves?

3 Serv. What raiment will your honor wear to-day?

Sly. I am Christophero Sly; call not me—honor, nor lordship; I never drank sack in my life; and if you give

me any conserves, give me conserves of beef. Ne'er ask me what raiment I'll wear; for I have no more doublets than backs, no more stockings than legs, nor no more shoes than feet; nay, sometimes, more feet than shoes, or such shoes as my toes look through the over-leather.

Lord. Heaven cease this idle humor in your honor!

O, that a mighty man of such descent,
Of such possessions, and so high esteem,
Should be infused with so foul a spirit!

Sly. What, would you make me mad? Am not I Christopher Sly, old Sly's son of Burton-heath; by birth a pedler, by education a card-maker, by transmutation a bear-herd, and now by present profession a tinker? Ask Marian Hacket, the fat ale-wife of Wincot, if she know me not: if she say I am not fourteen pence on the score for sheer ale, score me up for the lyingest knave in Christendom. What, I am not bestraught. Here's——

1 *Serv.* O, this it is that makes your lady mourn.

2 *Serv.* O, this it is that makes your servants droop.

Lord. Hence comes it that your kindred shun your house,

As beaten hence by your strange lunacy.

O noble lord, bethink thee of thy birth;

Call home thy ancient thoughts from banishment,

And banish hence these abject, lowly dreams.

Look how thy servants do attend on thee,

Each in his office ready at thy beck.

Wilt thou have music? Hark! Apollo plays, [*Music.*

And twenty caged nightingales do sing.

Or wilt thou sleep? We'll have thee to a couch,

Softer and sweeter than the lustful bed

On purpose trimmed up for Semiramis.

Say, thou wilt walk? we will bestrew the ground.

Or wilt thou ride? Thy horses shall be trapped,

Their harness studded all with gold and pearl.

Dost thou love hawking? Thou hast hawks will soar

Above the morning lark. Or wilt thou hunt?

Thy hounds shall make the welkin answer them,

And fetch shrill echoes from the hollow earth.

1 *Serv.* Say, thou wilt course; thy greyhounds are as swift

As breathed stags; ay, fleetier than the roe.

2 *Serv.* Dost thou love pictures? We will fetch thee straight

Adonis, painted by a running brook;

And Cytherea all in sedges hid;

Which seem to move and wanton with her breath,
Even as the waving sedges play with wind.

Lord. We'll show thee Io, as she was a maid;
And how she was beguiled and surprised,
As lively painted as the deed was done.

3 Serv. Or, Daphne roaming through a thorny wood,
Scratching her legs that one shall swear she bleeds;
And at that sight shall sad Apollo weep,
So workmanly the blood and tears are drawn.

Lord. Thou art a lord, and nothing but a lord.
Thou hast a lady far more beautiful
Than any woman in this waning age.

1 Serv. And, till the tears that she hath shed for thee,
Like envious floods, o'erran her lovely face,
She was the fairest creature in the world;
And yet she is inferior to none.

Sly. Am I a lord, and have I such a lady?
Or do I dream? Or have I dreamed till now?
I do not sleep; I see, I hear, I speak;
I smell sweet savors, and I feel soft things:—
Upon my life, I am a lord, indeed;
And not a tinker, nor Christophero Sly.—
Well, bring our lady hither to our sight;
And once again, a pot o'the smallest ale.

2 Serv. Will't please your mightiness to wash your hands?
[*Servants present a ewer, basin, and napkin.*]

O, how we joy to see your wit restored!
O, that once more you knew but what you are!
These fifteen years you have been in a dream;
Or, when you waked, so waked as if you slept.

Sly. These fifteen years! By my fay, a goodly nap.
But did I never speak of all that time?

1 Serv. O, yes, my lord; but very idle words.—
For though you lay here in this goodly chamber,
Yet would you say, ye were beaten out of door;
And rail upon the hostess of the house;
And say, you would present her at the leet,
Because she brought stone jugs and no sealed quarts.
Sometimes you would call out for Cicely Hacket.

Sly. Ay, the woman's maid of the house.

3 Serv. Why, sir, you know no house, nor no such maid,
Nor no such men as you have reckoned up,—
As Stephen Sly, and old John Naps of Greece,
And Peter Turf, and Henry Pimpernell;
And twenty more such names and men as these,
Which never were, nor no man ever saw.

Sly. Now, Lord be thanked for my good amends!

All. Amen.

Sly. I thank thee; thou shalt not lose by it.

Enter the Page, as a Lady, with Attendants.

Page. How fares my noble lord?

Sly. Marry, I fare well; for here is cheer enough.
Where is my wife?

Page. Here, noble lord. What is thy will with her?

Sly. Are you my wife, and will not call me—husband?
My men should call me—lord; I am your goodman.

Page. My husband and my lord, my lord and husband.
I am your wife in all obedience.

Sly. I know it well.—What must I call her?

Lord. Madam.

Sly. Al'ce madam, or Joan madam?

Lord. Madam, and nothing else; so lords call ladies.

Sly. Madam wife, they say that I have dreamed and slept
Above some fifteen year and more.

Page. Ay, and the time seems thirty unto me;
Being all this time abandoned from your bed.

Sly. 'Tis much.—Servants, leave me and her alone.
Madam, undress you, and come now to bed.

Page. Thrice noble lord, let me entreat of you
To pardon me yet for a night or two;
Or, if not so, until the sun be set;
For your physicians have expressly charged,
In peril to incur your former malady,
That I should yet absent me from your bed.
I hope this reason stands for my excuse.

Sly. Ay, it stands so, that I may hardly tarry so long.
But I would be loath to fall into my dreams again; I will
therefore tarry, in despite of the flesh and the blood.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Your honor's players, hearing your amendment,
Are come to play a pleasant comedy,
For so your doctors hold it very meet;
Seeing too much sadness hath congealed your blood,
And melancholy is the nurse of frenzy,
Therefore they thought it good you hear a play,
And frame your mind to mirth and merriment,
Which bars a thousand harms, and lengthens life.

Sly. Marry, I will; let them play it. Is not a commonty
a Christmas gambol, or a tumbling trick?

Page. No, my good lord; it is more pleasing stuff.

Sly. What, household stuff?

Page. It is a kind of history.

Sly. Well, we'll see't. Come, madam wife, sit by my side, and let the world slip; we shall ne'er be younger.

[*They sit down.*]

ACT I.

SCENE I. Padua. *A public Place.*

Enter LUCENTIO and TRANIO.

Luc. Tranio, since—for the great desire I had
To see fair Padua, nursery of arts—
I am arrived for fruitful Lombardy,
The pleasant garden of great Italy;
And, by my father's love and leave, am armed
With his good will, and thy good company,
Most trusty servant, well approved in all;
Here let us breathe, and happily institute
A course of learning, and ingenious studies.
Pisa, renowned for grave citizens,
Gave me my being, and my father first,
A merchant of great traffic through the world,
Vincentio, come of the Bentivolii.
Vincentio's son, brought up in Florence,
It shall become, to serve all hopes conceived,
To deck his fortune with his virtuous deeds:
And therefore, Tranio, for the time I study,
Virtue, and that part of philosophy
Will I apply, that treats of happiness
By virtue 'specially to be achieved.
Tell me thy mind; for I have Pisa left,
And am to Padua come; as he that leaves
A shallow plash, to plunge him in the deep,
And with satiety seeks to quench his thirst.

Tra. *Mi perdonate*, gentle master mine,
I am in all affected as yourself;
Glad that you thus continue your resolve,
To suck the sweets of sweet philosophy.
Only, good master, while we do admire
This virtue, and this moral discipline,
Let's be no stoics, nor no stocks, I pray;
Or so devote to Aristotle's ethics,
As Ovid be an outcast quite abjured:

Balke logic with acquaintance that you have,
And practise rhetoric in your common talk:
Music and poesy use to quicken you;
The mathematics, and the metaphysics,
Fall to them as you find your stomach serves you;
No profit grows where is no pleasure ta'en.—
In brief, sir, study what you most affect.

Luc. Gramercies, Tranio, well dost thou advise.
If, Biondello, thou wert come ashore,
We could at once put us in readiness;
And take a lodging fit to entertain
Such friends as time in Padua shall beget.
But stay awhile; What company is this?

Tra. Master, some show, to welcome us to town.

Enter BAPTISTA, KATHARINA, BIANCA, GREMIO, and HORTENSIO. *LUCENTIO and TRANIO stand aside.*

Bap. Gentlemen, importune me no further,
For how I firmly am resolved you know;
That is—not to bestow my youngest daughter,
Before I have a husband for the elder.
If either of you both love Katharina,
Because I know you well, and love you well,
Leave shall you have to court her at your pleasure.

Gre. To cart her rather; she's too rough for me.—
There, there, Hortensio, will you any wife?

Kath. I pray you, sir, [*To BAP.*] is it your will
To make a stale of me amongst these mates?

Hor. Mates, maid! how mean you that? no mates for
you,
Unless you were of gentler, milder mould.

Kath. I'faith, sir, you shall never need to fear;
I wis, it is not half way to her heart:
But if it were, doubt not her care should be
To comb your noddle with a three-legged stool,
And paint your face, and use you like a fool.

Hor. From all such devils, good Lord deliver us!

Gre. And me too, good Lord!

Tra. Hush, master! here is some good pastime toward;
That wench is stark mad or wonderful froward.

Luc. But in the other's silence I do see
Maid's mild behavior and sobriety.
Peace, Tranio.

Tra. Well said, master; mum! and gaze your fill.

Bap. Gentlemen, that I may soon make good
What I have said,—Bianca, get you in:

And let it not displease thee, good Bianca;
For I will love thee ne'er the less, my girl.

Kath. A pretty peat! 'tis best
Put finger in the eye,—an she knew why.

Bian. Sister, content you in my discontent.—
Sir, to your pleasure humbly I subscribe.
My books, and instruments, shall be my company;
On them to look, and practise by myself.

Luc. Hark, Tranio! thou mayst hear Minerva speak.

[*Aside.*

Hor. Seignior Baptista, will you be so strange?
Sorry am I that our good will effects
Bianca's grief.

Gre. Why, will you mew her up,
Seignior Baptista, for this fiend of hell,
And make her bear the penance of her tongue?

Bap. Gentlemen, content ye; I am resolved.—
Go in, Bianca.

[*Exit* BIANCA.]

And for I know she taketh most delight
In music, instruments, and poetry,
Schoolmasters will I keep within my house,
Fit to instruct her youth.—If you, Hortensio,
Or, seignior Gremio, you, know any such,
Prefer them hither; for to cunning men
I will be very kind, and liberal
To mine own children in good bringing up;
And so farewell. Katharina, you may stay;
For I have more to commune with Bianca.

[*Exit.*

Kath. Why, and I trust, I may go too, may I not?
What, shall I be appointed hours; as though, belike,
I knew not what to take and what to leave? Ha! [*Exit.*

Gre. You may go to the devil's dam: your gifts are so
good, here is none will hold you. Their love is not so great,
Hortensio, but we may blow our nails together, and fast it
fairly out; our cake's dough on both sides. Farewell—
yet, for the love I bear my sweet Bianca, if I can by any
means light on a fit man to teach her that wherein she de-
lights, I will wish him to her father.

Hor. So will I, seignior Gremio: but a word, I pray.
Though the nature of our quarrel yet never brooked parle,
know now, upon advice, it toucheth us both,—that we may
yet again have access to our fair mistress, and be happy
rivals in Bianca's love,—to labor and effect one thing
'specially.

Gre. What's that, I pray?

Hor. Marry, sir, to get a husband for her sister.

Gre. A husband! A devil.

Hor. I say, a husband.

Gre. I say, a devil. Think'st thou, Hortensio, though her father be very rich, any man is so very a fool to be married to hell?

Hor. Tush, Gremio, though it pass your patience and mine, to endure her loud alarums, why, man, there be good fellows in the world, an a man could light on them, would take her with all faults, and money enough.

Gre. I cannot tell; but I had as lief take her dowry with this condition,—to be whipped at the high-cross every morning.

Hor. 'Faith, as you say, there's small choice in rotten apples. But come; since this bar in law makes us friends, it shall be so far forth friendly maintained,—till by helping Baptista's eldest daughter to a husband, we set his youngest free for a husband, and then have to't afresh.—Sweet Bianca!—Happy man be his dole! He that runs fastest, gets the ring. How say you, seignior Gremio?

Gre. I am agreed; and 'would I had given him the best horse in Padua to begin his wooing, that would thoroughly woo her, wed her, and bed her, and rid the house of her. Come on. *[Exeunt GREMIO and HORTENSIO.]*

Tra. *[Advancing.]* I pray, sir, tell me,—Is it possible That love should of a sudden take such hold?

Luc. O Tranio, till I found it to be true,
I never thought it possible, or likely;
But see! While idly I stood looking on,
I found the effect of love in idleness:
And now in plainness do confess to thee,—
Thou art to me as secret, and as dear,
As Anna to the queen of Carthage was,—
Tranio, I burn, I pine, I perish, Tranio,
If I achieve not this young modest girl.
Counsel me, Tranio, for I know thou canst;
Assist me, Tranio, for I know thou wilt.

Tra. Master, it is no time to chide you now;
Affection is not rated from the heart:
If love have touched you, nought remains but so,—
Redime te captum quam queas minimo.

Luc. Gramercies, lad; go forward: this contents;
The rest will comfort, for thy counsel's sound.

Tra. Master, you looked so longly on the maid,
Perhaps you marked not what's the pith of all.

Luc. O yes, I saw sweet beauty in her face,
Such as the daughter of Agenor had,

That made great Jove to humble him to her hand,
When with his knees he kissed the Cretan strand.

Tra. Saw you no more? Marked you not how her sister
Began to scold, and raise up such a storm,
That mortal ears might hardly endure the din?

Luc. Tranio, I saw her coral lips to move,
And with her breath she did perfume the air;
Sacred, and sweet, was all I saw in her.

Tra. Nay, then, 'tis time to stir him from his trance.
I pray, awake, sir; if you love the maid,
Bend thoughts and wits to achieve her. Thus it stands:
Her elder sister is so curst and shrewd,
That, till the father rids his hands of her,
Master, your love must live a maid at home:
And therefore has he closely mewed her up,
Because she shall not be annoyed with suitors.

Luc. Ah, Tranio, what a cruel father's he!
But art thou not advised, he took some care
To get her cunning schoolmasters to instruct her?

Tra. Ay, marry, am I, sir; and now 'tis plotted.

Luc. I have it, Tranio.

Tra. Master, for my hand,
Both our inventions meet and jump in one.

Luc. Tell me thine first.

Tra. You will be schoolmaster,
And undertake the teaching of the maid.
That's your device.

Luc. It is. May it be done?

Tra. Not possible. For who shall bear your part,
And be in Padua here Vincentio's son?
Keep house, and ply his book; welcome his friends;
Visit his countrymen, and banquet them?

Luc. Basta; content thee, for I have it full.
We have not yet been seen in any house;
Nor can we be distinguished by our faces,
For man, or master: then it follows thus:—
Thou shalt be master, Tranio, in my stead,
Keep house, and port, and servants, as I should.
I will some other be; some Florentine,
Some Neapolitan, or meaner man of Pisa.
'Tis hatched, and shall be so. Tranio, at once
Uncase thee; take my colored hat and cloak:
When Biondello comes, he waits on thee:
But I will charm him first to keep his tongue.

Tra. So had you need. [*They exchange habits*]
In brief then, sir, sith it your pleasure is,

And I am tied to be obedient,
(For so your father charged me at our parting;
Be serviceable to my son, quoth he;
Although, I think, 'twas in another sense;)
I am content to be Lucentio,
Because so well I love Lucentio.

Luc. Tranio, be so, because Lucentio loves;
And let me be a slave, to achieve that maid,
Whose sudden sight hath thrall'd my wounded eye.

Enter BIONDELLO.

Here comes the rogue. — Sirrah, where have you been?

Bion. Where have I been? Nay, how now? where are you?

Master, has my fellow Tranio stolen your clothes?
Or you stolen his? or both? Pray what's the news?

Luc. Sirrah, come hither; 'tis no time to jest,
And therefore frame your manners to the time.
Your fellow Tranio here, to save my life,
Puts my apparel and my countenance on,
And I for my escape have put on his;
For in a quarrel, since I came ashore,
I killed a man, and fear I was deseried:
Wait you on him, I charge you, as becomes,
While I make way from hence to save my life.
You understand me?

Bion. I, sir, ne'er a whit.

Luc. And not a jot of Tranio in your mouth;
Tranio is changed into Lucentio.

Bion. The better for him. 'Would I were so too!

Tra. So would I, faith, boy, to have the next wish after,—
That Lucentio indeed had Baptista's youngest daughter.
But, sirrah,—not for my sake, but your master's—I advise
You use your manners discreetly in all kind of companies.
When I am alone, why then I am Tranio;
But in all places else, your master Lucentio.

Luc. Tranio, let's go.—
One thing more rests, that thyself execute;—
To make one among these wooers. If thou ask me why,—
Sufficeth, my reasons are both good and weighty.

[Exeunt.]

1 Serv. *My lord, you nod; you do not mind the play.*

Sly. *Yes, by Saint Anne, do I. A good matter, surely
Comes there any more of it?*

Page. *My lord, 'tis but begun.*

Sly. 'Tis a very excellent piece of work, madam lady.
'Would 'twere done!

SCENE II. *The Same. Before Hortensio's House.*

Enter PETRUCHIO and GRUMIO.

Pet. Verona, for a while I take my leave,
To see my friends in Padua; but, of all,
My best beloved and approved friend,
Hortensio; and, I trow, this is his house.—
Here, sirrah Grumio; knock, I say.

Gru. Knock, sir! Whom should I knock? Is there any
man has rebused your worship?

Pet. Villain, I say, knock me here soundly.

Gru. Knock you here, sir? Why, sir, what am I, sir,
that I should knock you here, sir?

Pet. Villain, I say, knock me at this gate,
And rap me well, or I'll knock your knave's pate.

Gru. My master is grown quarrelsome. I should knock
you first,

And then I know after who comes by the worst.

Pet. Will it not be?

'Faith, sirrah, an you'll not knock, I'll wring it;
I'll try how you can *sol, fa*, and sing it.

[*He wrings GRUMIO by the ears.*]

Gru. Help, masters, help! My master is mad.

Pet. Now, knock when I bid you; sirrah! villain!

Enter HORTENSIO.

Hor. How now? what's the matter?—My old friend
Grumio, and my good friend Petruchio!—How do you all
at Verona!

Pet. Seignior Hortensio, come you to part the fray?
Con tutto il core bene trovato, may I say.

Hor. *Alla nostra casa bene venuto,*
Molto honorato, signor mio Petruchio.

Rise, Grumio, rise; we will compound this quarrel.

Gru. Nay, it is no matter what he leges in Latin. If
this be not a lawful cause for me to leave his service,—Look
you, sir, he bid me knock him, and rap him soundly, sir.
Well, was it fit for a servant to use his master so; being,
perhaps, (for aught I see,) two and thirty,—a pip out?
Whom, 'would to God, I had well knocked at first;
Then had not Grumio come by the worst.

Pet. A senseless villain!—Good Hortensio,

I bade the rascal knock upon your gate,
And could not get him for my heart to do it.

Gru. Knock at the gate?—O Heavens!
Spake you not these words plain,—*Sirrah, knock me here,
Rap me here, knock me well, and knock me soundly?*
And come you now with—knocking at the gate?

Pet. Sirrah, be gone, or talk not, I advise you.

Hor. Petruchio, patience; I am Grumio's pledge.
Why, this a heavy chance 'twixt him and you;
Your ancient, trusty, pleasant servant, Grumio.
And tell me now, sweet friend, what happy gale
Blows you to Padua here, from old Verona?

Pet. Such wind as scatters young men through the world,
To seek their fortunes farther than at home,
Where small experience grows. But, in a few,
Seignior Hortensio, thus it stands with me.—
Antonio, my father, is deceased;
And I have thrust myself into this maze,
Haply to wive, and thrive, as best I may.
Crowns in my purse I have, and goods at home,
And so am come abroad to see the world.

Hor. Petruchio, shall I then come roundly to thee,
And wish thee to a shrewd ill-favored wife?
Thou'dst thank me but a little for my counsel;
And yet I'll promise thee she shall be rich,
And very rich.—But thou'rt too much my friend,
And I'll not wish thee to her.

Pet. Seignior Hortensio, 'twixt such friends as we,
Few words suffice; and, therefore, if thou know
One rich enough to be Petruchio's wife,
(As wealth is burden of my wooing dance,)
Be she as foul as was Florentius' love,
As old as Sibyl, and as curst and shrewd
As Socrates' Xantippe, or a worse,
She moves me not, or not removes, at least,
Affection's edge in me; were she as rough
As are the swelling Adriatic seas.
I come to wive it wealthily in Padua;
If wealthily, then happily in Padua.

Gru. Nay, look you, sir, he tells you flatly what his mind
is. Why, give him gold enough, and marry him to a puppet,
or an aglet-baby; or an old trot with ne'er a tooth in her
head, though she have as many diseases as two-and-fifty
horses: why, nothing comes amiss, so money comes withal.

Hor. Petruchio, since we have stepped thus far in,
I will continue that I broached in jest.

I can, Petruchio, help thee to a wife
With wealth enough, and young, and beauteous;
Brought up as best becomes a gentlewoman;
Her only fault (and that is faults enough)
Is,—that she is intolerably curst,
And shrewd, and froward; so beyond all measure,
That, were my state far worsè than it is,
I would not wed her for a mine of gold.

Pet. Hortensio, peace; thou know'st not gold's effect.
Tell me her father's name, and 'tis enough;
For I will board her, though she chide as loud
As thunder, when the clouds in autumn crack.

Hor. Her father is Baptista Minola,
An affable and courteous gentleman.
Her name is Katharina Minola,
Renowned in Padua for her scolding tongue.

Pet. I know her father, though I know not her;
And he knew my deceased father well.
I will not sleep, Hortensio, till I see her;
And therefore let me be thus bold with you,
To give you over at this first encounter,
Unless you will accompany me thither.

Gru. I pray you, sir, let him go while the humor lasts.
O' my word, an she knew him as well as I do, she would
think scolding would do little good upon him. She may,
perhaps, call him half a score knaves or so: why, that's
nothing; an he begin once, he'll rail in his rope-tricks.
I'll tell you what, sir,—an she stand him but a little, he
will throw a figure in her face, and so disfigure her with it,
that she shall have no more eyes to see withal than a cat.
You know him not, sir.

Hor. Tarry, Petruchio; I must go with thee;
For in Baptista's keep my treasure is.
He hath the jewel of my life in hold,
His youngest daughter, beautiful Bianca;
And her withholds from me, and other more.
Suitors to her, and rivals in my love:
Supposing it a thing impossible,
(For those defects I have before rehearsed,)
That ever Katharina will be wooed;
Therefore this order hath Baptista ta'en;—
That none shall have access unto Bianca;
Till Katharine the curst have got a husband.

Gru. Katharine the curst!
A title for a maid, of all titles the worst.

Hor. Now shall my friend Petruchio do me grace;

And offer me, disguised in sober robes,
To old Baptista as a schoolmaster
Well seen in music to instruct Bianca.
That so I may by this device, at least,
Have leave and leisure to make love to her,
And, unsuspected, court her by herself.

Enter GREMIO; with him LUCENTIO, disguised, with books under his arm.

Gru. Here's no knavery! See, to beguile the old folks,
now the young folks lay their heads together! Master,
master, look about you. Who goes there? ha!

Hor. Peace, Grumio: 'tis the rival of my love.
Petruchio, stand by a while.

Gru. A proper stripling, and an amorous!

[*They retire.*]

Gre. O, very well; I have perused the note.
Hark you, sir; I'll have them very fairly bound:
All books of love, see that at any hand;
And see you read no other lectures to her:
You understand me.—Over and beside
Seignior Baptista's liberality,
I'll mend it with a largess. Take your papers too,
And let me have them very well perfumed;
For she is sweeter than perfume itself,
To whom they go. What will you read to her?

Luc. Whate'er I read to her, I'll plead for you,
As for my patron, (stand you so assured,)
As firmly as yourself were still in place;
Yea, and (perhaps) with more successful words
Than you, unless you were a scholar, sir.

Gre. O this learning! what a thing it is!

Gru. O this woodcock! what an ass it is!

Pet. Peace, sirrah.

Hor. Grumio, mum!—God save you, seignior Gremio!

Gre. And you're well met, seignior Hortensio. Trow you
Whither I am going?—To Baptista Minola.

I promised to inquire carefully
About a schoolmaster for fair Bianca;
And, by good fortune, I have lighted well
On this young man; for learning and behavior,
Fit for her turn; well read in poetry
And other books,—good ones, I warrant you.

Hor. 'Tis well; and I have met a gentleman,
Hath promised me to help me to another,
A fine musician to instruct our mistress;

So shall I no whit be behind in duty
To fair Bianca, so beloved of me.

Gre. Beloved of me,—and that my deeds shall prove.

Gru. And that his bags shall prove. [Aside.

Hor. Gremio, 'tis now no time to vent our love.

Listen to me, and if you speak me fair,
I'll tell you news indifferent good for either.
Here is a gentleman, whom by chance I met,
Upon agreement from us to his liking,
Will undertake to woo curst Katharine;
Yea, and to marry her, if her dowry please.

Gre. So said, so done, is well.

Hortensio, have you told him all her faults?

Pet. I know she is an irksome, brawling scold;
If that be all, masters, I hear no harm.

Gre. No! Say'st me so, friend? What countryman?

Pet. Born in Verona, old Antonio's son;
My father dead, my fortune lives for me;
And I do hope good days, and long, to see.

Gre. O sir, such a life, with such a wife, were strange:
But, if you have a stomach, to't, o' God's name;
You shall have me assisting you in all.
But will you woo this wild cat?

Pet. Will I live?

Gru. Will he woo her? Ay, or I'll hang her. [Aside

Pet. Why came I hither, but to that intent?

Think you a little din can daunt mine ears?

Have I not in my time heard lions roar?

Have I not heard the sea, puffed up with winds,

Rage like an angry boar, chafed with sweat?

Have I not heard great ordnance in the field,

And heaven's artillery thunder in the skies?

Have I not in a pitched battle heard

Loud 'larums, neighing steeds, and trumpets' clang?

And do you tell me of a woman's tongue,

That gives not half so great a blow to the ear,

As will a chestnut in a farmer's fire?

Tush! tush! fear boys with bugs.

Gru. For he fears none. [Aside

Gre. Hortensio, hark!

This gentleman is happily arrived,

My mind presumes, for his own good, and yours.

Hor. I promised we would be contributors,
And bear his charge of wooing, whatso'er.

Gre. And so we will; provided that he win her.

Gru. I would I were as sure of a good dinner. [Aside.

Enter TRANIO, *bravely apparelled*; and BIONDELLO.

Tra. Gentlemen, God save you! If I may be bold,
Tell me, I beseech you, which is the readiest way
To the house of seignior Baptista Minola?

Bion. He that has the two fair daughters;—is't [*Aside*
to TRANIO.] he you mean?

Tra. Even he, Biondello.

Gre. Hark you, sir; you mean not her to——

Tra. Perhaps him and her, sir. What have you to do?

Pet. Not her that chides, sir; at any hand, I pray.

Tra. I love no chiders, sir.—Biondello, let's away.

Luc. Well begun, Tranio. [*Aside.*

Hor. Sir, a word ere you go.—

Are you a suitor to the maid you talk of, yea or no?

Tra. An if I be, sir, is it any offence?

Gre. No; if, without more words, you will get you
hence.

Tra. Why, sir, I pray, are not the streets as free
For me as for you?

Gre. But so is not she.

Tra. For what reason, I beseech you?

Gre. For this reason, if you'll know,——

That she's the choice love of seignior Gremio.

Hor. That she's the chosen of seignior Hortensio.

Tra. Softly, my masters! If you be gentlemen,
Do me this right,—hear me with patience.

Baptista is a noble gentleman,
To whom my father is not all unknown;
And, were his daughter fairer than she is,
She may more suitors have, and me for one.

Fair Leda's daughter had a thousand wooers;

Then well one more may fair Bianca have:

And so she shall; Lucentio shall make one,

Though Paris came, in hope to speed alone.

Gre. What! This gentleman will out-talk us all.

Luc. Sir, give him head; I know he'll prove a jade.

Pet. Hortensio, to what end are all these words?

Hor. Sir, let me be so bold as ask you,
Did you yet ever see Baptista's daughter?

Tra. No, sir; but hear I do that he hath two;
The one as famous for a scolding tongue,
As is the other for beauteous modesty.

Pet. Sir, sir, the first's for me; let her go by.

Gre. Yea, leave that labor to great Hercules;
And let it be more than Alcides' twelve.

Pet. Sir, understand you this of me, in sooth;—
The youngest daughter, whom you hearken for,
Her father keeps from all access of suitors,
And will not promise her to any man,
Until the elder sister first be wed.
The younger then is free, and not before.

Tra. If it be so, sir, that you are the man
Must stead us all, and me among the rest;
An if you break the ice, and do this feat,—
Achieve the elder, set the younger free
For our access,—whose hap shall be to have her,
Will not so graceless be, to be ingrate.

Hor. Sir, you say well, and well do you conceive;
And since you do profess to be a suitor,
You must, as we do, gratify this gentleman,
To whom we all rest generally beholden.

Tra. Sir, I shall not be slack: in sign whereof,
Please ye we may contrive this afternoon,
And quaff carouses to our mistress' health;
And do as adversaries do in law,—
Strive mightily, but eat and drink as friends.

Gre. Bion. O excellent motion! Fellows, let's begone

Hor. The motion's good indeed, and be it so:—
Petruchio, I shall be your *ben venuto*. [Exeunt.

ACT II.

SCENE I. *The same. A Room in Baptista's House.*

Enter KATHARINA and BIANCA.

Bian. Good sister, wrong me not, nor wrong yourself,
To make a bondmaid and a slave of me;
That I disclaim: but for these other gawds,
Unbind my hands, I'll pull them off myself,
Yea, all my raiment, to my petticoat;
Or, what you will command me, will I do,
So well I know my duty to my elders.

Kath. Of all thy suitors, here I charge thee, tell
Whom thou lov'st best. See thou dissemble not.

Bian. Believe me, sister, of all the men alive,
I never yet beheld that special face
Which I could fancy more than any other.

Kath. Minion, thou liest. Is't not Hortensio?

Bian. If you affect him, sister, here I swear,
I'll plead for you myself, but you shall have him.

Kath. O then, belike, you fancy riches more;
You will have Gremio to keep you fair.

Bian. Is it for him you do envy me so?
Nay, then you jest; and now I well perceive,
You have but jested with me all this while.
I pr'ythee, sister Kate, untie my hands.

Kath. If that be jest, then all the rest was so.

[*Strikes her*

Enter BAPTISTA.

Bap. Why, how now, dame! whence grows this insolence?—

Bianca, stand aside;—poor girl! she weeps.—
Go, ply thy needle; meddle not with her.
For shame, thou hilding of a devilish spirit,
Why dost thou wrong her that did ne'er wrong thee?
When did she cross thee with a bitter word?

Kath. Her silence flouts me, and I'll be revenged.

[*Flies after BIANCA.*

Bap. What, in my sight!—Bianca, get thee in.

[*Exit BIANCA.*

Kath. Will you not suffer me? Nay, now I see
She is your treasure; she must have a husband;
I must dance barefoot on her wedding-day,
And, for your love to her, lead apes in hell.
Talk not to me; I will go sit and weep,
Till I can find occasion of revenge. [*Exit KATHARINA.*

Bap. Was ever gentleman thus grieved as I?
But who comes here?

*Enter GREMIO, with LUCENTIO in the habit of a mean man;
PETRUCHIO, with HORTENSIO as a Musician; and TRANIO,
with BIONDELLO bearing a lute and books.*

Gre. Good-morrow, neighbor Baptista.

Bap. Good-morrow, neighbor Gremio. God save you,
gentlemen!

Pet. And you, good sir! Pray, have you not a daughter
Called Katharina, fair and virtuous?

Bap. I have a daughter, sir, called Katharina.

Gre. You are too blunt; go to it orderly.

Pet. You wrong me, seignior Gremio; give me leave.—
I am a gentleman of Verona, sir,
That,—hearing of her beauty and her wit,

Her affability, and bashful modesty,
 Her wondrous qualities, and mild behavior,—
 Am bold to show myself a forward guest
 Within your house, to make mine eye the witness
 Of that report which I so oft have heard;
 And, for an entrance to my entertainment,
 I do present you with a man of mine,

[*Presenting* HORTENSIO.]

Cunning in music, and the mathematics,
 To instruct her fully in those sciences,
 Whereof, I know, she is not ignorant.
 Accept of him, or else you do me wrong;
 His name is Licio, born in Mantua.

Bap. You're welcome, sir; and he, for your good sake.
 But for my daughter Katharine,—this I know,
 She is not for your turn, the more my grief.

Pet. I see you do not mean to part with her;
 Or else you like not of my company.

Bap. Mistake me not; I speak but as I find.
 Whence are you, sir? What may I call your name?

Pet. Petruchio is my name; Antonio's son,
 A man well known throughout all Italy.

Bap. I know him well; you are welcome for his sake.

Gre. Saving your tale, Petruchio, I pray,
 Let us, that are poor petitioners, speak too.
 Baccare! you are marvellous forward.

Pet. O, pardon me, seignior Gremio; I would fain be
 doing.

Gre. I doubt it not, sir; but you will curse your wooing.—
 Neighbor, this is a gift very grateful, I am sure of it. To
 express the like kindness myself, that have been more kindly
 beholden to you than any, I freely give unto you this young
 scholar, [*Presenting* LUCENTIO.] that hath been long study-
 ing at Rheims; as cunning in Greek, Latin, and other lan-
 guages, as the other in music and mathematics. His name
 is Cambio; pray, accept his service.

Bap. A thousand thanks, seignior Gremio; welcome,
 good Cambio. — But, gentle sir, [*To* TRANIO.] methinks you
 walk like a stranger. May I be so bold to know the cause
 of your coming?

Tra. Pardon me, sir, the boldness is mine own;
 That, being a stranger in this city here,
 Do make myself a suitor to your daughter,
 Unto Bianca, fair and virtuous.

Nor is your firm resolve unknown to me,
 In the preferment of the eldest sister.
 This liberty is all that I request,—
 That, upon knowledge of my parentage,
 I may have welcome 'mongst the rest that woo,
 And free access and favor as the rest.
 And toward the education of your daughters,
 I here bestow a simple instrument,
 And this small package of Greek and Latin books.
 If you accept them, then their worth is great.

Bap. Lucentio is your name? Of whence, I pray?

Tra. Of Pisa, sir; son to Vincentio.

Bap. A mighty man of Pisa, by report
 I know him well: you are very welcome, sir.—
 Take you [*To HOR.*] the lute, and you [*To LUC.*] the set of
 books;

You shall go see your pupils presently.
 Holla, within!

Enter a Servant.

Sirrah, lead

These gentlemen to my daughters, and tell them both,
 These are their tutors; bid them use them well.

[*Exit Servant, with HORTENSIO, LUCENTIO,
 and BIONDELLO.*]

We will go walk a little in the orchard,
 And then to dinner. You are passing welcome,
 And so I pray you all to think yourselves.

Pet. Seignior Baptista, my business asketh haste,
 And every day I cannot come to woo.

You knew my father well; and in him, me,
 Left solely heir to all his lands and goods,
 Which I have bettered rather than decreased.
 Then tell me, if I get your daughter's love,
 What dowry shall I have with her to wife?

Bap. After my death, the one half of my lands;
 And, in possession, twenty thousand crowns.

Pet. And for that dowry, I'll assure her of
 Her widowhood,—be it that she survive me,—
 In all my lands and leases whatsoever.

Let specialties be therefore drawn between us,
 That covenants may be kept on either hand.

Bap. Ay, when the special thing is well obtained;
 This is,—her love; for that is all in all.

Pet. Why, that is nothing; for I tell you, father,
 I am as peremptory as she proud-minded;

And where two raging fires meet together,
 They do consume the thing that feeds their fury:
 Though little fire grows great with little wind,
 Yet extreme gusts will blow out fire and all.
 So I to her, and so she yields to me;
 For I am rough, and woo not like a babe.

Bap. Well mayst thou woo, and happy be thy speed!
 But be thou armed for some unhappy words.

Pet. Ay, to the proof; as mountains are for winds,
 That shake not, though they blow perpetually.

Re-enter HORTENSIO, with his head broken.

Bap. How now, my friend? Why dost thou look so pale?

Hor. For fear, I promise you, if I look pale.

Bap. What, will my daughter prove a good musician?

Hor. I think she'll sooner prove a soldier;

Iron may hold with her, but never lutes.

Bap. Why then thou canst not break her to the lute?

Hor. Why, no; for she hath broke the lute to me:

I did but tell her, she mistook her frets,
 And bowed her hand to teach her fingering,
 When, with a most impatient, devilish spirit,
Frets, call you these? quoth she; *I'll fume with them;*
 And, with that word, she struck me on the head,
 And through the instrument my pate made way;
 And there I stood amazed for a while,
 As on a pillory, looking through the lute;
 While she did call me,—rascal fiddler,
 And,—twangling Jack; with twenty such vile terms,
 As she had studied to misuse me so.

Pet. Now, by the world, it is a lusty wench;
 I love her ten times more than e'er I did.
 O, how I long to have some chat with her.

Bap. Well, go with me, and be not so discomfited.
 Proceed in practice with my younger daughter;
~~She's apt to learn, and thankful for good turns.—~~
 Signior Petruchio, will you go with us?
 Or shall I send my daughter Kate to you?

Pet. I pray you, do; I will attend her here,—

[*Exeunt BAPTISTA, GREMIO, TRANIO, and HORTENSIO*

And woo her with some spirit when she comes.
 Say, that she rail; why then I'll tell her plain,
 She sings as sweetly as a nightingale.
 Say, that she frown; I'll say she looks as clear
 As morning roses newly washed with dew.
~~Say, she be mute, and will not speak a word;~~

Gre.

But thine loth fry.

Skipper, stand back; 'tis age that nourisheth.

Tra. But youth, in ladies' eyes that flourisheth.

Bap. Content you, gentlemen; I'll compound this strife.

'Tis deeds must win the prize; and he, of both,
That can assure my daughter greatest dower,
Shall have Bianca's love.—

Say, seignior Gremio, what can you assure her?

Gre. First, as you know, my house within the city
Is richly furnished with plate and gold;
Basins, and ewers, to lave her dainty hands;
My hangings all of Tyrian tapestry;
In ivory coffers I have stuffed my crowns;
In cypress chests my arrâs, counterpoints,
Costly apparel, tents, and canopies;
Fine linen, Turkey cushions bossed with pearl,
Valance of Venice gold in needle-work,
Pewter and brass, and all things that belong
To house, or house-keeping. Then, at my farm,
I have a hundred milch-kine to the pail,
Six score fat oxen standing in my stalls,
And all things answerable to this portion.
Myself am struck in years, I must confess;
And, if I die to-morrow, this is hers,
If, whilst I live, she will be only mine.

Tra. That *only* came well in.—Sir, list to me.
I am my father's heir, and only son:
If I may have your daughter to my wife,
I'll leave her houses three or four as good,
Within rich Pisa's walls, as any one
Old seignior Gremio has in Padua;
Besides two thousand ducats by the year,
Of fruitful land, all which shall be her jointure.—
What, have I pinched you, seignior Gremio?

Gre. Two thousand ducats by the year, of land!
My land amounts not to so much in all:
That she shall have; besides an argosy,
That now is lying in Marseilles' road.—
What, have I choked you with an argosy?

Tra. Gremio, 'tis known my father hath no less
Than three great argosies; besides two galliasses,
And twelve tight galleys. These I will assure her,
And twice as much, whate'er thou offer'st next,

Gre. Nay, I have offered all; I have no more;
And she can have no more than all I have.
If you like me, she shall have me and mine.

Tra. Why, then the maid is mine from all the world,
By your firm promise; Gremio is outvied.

Bap. I must confess, your offer is the best;
And, let your father make her the assurance,
She is your own; else you must pardon me.
If you should die before him, where's her dower?

Tra. That's but a cavil; he is old, I young.

Gre. And may not young men die, as well as old?

Bap. Well, gentlemen,
I am thus resolved.—On Sunday next, you know,
My daughter Katharine is to be married:
Now, on the Sunday following, shall Bianca
Be bride to you, if you make this assurance;
If not, to seignior Gremio.

And so I take my leave, and thank you both. [*Exit.*

Gre. Adieu, good neighbor.—Now, I fear thee not;
Sirrah, young gamester, your father were a fool
To give thee all, and, in his waning age,
Set foot under thy table. Tut! a toy!

An old Italian fox is not so kind, my boy! [*Exit.*

Tra. A vengeance on your crafty withered hide!
Yet I have faced it with a card of ten.

'Tis in my head to do my master good:—

I see no reason, but supposed Lucentio
Must get a father, called—supposed Vincentio;
And that's a wonder. Fathers, commonly,
Do get their children; but, in this case of wooing,
A child shall get a sire, if I fail not of my cunning. [*Exit.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. *A Room in Baptista's House.*

Enter LUCENTIO, HORTENSIO, and BIANCA.

Luc. Fiddler, forbear; you grow too forward, sir.
Have you so soon forgot the entertainment
Her sister Katharine welcomed you withal?

Hor. But, wrangling pedant, this is
The patroness of heavenly harmony.
Then give me leave to have prerogative;
And when in music we have spent an hour,
Your lecture shall have leisure for as much.

Luc. Preposterous ass! that never read so far
To know the cause why music was ordained!
Was it not to refresh the mind of man,
After his studies, or his usual pain?
Then give me leave to read philosophy,
And, while I pause, serve in your harmony.

Hor. Sirrah, I will not bear these braves of thine.

Bian. Why, gentlemen, you do me double wrong,
To strive for that which resteth in my choice.
I am no breeching scholar in the schools;
I'll not be tied to hours, nor 'pointed times,
But learn my lessons as I please myself.
And, to cut off all strife, here sit we down.—
Take you your instrument, play you the whiles;
His lecture will be done ere you have tuned.

Hor. You'll leave his lecture when I am in tune?

[*To BIANCA.*—*HORTENSIO retires.*

Luc. That will be never!—Tune your instrument.

Bian. Where left we last?

Luc. Here, madam.——

Hac ibat Simois; hic est Sigeia tellus;

Hic steterat Priami regia selsa senis.

Bian. Construe them.

Luc. *Hac ibat*, as I told you before,—*Simois*, I am Lucentio,—*hic est*, son unto Vincentio of Pisa,—*Sigeia tellus*, disguised thus to get your love;—*Hic steterat*, and that Lucentio that comes a wooing, *Priami*, is my man Tranio,—*regia*, bearing my port,—*celsa senis*, that we might beguile the old pantaloon.

Hor. Madam, my instrument's in tune. [*Returning.*

Bian. Let's hear.— [*HORTENSIO plays.*

O fie! The treble jars.

Luc. Spit in the hole, man, and tune again.

Bian. Now let me see if I can construe it. *Hac ibat Simois*, I know you not;—*hic est Sigeia tellus*, I trust you not;—*Hic steterat Priami*, take heed he hear us not; *regia*,—presume not;—*celsa senis*, despair not.

Hor. Madam, 'tis now in tune.

Luc. All but the base.

Hor. The base is right; 'tis the base knave that jars.
How fiery and forward our pedant is!

Now, for my life, the knave doth court my love.

Pedascule, I'll watch you better yet.

Bian. In time I may believe, yet I mistrust.

Luc. Mistrust it not; for sure, *Æacides*
Was Ajax,—called so from his grandfather.

Bian. I must believe my master; else, I promise you, I should be arguing still upon that doubt.
But let it rest.—Now, Licio, to you.—
Good masters, take it not unkindly, pray,
That I have been thus pleasant with you both.

Hor. You may go walk, [*To LUCENTIO.*] and give me leave awhile;

My lessons make no music in three parts.

Luc. Are you so formal, sir? Well, I must wait
And watch withal; for, but I be deceived,
Our fine musician groweth amorous. [*Aside*]

Hor. Madam, before you touch the instrument,
To learn the order of my fingering,
I must begin with rudiments of art;
To teach you gamut in a briefer sort,
More pleasant, pithy, and effectual,
Than hath been taught by any of my trade.
And there it is in writing, fairly drawn.

Bian. Why, I am past my gamut long ago.

Hor. Yet read the gamut of Hortensio.

Bian. [*Reads.*] Gamut *I am, the ground of all accord,*
A re, to plead *Hortensio's passion;*
B mi, *Bianca, take him for thy lord,*
C faut, *that loves with all affection;*
D sol re, *one cliff, two notes have I;*
E la mi, *show pity, or I die.*

Call you this — gamut? 'Tut! I like it not:
Old fashions please me best; I am not so nice,
To change true rules for odd inventions.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Mistress, your father prays you leave your books,
And help to dress your sister's chamber up;
You know to-morrow is the wedding-day.

Bian. Farewell, sweet masters both; I must be gone.
[*Exeunt BIANCA and Servant.*]

Luc. 'Faith, mistress, then I have no cause to stay.
[*Exit.*]

Hor. But I have cause to pry into this pedant;
Methinks he looks as though he were in love.—
Yet if thy thoughts, Bianca, be so humble,
To cast thy wandering eyes on every stale,
Seize thee that list. If once I find thee ranging,
Hortensio will be quit with thee by changing. [*Exit*]

SCENE II. *The same. Before Baptista's House.*

Enter BAPTISTA, GREMIO, TRANIO, KATHARINA, BIANCA, LUCENTIO, *and* Attendants.

Bap. Seignior Lucentio, [*To TRANIO.*] this is the 'pointed day,

That Katharine and Petruchio should be married,
And yet we hear not of our son-in-law.

What will be said? What mockery will it be,
To want the bridegroom, when the priest attends
To speak the ceremonial rites of marriage!

What says Lucentio to this shame of ours?

Kath. No shame but mine. I must, forsooth, be forced
To give my hand, opposed against my heart,
Unto a mad-brain rudesby, full of spleen:

Who wooed in haste, and means to wed at leisure.

I told you, I, he was a frantic fool,
Hiding his bitter jests in blunt behavior;

And to be noted for a merry man,

He'll woo a thousand, 'point the day of marriage,

Make friends, invite them, and proclaim the bans;

Yet never means to wed where he hath wooed.

Now must the world point at poor Katharine,

And say, — *Lo, there is mad Petruchio's wife,*

If it would please him come and marry her.

Tra. Patience, good Katharine, and Baptista too.

Upon my life, Petruchio means but well,

Whatever fortune stays him from his word;

Though he be blunt, I know him passing wise;

Though he be merry, yet withal he's honest.

Kath. 'Would Katharine had never seen him though!

[*Exit, weeping, followed by BIANCA and others.*]

Bap. Go, girl; I cannot blame thee now to weep;

For such an injury would vex a very saint,

Much more a shrew of thy impatient humor.

Enter BIONDELLO.

Bion. Master, master! news, old news, and such news
as you never heard of!

Bap. Is it new and old too? How may that be?

Bion. Why, is it not news to hear of Petruchio's coming?

Bap. Is he come?

Bion. Why, no, sir.

Bap. What then?

Bion. He is coming.

Bap. When will he be here?

Bion. When he stands where I am, and sees you there.

Tra. But say, what. — To thine old news.

Bion. Why, Petruchio is coming, in a new hat and an old jerkin; a pair of old breeches, thrice turned, a pair of boots that have been candle-cases, one buckled, another laced; an old rusty sword ta'en out of the town armory, with a broken hilt and chapeless; with two broken points. His horse hipped with an old mothy saddle, the stirrups of no kindred: besides, possessed with the glanders, and like to mose in the chine; troubled with the lampass, infected with the fashions, full of windgalls, sped with spavins, raied with the yellows, past cure of the fives, stark spoiled with the staggers, begnawn with the bots; swayed in the back, and shoulder-shotten; ne'er legged before; and with a half-checked bit, and a head-stall of sheep's leather; which, being restrained to keep him from stumbling, hath been often burst, and now repaired with knots; one girt six times pieced, and a woman's crupper of velure, which hath two letters for her name, fairly set down in studs, and here and there pieced with packthread.

Bap. Who comes with him?

Bion. O sir, his lackey, for all the world caparisoned like the horse; with a linen stock on one leg, and a kersey boot-hose on the other, gartered with a red and blue list; an old hat, and *The humor of forty fancies*, pricked in't for a feather: a monster, a very monster in apparel; and not like a Christian footboy, or a gentleman's lackey.

Tra. 'Tis some odd humor pricks him to this fashion! — Yet oftentimes he goes but mean apparelled.

Bap. I am glad he is come, howsoever he comes.

Bion. Why, sir, he comes not.

Bap. Didst thou not say, he comes?

Bion. Who? that Petruchio came?

Bap. Ay, that Petruchio came.

Bion. No, sir; I say, his horse comes with him on his back.

Bap. Why, that's all one.

Bion. Nay, by Saint Jamy, I hold you a penny,
A horse and a man is more than one, and yet not many.

Enter PETRUCHIO and GRUMIO.

Pet. Come, where be these gallants? Who is at home?

Bap. You are welcome, sir.

Pet. And yet I come not well.

Bap. And yet you halt not.

Tra. Not so well apparelled
As I wish you were.

Pet. Were it better, I should rush in thus.
But where is Kate? Where is my lovely bride?—
How does my father?—Gentles, methinks you frown.
And wherefore gaze this goodly company,
As if they saw some wondrous monument,
Some comet, or unusual prodigy?

Bap. Why, sir, you know, this is your wedding day.
First were we sad, fearing you would not come;
Now sadder, that you come so unprovided.
Fie! doff this habit, shame to your estate,
An eye-sore to our solemn festival.

Tra. And tell us, what occasion of import
Hath all so long detained you from your wife,
And sent you hither so unlike yourself?

Pet. Tedious it were to tell, and harsh to hear:
Sufficeth, I am come to keep my word,
Though in some part enforced to digress;
Which, at more leisure, I will so excuse
As you shall well be satisfied withal.
But where is Kate? I stay too long from her;
The morning wears; 'tis time we were at church.

Tra. See not your bride in these unreverent robes;
Go to my chamber; put on clothes of mine.

Pet. Not I, believe me; thus I'll visit her.

Bap. But thus, I trust, you will not marry her.

Pet. Good sooth, even thus; therefore have done with
words;

To me she's married, not unto my clothes.
Could I repair what she will wear in me,
As I can change these poor accoutrements,
'Twere well for Kate, and better for myself.
But what a fool am I to chat with you,
When I should bid good-morrow to my bride,
And seal the title with a lovely kiss!

[*Exeunt* PET., GRU., and BION.]

Tra. He hath some meaning in his mad attire.
We will persuade him, be it possible,
To put on better ere he go to church.

Bap. I'll after him, and see the event of this. [*Exit.*

Tra. But, sir, to her love concerneth us to add
Her father's liking; which to bring to pass,
As I before imparted to your worship,
I am to get a man,—whate'er he be,
It skills not much; we'll fit him to our turn,—

And he shall be Vincentio of Pisa;
 And make assurance, here in Padua,
 Of greater sums than I have promised,
 So shall you quietly enjoy your hope,
 And marry sweet Bianca with consent.

Luc. Were it not that my fellow schoolmaster
 Doth watch Bianca's steps so narrowly,
 'Twere good, methinks, to steal our marriage;
 Which once performed, let all the world say—**no**,
 I'll keep mine own, despite of all the world.

Tra. That by degrees we mean to look into,
 And watch our vantage in this business.
 We'll overreach the graybeard, Gremio,
 The narrow-prying father, Minola;
 The quaint musician, amorous Licio;
 All for my master's sake, Lucentio.—

Re-enter GREMIO.

Seignior Gremio! came you from the church?

Gre. As willingly as e'er I came from school.

Tra. And is the bride and bridegroom coming home?

Gre. A bridegroom, say you? 'Tis a groom indeed,
 A grumbling groom, and that the girl shall find.

Tra. Curster than she? Why, 'tis impossible.

Gra. Why, he's a devil, a devil, a very fiend.

Tra. Why, she's a devil, a devil, the devil's dam.

Gre. Tut! she's a lamb, a dove, a fool to him.

I'll tell you, sir Lucentio; when the priest

Should ask—if Katharine should be his wife,

Ay, by gogs-wouns, quoth he; and swore so loud,

That, all amazed, the priest let fall the book:

And, as he stooped again to take it up,

The mad-brained bridegroom took him such a cuff,

That down fell priest and book, and book and priest.

Now take them up, quoth he, *if any list*.

Tra. What said the wench, when he arose again?

Gre. Trembled and shook; for why, he stamped and
 swore,

As if the vicar meant to cozen him.

But after many ceremonies done,

He calls for wine.—*A health*, quoth he; as if

He had been aboard carousing to his mates

After a storm;—quaffed off the muscadel,

And threw the sops all in the sexton's face;

Having no other reason,—

But that his beard grew thin and hungerly,

And seemed to ask him sops as he was drinking.
 This done, he took the bride about the neck,
 And kissed her lips with such a clamorous smack,
 That, at the parting, all the church did echo.
 I, seeing this, came thence for very shame;
 And after me, I know, the rout is coming.
 Such a mad marriage never was before;
 Hark, hark! I hear the minstrels play. [Music.

Enter PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, BIANCA, BAPTISTA, HOR-
 TENSIO, GRUMIO, and Train.

Pet. Gentlemen and friends, I thank you for your pains.
 I know you think to dine with me to-day,
 And have prepared great store of wedding cheer;
 But so it is, my haste doth call me hence,
 And therefore here I mean to take my leave.

Bap. Is't possible you will away to-night?

Pet. I must away to-day, before night come.—
 Make it no wonder; if you knew my business,
 You would entreat me rather go than stay.
 And, honest company, I thank you all,
 That have beheld me give away myself
 To this most patient, sweet, and virtuous wife.
 Dine with my father, drink a health to me;
 For I must hence, and farewell to you all.

Tra. Let us entreat you stay till after dinner.

Pet. It may not be.

Gre. Let me entreat you.

Pet. It cannot be.

Kath. Let me entreat you.

Pet. I am content.

Kath. Are you content to stay?

Pet. I am content you shall entreat me stay,
 But yet not stay, entreat me how you can.

Kath. Now, if you love me, stay.

Pet. Grumio, my horses.

Gru. Ay, sir, they be ready; the oats have eaten the
 horses.

Kath. Nay, then,
 Do what thou canst, I will not go to-day;
 No, nor to-morrow, nor till I please myself.
 The door is open, sir; there lies your way;
 You may be jogging whiles your boots are green:
 For me, I'll not be gone till I please myself.—
 'Tis like you'll prove a jolly surly groom,
 That take it on you at the first so roundly.

Pet. O, Kate, content thee; pr'ythee, be not angry

Kath. I will be angry. What hast thou to do?
 Father, be quiet; he shall stay my leisure.

Gre. Ay, marry, sir; now it begins to work.

Kath. Gentlemen, forward to the bridal dinner.—
 I see a woman may be made a fool,
 If she had not a spirit to resist.

Pet. They shall go forward, Kate, at thy command
 Obey the bride, you that attend on her.
 Go to the feast, revel and domineer,
 Carouse full measure to her maidenhead,
 Be mad and merry,—or go hang yourselves;
 But for my bonny Kate, she must with me.
 Nay, look not big, nor stamp, nor stare, nor fret;
 I will be master of what is mine own.
 She is my goods, my chattels; she is my house,
 My household-stuff, my field, my barn,
 My horse, my ox, my ass, my any thing;
 And here she stands; touch her whoever dare;
 I'll bring my action on the proudest he
 That stops my way in Padua.—Grumio
 Draw forth thy weapon; we're beset with thieves;
 Rescue thy mistress, if thou be a man.—
 Fear not, sweet wench, they shall not touch thee, Kate;
 I'll buckler thee against a million.

[*Exeunt* PET., KATH., and GRU.]

Bap. Nay, let them go, a couple of quiet ones!

Gre. Went they not quickly, I should die with laughing.

Tra. Of all mad matches, never was the like!

Luc. Mistress, what's your opinion of your sister?

Bian. That being mad herself, she's madly mated.

Gre. I warrant him, Petruchio is Kated.

Bap. Neighbors and friends, though bride and bride-
 groom wants

For to supply the places at the table,
 You know there wants no junkets at the feast.—
 Lucentio, you shall supply the bridegroom's place,
 And let Bianca take her sister's room.

Tra. Shall sweet Bianca practise how to bride it?

Bap. She shall, Lucentio.—Come, gentlemen, let's go.
 [*Excunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *A Hall in Petruchio's Country-House.**Enter GRUMIO.*

Gru. Fie, fie, on all tired jades, on all mad masters, and all foul ways! Was ever man so beaten? Was ever man so rayed? Was ever man so weary? I am sent before to make a fire, and they are coming after to warm them. Now were not I a little pot, and soon hot, my very lips might freeze to my teeth, my tongue to the roof of my mouth, my heart in my belly, ere I should come by a fire to thaw me. —But I, with blowing the fire, shall warm myself; for, considering the weather, a taller man than I will take cold. Holla! ho! Curtis!

Enter CURTIS.

Curt. Who is that calls so coldly.

Gru. A piece of ice. If thou doubt it, thou mayst slide from my shoulder to my heel, with no greater run but my head and my neck. A fire, good Curtis.

Curt. Is my master and his wife coming, Grumio?

Gru. O, ay, Curtis, ay; and therefore fire, fire; cast on no water.

Curt. Is she so hot a shrew as she's reported?

Gru. She was, good Curtis, before this frost; but thou knowest, winter tames man, woman, and beast; for it hath tamed my old master, and my new mistress, and myself, fellow Curtis.

Curt. Away, thou three-inch fool! I am no beast!

Gru. Am I but three inches? Why, thy horn is a foot, and so long am I, at the least. But wilt thou make a fire, or shall I complain on thee to our mistress, whose hand (she being now at hand) thou shalt soon feel, to thy cold comfort, for being slow in thy hot office?

Curt. I pr'ythee, good Grumio, tell me, how goes the world?

Gru. A cold world, Curtis, in every office but thine; and, therefore, fire. Do thy duty, and have thy duty; for my master and mistress are almost frozen to death.

Curt. There's fire ready; and, therefore, good Grumio, the news?

Gru. Why, *Jack boy! ho boy!* and as much news as thou wilt.

Curt. Come, you are so full of cony-catching.—

Gru. Why, therefore, fire; for I have caught extreme cold. Where's the cook? Is supper ready, the house trimmed, rushes strewed, cobwebs swept; the serving-men in their new fustian, their white stockings, and every officer his wedding garment on? Be the jacks fair within, the jills fair without, the carpets laid, and every thing in order?

Curt. All ready; and therefore I pray thee, news.

Gru. First, know, my horse is tired; my master and mistress fallen out.

Curt. How?

Gru. Out of their saddles into the dirt; and thereby hangs a tale.

Curt. Let's ha't, good Grumio.

Gru. Lend thine ear.

Curt. Here.

Gru. There.

[*Striking him.*]

Curt. This is to feel a tale, not to hear a tale.

Gru. And therefore 'tis called a sensible tale; and this cuff was but to knock at your ear, and beseech listening. Now I begin. *Imprimis*, we came down a foul hill, my master riding behind my mistress;—

Curt. Both on one horse?

Gru. What's that to thee?

Curt. Why, a horse.

Gru. Tell thou the tale.—But hadst thou not crossed me, thou should'st have heard how her horse fell, and she under her horse; thou shouldst have heard in how miry a place; how she was bemoiled; how he left her with the horse upon her; how he beat me because her horse stumbled; how she waded through the dirt to pluck him off me; how he swore; how she prayed—that never prayed before; how I cried; how the horses ran away; how her bridle was burst; how I lost my crupper;—with many things of worthy memory; which now shall die in oblivion, and thou return unexperienced to thy grave.

Curt. By this reckoning, he is more shrew than she.

Gru. Ay; and that thou and the proudest of you all shall find, when he comes home. But what talk I of this?—Call forth Nathaniel, Joseph, Nicholas, Philip, Walter, Sugarsop, and the rest; let their heads be sleekly combed, their blue coats brushed, and their garters of an indifferent knit; let them curtsy with their left legs; and not presume to touch a hair of my master's horse-tail, till they kiss their hands. Are they all ready?

Curt. They are.

Gru. Call them forth.

Curt. Do you hear, ho? You must meet my master to countenance my mistress.

Gru. Why, she hath a face of her own.

Curt. Who knows not that?

Gru. Thou, it seems; that callest for company to countenance her.

Curt. I call them forth to credit her.

Gru. Why, she comes to borrow nothing of them.

Enter several Servants.

Nath. Welcome home, Grumio.

Phil. How now, Grumio?

Jos. What, Grumio!

Nich. Fellow Grumio!

Nath. How now, old lad?

Gru. Welcome, you;—how now, you; what, you;—fellow, you;—and thus much for greeting. Now, my spruce companions, is all ready, and all things neat?

Nath. All things is ready. How near is our master?

Gru. E'en at hand, alighted by this; and therefore be not—Cock's passion, silence!—I hear my master.

Enter PETRUCHIO and KATHARINA.

Pet. Where be these knaves? What, no man at door, To hold my stirrup, nor to take my horse! Where is Nathaniel, Gregory, Philip?—

All Serv. Here, here, sir; here, sir.

Pet. Here, sir! here, sir! here, sir! here, sir!—You logger-headed and unpolished grooms! What, no attendance? no regard? no duty? Where is the foolish knave I sent before?

Gru. Here, sir; as foolish as I was before.

Pet. You peasant swain! you whoreson, malt-horse drudge! Did I not bid thee meet me in the park, And bring along these rascal knaves with thee?

Gru. Nathaniel's coat, sir, was not fully made, And Gabriel's pumps were all unpinked i'the heel; There was no link to color Peter's hat, And Walter's dagger was not come from sheathing. There were none fine, but Adam, Ralph, and Gregory; The rest were ragged, old, and beggarly; Yet, as they are, here are they come to meet you.

Pet. Go, rascals, go, and fetch my supper in.—

[Exeunt some of the Servants?]

Where is the life that late I led?—

[Sings.]

Where are those —— sit down, Kate, and welcome.
Soud, soud, soud, soud!

Re-enter Servants, with supper.

Why, when I say?—Nay, good, sweet Kate, be merry.
Off with my boots, you rogues, you villains. When?

It was the friar of orders gray, [Sings.
As he forth walked on his way,—

Out, out, you rogue! you pluck my foot awry:
Take that, and mend the plucking off the other.—

[*Strikes him.*

Be merry, Kate.—Some water, here; what, ho!
Where's my spaniel Troilus?—Sirrah, get you hence,
And bid my cousin Ferdinand come hither;—

[*Exit Servant.*

One, Kate, that you must kiss, and be acquainted with.—
Where are my slippers?—Shall I have some water?

[*A basin is presented to him.*

Come, Kate, and wash, and welcome heartily.—

[*Servant lets the ewer fall*

You whoreson villain! will you let it fall? [*Strikes him*

Kath. Patience, I pray you; 'twas a fault unwilling.

Pet. A whoreson, beetle-headed, flap-eared knave!

Come, Kate, sit down; I know you have a stomach.
Will you give thanks, sweet Kate; or else shall I?—
What is this? mutton?

1 Serv. Ay.

Pet. Who brought it?

I.

1 Serv.

Pet. 'Tis burnt; and so is all the meat.

What dogs are these!—Where is the rascal cook?
How durst you, villains, bring it from the dresser,
And serve it thus to me that love it not?

There, take it to you, trenchers, cups, and all:

[*Throws the meat, &c. about the stage.*

You heedless joltheads, and unmannered slaves!

What, do you grumble? I'll be with you straight.

Kath. I pray you, husband, be not so disquiet;
The meat was well, if you were so contented.

Pet. I tell thee, Kate, 'twas burnt and dried away;
And I expressly am forbid to touch it,
For it engenders choier, planteth anger;
And better 'twere that both of us did fast,—
Since, of ourselves, ourselves are choleric,
Than feed it with such over-roasted flesh.

Be patient; to-morrow it shall be mended,
And, for this night, we'll fast for company.—
Come, I will bring thee to thy bridal chamber.

[*Exeunt* PET., KATH., and CURT.]

Nath. [*Advancing.*] Peter, didst ever see the like?

Peter. He kills her in her own humor.

Re-enter CURTIS.

Gru. Where is he?

Curt. In her chamber,
Making a sermon of continency to her;
And rails, and swears, and rates; that she, poor soul,
Knows not which way to stand, to look, to speak;
And sits as one new-risen from a dream.
Away, away! for he is coming hither. [*Exeunt.*]

Re-enter PETRUCHIO.

Pet. Thus have I politicly begun my reign,
And 'tis my hope to end successfully.
My falcon now is sharp, and passing empty,
And, till she stoop, she must not be full-gorged,
For then, she never looks upon her lure.
Another way I have to man my haggard,
To make her come, and know her keeper's call,
That is,—to watch her, as we watch these kites
That bate, and beat, and will not be obedient.
She ate no meat to-day, nor none shall eat;
Last night she slept not, nor to-night she shall not;
As with the meat, some undeserved fault
I'll find about the making of the bed;
And here I'll fling the pillow, there the bolster,
This way the coverlet, another way the sheets.—
Ay, and amid this hurly, I intend
That all is done in reverend care of her;
And, in conclusion, she shall watch all night;
And, if she chance to nod, I'll rail and brawl,
And with the clamor keep her still awake.
This is the way to kill a wife with kindness;
And thus I'll curb her mad and headstrong humor.
He that knows better how to tame a shrew,
Now let him speak; 'tis charity to show. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II. Padua. *Before Baptista's House.**Enter* TRANIO *and* HORTENSIO.

Tra. Is't possible, friend Licio, that Bianca
Doth fancy any other but Lucentio?

I tell you, sir, she bears me fair in hand.

Hor. Sir, to satisfy you in what I have said,
Stand by, and mark the manner of his teaching.

[*They stand aside.*]

Enter BIANCA *and* LUCENTIO.

Luc. Now, mistress, profit you in what you read?

Bian. What, master, read you? First resolve me that.

Luc. I read that I profess, the art to love.

Bian. And may you prove, sir, master of your art!

Luc. While you, sweet dear, prove mistress of my heart.

[*They retire.*]

Hor. Quick proceeders, marry! Now tell me, I pray,
You that dost swear that your mistress Bianca
Loved none in the world so well as Lucentio.

Tra. O spiteful love! unconstant womankind!
I tell thee, Licio, this is wonderful.

Hor. Mistake no more. I am not Licio,
Nor a musician, as I seem to be;
But one that scorn to live in this disguise,
For such a one as leaves a gentleman,
And makes a god of such a cullion.
Know, sir, that I am called—Hortensio.

Tra. Seignior Hortensio, I have often heard
Of your entire affection to Bianca;
And since mine eyes are witness of her lightness,
I will with you—if you be so contented—
Forswear Bianca and her love forever.

Hor. See how they kiss and court!—Seignior Lucentio,
Here is my hand, and here I firmly vow—
Never to woo her more; but do forswear her,
As one unworthy all the former favors
That I have fondly flattered her withal.

Tra. And here I take the like unfeigned oath,—
Ne'er to marry with her though she would entreat.
Pie on her! see how beastly she doth court him.

Hor. 'Would all the world, but he, had quite forsworn!
For me,—that I may surely keep mine oath,—
I will be married to a wealthy widow,
Ere three days pass; which hath as long loved me,

As I have loved this proud, disdainful haggard.
And so farewell, seignior Lucentio.—
Kindness in women, not their beauteous looks,
Shall win my love;—and so I take my leave,
In resolution as I swore before.

[*Exit* HORTENSIO.—LUCENTIO and BIANCA
advance.

Tra. Mistress Bianca, bless you with such grace
As 'longeth to a lover's blessed case!
Nay, I have ta'en you napping, gentle love;
And have forsworn you, with Hortensio.

Bian. Tranio, you jest. But have you both forsworn me?

Tra. Mistress, we have.

Luc. Then we are rid of Licio.

Tra. I'faith, he'll have a lusty widow now,
That shall be wooed and wedded in a day.

Bian. God give him joy!

Tra. Ay, and he'll tame her.

Bian. He says so, Tranio.

Tra. 'Faith, he is gone unto the taming-school.

Bian. The taming-school! what, is there such a place?

Tra. Ay, mistress, and Petruchio is the master;
That teacheth tricks eleven-and-twenty long,—
To tame a shrew, and charm her chattering tongue.

Enter BIONDELLO, *running.*

Bion. O master, master, I have watched so long
That I'm dog-weary; but at last I spied
An ancient angel coming down the hill
Will serve the turn.

Tra. What is he, Biondello?

Bion. Master, a mercatante, or a pedant,
I know not what; but formal in apparel,
In gait and countenance surely like a father.

Luc. And what of him, Tranio?

Tra. If he be credulous, and trust my tale,
I'll make him glad to seem Vincentio;
And give assurance to Baptista Minola,
As if he were the right Vincentio.
Take in your love, and then let me alone.

[*Exeunt* LUCENTIO and BIANCA.

Enter a Pedant.

Ped. God save you, sir!

Tra. And you, sir! You are welcome.
Travel you far on, or are you at the farthest?

Ped. Sir, at the farthest for a week or two.
But then up farther; and as far as Rome;
And so to Tripoly, if God lend me life.

Tra. What countryman, I pray?

Ped. Of Mantua.

Tra. Of Mantua, sir?—Marry, God forbid!
And come to Padua, careless of your life?

Ped. My life, sir! how, I pray? for that goes hard.

Tra. 'Tis death for any one in Mantua
To come to Padua. Know you not the cause?
Your ships are stayed at Venice; and the duke
(For private quarrel 'twixt your duke and him)
Hath published and proclaimed it openly.
'Tis marvel; but that you're but newly come,
You might have heard it else proclaimed about.

Ped. Alas, sir, it is worse for me than so;
For I have bills for money by exchange
From Florence, and must here deliver them.

Tra. Well, sir, to do you courtesy,
This will I do, and this will I advise you.—
First, tell me, have you ever been at Pisa?

Ped. Ay, sir, in Pisa have I often been;
Pisa, renowned for grave citizens.

Tra. Among them, know you one Vincentio?

Ped. I know him not, but I have heard of him;
A merchant of incomparable wealth.

Tra. He is my father, sir; and sooth to say,
In countenance somewhat doth resemble you.

Bion. As much as an apple doth an oyster, and all one.

[*Aside*

Tra. To save your life in this extremity,
This favor will I do you for his sake;
And think it not the worst of all your fortunes,
That you are like to sir Vincentio.
His name and credit shall you undertake,
And in my house you shall be friendly lodged.—
Look, that you take upon you as you should;
You understand me, sir;—so shall you stay
Till you have done your business in the city.
If this be courtesy, sir, accept of it.

Ped. O sir, I do; and will repute you ever
The patron of my life and liberty.

Tra. Then go with me, to make the matter good.
This, by the way, I let you understand;—
My father is here looked for every day,
To pass assurance of a dower in marriage

'Twixt me and one Baptista's daughter here.
 In all these circumstances I'll instruct you:
 Go with me, sir, to clothe you as becomes you. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *A Room in Petruchio's House.*

Enter KATHARINA and GRUMIO.

Gru. No, no; forsooth; I dare not, for my life.

Kath. The more my wrong, the more his spite appears.
 What, did he marry me to famish me?
 Beggars that come unto my father's door,
 Upon entreaty, have a present alms;
 If not elsewhere they meet with charity:
 But I—who never knew how to entreat—
 Am starved for meat, giddy for lack of sleep;
 With oaths kept waking, and with brawling fed:
 And that which spites me more than all these wants,
 He does it under name of perfect love;
 As who should say,—if I should sleep, or eat,
 'Twere deadly sickness, or else present death.—
 I pr'ythee go, and get me some repast;
 I care not what, so it be wholesome food.

Gru. What say you to a neat's foot?

Kath. 'Tis passing good; I pr'ythee let me have it.

Gru. I fear it is too choleric a meat.—

How say you to a fat tripe, finely broiled?

Kath. I like it well; good Grumio, fetch it me.

Gru. I cannot tell; I fear 'tis choleric.

What say you to a piece of beef, and mustard?

Kath. A dish that I do love to feed upon.

Gru. Ay, but the mustard is too hot a little.

Kath. Why, then the beef, and let the mustard rest.

Gru. Nay, then I will not; you shall have the mustard,
 Or else you get no beef of Grumio.

Kath. Then both, or one, or any thing thou wilt.

Gru. Why, then the mustard without the beef.

Kath. Go, get thee gone, thou false, deluding slave,
 [*Beats him.*]

That feed'st me with the very name of meat.
 Sorrow on thee, and all the pack of you,
 That triumph thus upon my misery!
 Go, get thee gone, I say.

Enter PETRUCHIO, with a dish of meat; and HORTENSIO.

Pet. How fares my Kate? What, sweeting, all amok?

Hor. Mistress, what cheer?

Kath. 'Faith, as cold as can be.

Pet. Pluck up thy spirits, look cheerfully upon me.
Here, love; thou see'st how diligent I am,
To dress thy meat myself, and bring it thee.

[*Sets the dish on a table.*

I am sure, sweet Kate, this kindness merits thanks.
What, not a word? Nay then, thou lov'st it not;
And all my pains is sorted to no 'proof.—
Here, take away this dish.

Kath. Pray you, let it stand.

Pet. The poorest service is repaid with thanks;
And so shall mine, before you touch the meat.

Kath. I thank you, sir.

Hor. Seignior Petruchio, fie! you are to blame:
Come, mistress Kate, I'll bear you company.

Pet. Eat it up all, Hortensio, if thou lovest me.—

[*Aside.*

Much good do it unto thy gentle heart!
Kate, eat apace.—And now, my honey love,
Will we return unto thy father's house;
And revel it as bravely as the best.
With silken coats, and caps, and golden rings,
With ruffs, and cuffs, and farthingales, and things:
With scarfs, and fans, and double change of bravery,
With amber bracelets, beads, and all this knavery.
What, hast thou dined? The tailor stays thy leisure,
To deck thy body with his ruffling treasure.

Enter Tailor.

Come, tailor, let us see these ornaments;

Enter Haberdasher.

Lay forth the gown.—What news with you, sir?

Hab. Here is the cap your worship did bespeak.

Pet. Why, this was moulded on a porringer!
A velvet dish;—fie, fie! 'tis lewd and filthy.

Why, 'tis a cockle, or a walnut-shell,
A knack, a toy, a trick, a baby's cap.
Away with it; come, let me have a bigger.

Kath. I'll have no bigger; this doth fit the time,
And gentlewomen wear such caps as these.

Pet. When you are gentle, you shall have one too,
And not till then.

Hor. That will not be in haste. [*Aside.*

Kath. Why, sir, I trust I may have leave to speak;

And speak I will; I am no child, no babe.
Your betters have endured me say my mind;
And, if you cannot, best you stop your ears.
My tongue will tell the anger of my heart;
Or else my heart, concealing it, will break;
And, rather than it shall, I will be free
Even to the uttermost, as I please, in words.

Pet. Why, thou say'st true; it is a paltry cap,
A custard-coffin, a bauble, a silken pie.
I love thee well, in that thou lik'st it not.

Kath. Love me, or love me not, I like the cap;
And it I will have, or I will have none.

Pet. Thy gown? why, ay.—Come, tailor, let us see't.
O mercy, God! what masking stuff is here?
What's this? a sleeve! 'tis like a demi-cannon.
What! up and down, carved like an apple-tart?
Here's snip, and nip, and cut, and slish, and slash,
Like to a censer in a barber's shop.—

Why, what, o' devil's name, tailor, call'st thou this?

Hor. I see she's like to have neither cap nor gown.
[*Aside.*

Tai. You bade me make it orderly and well,
According to the fashion, and the time.

Pet. Marry, and did; but if you be remembered,
I did not bid you mar it to the time.
Go, hop me over every kennel home,
For you shall hop without my custom, sir.
I'll none of it; hence, make your best of it.

Kath. I never saw a better fashioned gown,
More quaint, more pleasing, nor more commendable;
Belike, you mean to make a puppet of me,

Pet. Why, true; he means to make a puppet of thee.

Tai. She says, your worship means to make a puppet
of her.

Pet. O monstrous arrogance! Thou liest, thou thread,
Thou thimble,
Thou yard, three-quarters, half-yard, quarter, nail,
Thou flea, thou nit, thou winter cricket thou.—
Braved in mine own house with a skein of thread!
Away, thou rag, thou quantity, thou remnant;
Or I shall so be-mete thee with thy yard,
As thou shalt think on prating whilst thou liv'st!
I tell thee, I, that thou hast marred her gown.

Tai. Your worship is deceived; the gown is made
Just as my master had direction.
Grumio gave order how it should be done.

Gru. I gave him no order; I gave him the stuff.

Tai. But how did you desire it should be made?

Gru. Marry, sir, with needle and thread.

Tai. But did you not request to have it cut?

Gru. Thou hast faced many things.

Tai. I have.

Gru. Face not me; thou hast braved many men, brave not me; I will neither be faced nor braved. I say unto thee,—I bid thy master cut out the gown; but I did not bid him cut it to pieces: *ergo*, thou liest.

Tai. Why, here is the note of the fashion to testify.

Pet. Read it.

Gru. The note lies in his throat, if he say I said so.

Tai. *Imprimis, a loose-bodied gown;*

Gru. Master, if ever I said loose-bodied gown, sew me in the skirts of it, and beat me to death with a bottom of brown thread. I said, a gown.

Pet. Proceed.

Tai. *With a small compassed cape.*

Gru. I confess the cape.

Tai. *With a trunk sleeve;—*

Gru. I confess two sleeves.

Tai. *The sleeves curiously cut.*

Pet. Ay, there's the villany.

Gru. Error i'the bill, sir; error i'the bill. I commanded the sleeves should be cut out, and sewed up again; and that I'll prove upon thee, though thy little finger be armed in a thimble.

Tai. This is true, that I say; an I had thee in place where, thou shouldst know it.

Gru. I am for thee straight. Take thou the bill, give me thy mete-yard, and spare not me.

Hor. God-a-mercy, Grunio! then he shall have no odds.

Pet. Well, sir, in brief, the gown is not for me.

Gru. You are i'the right, sir; 'tis for my mistress.

Pet. Go, take it up unto thy master's use.

Gru. Villain, not for thy life. Take up my mistress' gown for thy master's use!

Pet. Why, sir, what's your conceit in that?

Gru. O, sir, the conceit is deeper than you think for. Take up my mistress' gown to his master's use!

O, fie, fie, fie!

Pet. Hortensio, say thou wilt see the tailor paid.—

[*Aside.*

Go, take it hence; be gone, and say no more.

Hor. Tailor, I'll pay thee for thy gown to-morrow.

Take no unkindness of his hasty words:

Away, I say; commend me to thy master. [*Exit Tailor.*]

Pet. Well, come, my Kate; we will unto your father's,
Even in these honest, mean habiliments.

Our purses shall be proud, our garments poor;
For 'tis the mind that makes the body rich;
And as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds,
So honor peereth in the meanest habit.

What, is the jay more precious than the lark,
Because his feathers are more beautiful?

Or is the adder better thad the eel,
Because his painted skin contents the eye?

O, no, good Kate; neither art thou the worse
For this poor furniture, and mean array.

If thou account'st it shame, lay it on me:

And therefore, frolic; we will hence forthwith,
To feast and sport us at thy father's house.—

Go, call my men, and let us straight to him;

And bring our horses unto Long-lane end;

There will we mount, and thither walk on foot.

Let's see; I think 'tis now some seven o'clock,

And well we may come there by dinner time.

Kath. I dare assure you, sir, 'tis almost two;
And 'twill be supper time, ere you come there.

Pet. It shall be seven, ere I go to horse;

Look, what I speak, or do, or think to do,

You are still crossing it. Sirs, let't alone.

I will not go to-day: and ere I do,

It shall be what o'clock I say it is.

Hor. Why, so! This gallant will command the sun.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. Padua. *Before Baptista's House.*

Enter TRANIO, *and the Pedant dressed like* VINCENTIO.

Tra. Sir, this is the house. Please it you that I call?

Ped. Ay, what else? And, but I be deceived,
Seignior Baptista may remember me,
Near twenty years ago, in Genoa, where
We were lodgers at the Pegasus.

Tra. 'Tis well;
And hold your own, in any case, with such
Austerity as 'longeth to a father.

Enter BIONDELLO.

Ped. I warrant you. But, sir, here comes your boy,
'Twere good he were schooled.

Tra. Fear you not him. Sirrah, Biondello,
Now do your duty thoroughly, I advise you;
Imagine 'twere the right Vincentio.

Bion. Tut! fear not me.

Tra. But hast thou done thy errand to Baptista?

Bion. I told him that your father was at Venice;
And that you looked for him this day in Padua.

Tra. Thou'rt a tall fellow; hold thee that to drink.
Here comes Baptista.—Set your countenance, sir.—

Enter BAPTISTA and LUCENTIO.

Seignior Baptista, you are happily met.—
Sir, [*To the Pedant.*]

This is the gentleman I told you of;
I pray you, stand good father to me now,
Give me Bianca for my patrimony.

Ped. Soft, son!—

Sir, by your leave: Having come to Padua
To gather in some debts, my son Lucentio
Made me acquainted with a weighty cause
Of love between your daughter and himself:
And,—for the good report I hear of you;
And for the love he beareth to your daughter,
And she to him,—to stay him not too long,
I am content, in a good father's care,
To have him matched; and,—if you please to like
No worse than I, sir,—upon some agreement,
Me shall you find most ready and most willing
With one consent to have her so bestowed;
For curious I cannot be with you,
Seignior Baptista, of whom I hear so well.

Bap. Sir, pardon me in what I have to say.—
Your plainness, and your shortness, please me well.
Right true it is, your son Lucentio here
Doth love my daughter, and she loveth him,
Or both dissemble deeply their affections;
And, therefore, if you say no more than this,
That like a father you will deal with him,
And pass my daughter a sufficient dower,
The match is fully made, and all is done:
Your son shall have my daughter with consent.

Tra. I thank you, sir. Where then do you know best,
We be affied; and such assurance ta'en,
As shall with either part's agreement stand?

Bap. Not in my house, Lucentio; for you know,
Pitchers have ears, and I have many servants.

Besides, old Gremio is hearkening still;
And, happily, we might be interrupted.

Tra. Then at my lodging, an it like you, sir.
There doth my father lie; and there, this night,
We'll pass the business privately and well.
Send for your daughter by your servant here;
My boy shall fetch the scrivener presently.
The worst is this,—that, at so slender warning,
You're like to have a thin and slender pittance.

Bap. It likes me well.—Cambio, hie you home,
And bid Bianca make her ready straight.
And, if you will, tell what hath happened;
Lucentio's father is arrived in Padua,
And how she's like to be Lucentio's wife.

Luc. I pray the gods she may, with all my heart!

Tra. Dally not with the gods, but get thee gone.
Seignior Baptista, shall I lead the way?
Welcome! one mess is like to be your cheer.
Come, sir; we'll better it in Pisa.

Bap. I follow you.

[*Exeunt* TRANIO, Pedant, and BAPTISTA.]

Bion. Cambio,—

Luc. What say'st thou, Biondello?

Bion. You saw my master wink and laugh upon you?

Luc. Biondello, what of that?

Bion. 'Faith, nothing; but he has left me here behind,
to expound the meaning or moral of his signs and tokens.

Luc. I pray thee, moralize them.

Bion. Then thus. Baptista is safe, talking with the
deceiving father of a deceitful son.

Luc. And what of him?

Bion. His daughter is to be brought by you to the supper.

Luc. And then?—

Bion. The old priest at St. Luke's church is at your
command at all hours.

Luc. And what of all this

Bion. I cannot tell; except they are busied about a
counterfeit assurance. Take you assurance of her, *cum*
privilegio ad imprimendum solum, to the church;—take
the priest, clerk, and some sufficient honest witnesses:
If this be not that you look for, I have no more to say,
But bid Bianca farewell forever and a day. [*Going.*]

Luc. Hear'st thou, Biondello?

Bion. I cannot tarry. I knew a wench married in an
afternoon as she went to the garden for parsley to stuff a
rabbit; and so may you, sir; and so adieu, sir. My master

hath appointed me to go to Saint Luke's, to bid the priest
be ready to come against you come with your appendix.

[*Exit.*

Luc. I may, and will, if she be so contented.
She will be pleased, then wherefore should I doubt?
Hap what hap may, I'll roundly go about her.
It shall go hard, if Cambio go without her. [*Exit.*

SCENE V. *A public Road.*

Enter PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, *and* HORTENSIO.

Pet. Come on, o' God's name; once more toward our
father's.

Good Lord, how bright and goodly shines the moon!

Kath. The moon! the sun; it is not moonlight now.

Pet. I say it is the moon that shines so bright.

Kath. I know it is the sun that shines so bright.

Pet. Now, by my mother's son, and that's myself,
It shall be moon or star, or what I list,

Or ere I journey to your father's house.—

Go on, and fetch our horses back again.—

Evermore crossed, and crossed; nothing but crossed.

Hor. Say as he says, or we shall never go.

Kath. Forward, I pray, since we have come so far,
And be it moon, or sun, or what you please.

And if you please to call it a rush candle,

Henceforth I vow it shall be so for me.

Pet. I say it is the moon.

Kath. I know it is the moon.

Pet. Nay, then you lie; it is the blessed sun.

Kath. Then, God be bless'd, it is the blessed sun.—

But sun it is not when you say it is not;

And the moon changes even as your mind.

What will you have it named, even that it is;

And so it shall be so, for Katharine.

Hor. Petruchio, go thy ways; the field is won.

Pet. Well, forward, forward; thus the bowl should run,
And not unluckily against the bias.—

But soft; what company is coming here?

Enter VINCENTIO, *in a travelling dress.*

Good-morrow, gentle mistress. Where away?—

[*To* VINCENTIO.

Tell me, sweet Kate, and tell me truly too,

Hast thou beheld a fresher gentlewoman?

Such war of white and red within her cheeks?
 What stars do spangle heaven with such beauty,
 As those two eyes become that heavenly face?
 Fair, lovely maid, once more good day to thee!
 Sweet Kate, embrace her for her beauty's sake.

Hor. 'A will make the man mad, to make a woman of him.

Kath. Young, budding virgin, fair, and fresh, and sweet,
 Whither away; or where is thy abode?
 Happy the parents of so fair a child!
 Happier the man whom favorable stars
 Allot thee for his lovely bed-fellow!

Pet. Why, how now, Kate! I hope thou art not mad;
 This is a man, old, wrinkled, faded, withered;
 And not a maiden, as thou say'st he is.

Kath. Pardon, old father, my mistaking eyes,
 That have been so bedazzled with the sun,
 That every thing I look on seemeth green.
 Now I perceive thou art a reverend father;
 Pardon, I pray thee, for my mad mistaking.

Pet. Do, good old grandsire; and withal make known
 Which way thou travellest; if along with us,
 We shall be joyful of thy company.

Vin. Fair sir,—and you, my merry mistress,—
 That with your strange encounter much amazed me;
 My name is called—Vincentio; my dwelling—Pisa;
 And bound I am to Padua; there to visit
 A son of mine which long I have not seen.

Pet. What is his name?

Vin. Lucentio, gentle sir.

Pet. Happily met; the happier for thy son
 And now by law, as well as reverend age,
 I may entitle thee—my loving father;
 The sister to my wife, this gentlewoman,
 Thy son by this hath married. Wonder not,
 Nor be not grieved; she is of good esteem,
 Her dowry wealthy, and of worthy birth;
 Beside, so qualified as may beseem
 The spouse of any noble gentleman.
 Let me embrace with old Vincentio;
 And wander we to see thy honest son,
 Who will of thy arrival be full joyous.

Vin. But is this true? Or is it else your pleasure,
 Like pleasant travellers, to break a jest
 Upon the company you overtake?

Hor. I do assure thee, father, so it is

Pet. Come, go along, and see the truth hereof;
For our first merriment hath made thee jealous.

[*Exeunt* PET., KATH., and VIN.

Hor. Well, Petruchio, this hath put me in heart.
Have to my widow; and if she be froward,
Then hast thou taught Hortensio to be untoward. [*Exit.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. Padua. *Before Lucentio's House.*

Enter on one side BIONDELLO, LUCENTIO, and BIANCA;
GREMIO walking on the other side.

Bion. Softly and swiftly, sir; for the priest is ready.

Luc. I fly, Biondello; but they may chance to need thee
at home; therefore leave us.

Bion. Nay, faith, I'll see the church o'your back; and
then come back to my master as soon as I can.

[*Exeunt* LUC., BIAN. and BION.

Gre. I marvel Cambio comes not all this while.

Enter PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, VINCENTIO, and Attendants.

Pet. Sir, here's the door; this is Lucentio's house;
My father's bears more toward the market-place;
Thither must I, and here I leave you, sir.

Vin. You shall not choose, but drink before you go;
I think I shall command your welcome here,
And, by all likelihood, some cheer is toward. [*Knocks.*

Gre. They're busy within, you were best knock louder.

Enter Pedant above, at a window.

Ped. What's he that knocks as he would beat down the
gate?

Vin. Is seignior Lucentio within, sir?

Ped. He's within, sir, but not to be spoken withal

Vin. What if a man bring him a hundred pound or two,
to make merry withal?

Ped. Keep your hundred pounds to yourself; he shall
need none, so long as I live.

Pet. Nay, I told you your son was beloved in Padua.—
Do you hear, sir?—To leave frivolous circumstances,—I
pray you, tell seignior Lucentio, that his father is come from
Pisa, and is here at the door to speak with him.

Ped. Thou liest. His father is come from Pisa, and here looking out at the window.

Vin. Art thou his father?

Ped. Ay, sir; so his mother says, if I may believe her.

Pet. Why, how now, gentleman! [*The* VINCENT.] Why this is flat knavery, to take upon you another man's name.

Ped. Lay hands on the villain; I believe 'a means to cozen somebody in this city under my countenance.

Re-enter BIONDELLO.

Bion. I have seen them in the church together. God send 'em good shipping!—But who is here? my old master, Vincentio? Now we are undone, and brought to nothing.

Vin. Come hither, crack-hemp. [*Seeing* BIONDELLO.

Bion. I hope I may choose, sir.

Vin. Come hither, you rogue. What, have you forgot me?

Bion. Forgot you? no, sir. I could not forget you, for I never saw you before in all my life.

Vin. What, you notorious villain, did'st thou never see thy master's father, Vincentio?

Bion. What, my old, worshipful old master? Yes, marry, sir; see where he looks out of the window.

Vin. Is't so indeed? [*Beats* BIONDELLO.

Bion. Help, help, help! here's a madman will murder me. [*Exit.*

Ped. Help, son, help, seignior Baptista!

[*Exit, from the window.*

Pet. Pr'ythee, Kate, let's stand aside, and see the end of this controversy. [*They retire.*

Re-enter Pedant, below; BAPTISTA, TRANIO, and Servants.

Tra. Sir, what are you that offer to beat my servant?

Vin. What am I, sir? Nay, what are you, sir?—O immortal gods! O fine villain! A silken doublet! a velvet hose! a scarlet cloak! and a copatain hat!—O, I am undone! I am undone! While I play the good husband at home, my son and my servant spend all at the university.

Tra. How now! what's the matter?

Bap. What, is the man lunatic!

Tra. Sir, you seem a sober, ancient gentleman by your habit, but your words show you a madman. Why, sir, what concerns it you, if I wear pearl and gold? I thank my good father, I am able to maintain it.

Vin. Thy father? O villain! He is a sail-maker in Bergamo.

Bap. You mistake, sir; you mistake, sir. Pray, what do you think is his name?

Vin. His name? as if I knew not his name; I have brought him up ever since he was three years old, and his name is—Tranio.

Ped. Away, away, mad ass! His name is Lucentio; and he is mine only son, and heir to the lands of me, seignior Vincentio.

Vin. Lucentio! O, he hath murdered his master!—Lay hold on him, I charge you in the duke's name.—O, my son, my son!—Tell me, thou villain, where is my son Lucentio?

Tra. Call forth an officer. [*Enter one with an Officer.*] Carry this mad knave to the jail. Father Baptista, I charge you see that he be forthecoming.

Vin. Carry me to the jail!

Gre. Stay, officer; he shall not go to prison.

Bap. Talk not, seignior Gremio. I say, he shall go to prison.

Gre. Take heed, seignior Baptista, lest you be cony-catched in this business: I dare swear, this is the right Vincentio.

Ped. Swear, if thou darest.

Gre. Nay, I dare not swear it.

Tra. Then thou wert best say, that I am not Lucentio.

Gre. Yes, I know thee to be seignior Lucentio.

Bap. Away with the dotard; to the jail with him.

Vin. Thus strangers may be haled and abused.—O monstrous villain!

Re-enter BIONDELLO, with LUCENTIO and BIANCA.

Bion. O, we are spoiled, and—Yonder he is; deny him, forswear him, or else we are all undone.

Luc. Pardon, sweet father. [*Kneeling.*

Vin. Lives my sweet son?

[*BIONDELLO, TRANIO, and Pedant run out.*

Bian. Pardon, dear father. [*Kneeling.*

Bap. How hast thou offended?

Where is Lucentio?

Luc. Here's Lucentio,

Right son unto the right Vincentio;

That have by marriage made thy daughter mine,

While counterfeit supposes bleared thine eyne.

Gre. Here's packing, with a witness, to deceive us all!

Vin. Where is that damned villain, Tranio,
That faced and braved me in this matter so?

Bap. Why, tell me, is not this my Cambio?

Bian. Cambio is changed into Lucentio.

Luc. Love wrought these miracles. Bianca's love
Made me exchange my state with Tranio,
While he did bear my countenance in the town;
And happily I have arrived at last
Unto the wished haven of my bliss.—
What Tranio did, myself enforced him to;
Then pardon him, sweet father, for my sake.

Vin. I'll slit the villain's nose, that would have sent me
to the jail.

Bap. But do you hear, sir? [*To LUCENTIO.*] Have
you married my daughter without asking my good-will?

Vin. Fear not, Baptista; we will content you, go to.
But I will in, to be revenged for this villany. [*Exit.*

Bap. And I, to sound the depth of this knavery. [*Exit.*

Luc. Look not pale, Bianca; thy father will not frown.
[*Exeunt LUC. and BIAN.*

Gre. My cake is dough; but I'll in among the rest;
Out of hope of all,—but my share of the feast. [*Exit.*

PETRUCHIO and KATHARINA advance.

Kath. Husband, let's follow, to see the end of this ado.

Pet. First, kiss me, Kate, and we will.

Kath. What, in the midst of the street?

Pet. What, art thou ashamed of me?

Kath. No, sir; God forbid:—but ashamed to kiss.

Pet. Why, then let's home again. — Come, sirrah, let's
away.

Kath. Nay, I will give thee a kiss; now pray thee, love,
stay.

Pet. Is not this well? — Come, my sweet Kate;
Better once than never, for never too late. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *A Room in Lucentio's House. A Banquet
set out.*

Enter BAPTISTA, VINCENTIO, GREMIO, *the Pedant*, LUCENTIO, BIANCA, PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, HORTENSIO, *and* Widow. TRANIO, BIONDELLO, GRUMIO, *and others,*
attending.

Luc. At last, though long, our jarring notes agree;
And time it is, when raging war is done,
To smile at 'scapes and perils overblown.—
My fair Bianca, bid my father welcome,

While I with self-same kindness welcome thine.—
 Brother Petruchio,—sister Katharina,
 And thou, Hortensio, with thy loving widow,—
 Feast with the best, and welcome to my house,
 My banquet is to close our stomachs up,
 After our great good cheer. Pray you, sit down;
 For now we sit to chat, as well as eat. [*They sit at table*]

Pet. Nothing but sit and sit, and eat and eat!

Bap. Padua affords this kindness, son Petruchio.

Pet. Padua affords nothing but what is kind.

Hor. For both our sakes, I would that word were true.

Pet. Now, for my life, Hortensio fears his widow.

Wid. Then never trust me if I be afraid.

Pet. You are sensible, and yet you miss my sense.

I mean, Hortensio is afraid of you.

Wid. He that is giddy, thinks the world turns round.

Pet. Roundly replied.

Kath. Mistress, how mean you that?

Wid. Thus I conceive by him.

Pet. Conceive by me!—How likes Hortensio that?

Hor. My widow says, thus she conceives her tale.

Pet. Very well mended. Kiss him for that, good widow.

Kath. He that is giddy, thinks the world turns round.—

I pray you, tell me what you meant by that.

Wid. Your husband, being troubled with a shrew,
 Measures my husband's sorrow by his woe;
 And now you know my meaning.

Kath. A very mean meaning.

Wid. Right, I mean you.

Kath. And I am mean indeed, respecting you.

Pet. To her, Kate!

Hor. To her, widow!

Pet. A hundred marks, my Kate does put her down.

Hor. That's my office.

Pet. Spoke like an officer.—Ha' to thee, lad.

[*Drinks to HORTENSIO.*]

Bap. How likes Gremio these quick-witted folks?

Gre. Believe me, sir, they butt together well.

Bian. Head, and butt? A hasty-witted body

Would say, your head and butt were head and horn.

Vin. Ay, mistress bride, hath that awakened you?

Bian. Ay, but not frightened me; therefore I'll sleep
 again.

Pet. Nay, that you shall not; since you have begun,
 Have at you for a bitter jest or two.

Bian. Am I your bird? I mean to shift my bush,

And then pursue me as you draw your bow.—
You are welcome all.

[*Exeunt* BIANCA, KATHARINA, and Widow.

Pet. She hath prevented me. — Here, seignior Tranio,
This bird you aimed at, though you hit her not;
Therefore, a health to all that shot and missed.

Tra. O, sir, Lucentio slipped me like his greyhound,
Which runs himself, and catches for his master.

Pet. A good swift simile, but something currish.

Tra. 'Tis well, sir, that you hunted for yourself;
'Tis thought, your deer does hold you at a bay.

Bap. O ho, Petruchio, Tranio hits you now.

Luc. I thank thee for that gird, good Tranio.

Hor. Confess, confess, hath he not hit you here?

Pet. 'A has a little galled me, I confess;
And, as the jest did glance away from me,
'Tis ten to one it maimed you two outright.

Bap. Now, in good sadness, son Petruchio,
I think thou hast the veriest shrew of all.

Pet. Well, I say—no; and therefore, for assurance
Let's each one send unto his wife;
And he whose wife is most obedient
To come at first when he doth send for her,
Shall win the wager which we will propose.

Hor. Content.—What is the wager?

Luc. Twenty crowns.

Pet. Twenty crowns!
I'll venture so much on my hawk, or hound,
But twenty times so much upon my wife.

Luc. A hundred, then.

Hor. Content.

Pet. A match; 'tis done.

Hor. Who shall begin?

Luc. That will I. Go,
Biondello, bid your mistress come to me.

Bion. I go. [Exit.

Bap. Son, I will be your half, Bianca comes.

Luc. I'll have no halves: I'll bear it all myself.

Re-enter BIONDELLO.

How now! what news?

Bion. Sir, my mistress sends you word
That she is busy, and she cannot come.

Pet. How! she is busy, and she cannot come!
Is that an answer?

Gre. Ay, and a kind one too.
Pray God, sir, your wife send you not a worse.

Pet. I hope, better.

Hor. Sirrah, Biondello, go, and entreat my wife
To come to me forthwith. [*Exit* BIONDELLO

Pet. O ho! entreat her!
Nay, then she must needs come.

Hor. I am afraid, sir,
Do what you can, yours will not be entreated.

Re-enter BIONDELLO.

Now where's my wife?

Bion. She says, you have some goodly jest in hand;
She will not come; she bids you come to her.

Pet. Worse and worse; she will not come! O vile,
Intolerable, not to be endured!
Sirrah, Grumio, go to your mistress;
Say, I command her come to me. [*Exit* GRUMIO.

Hor. I know her answer.

Pet. What?

Hor. She will not.

Pet. The fouler fortune mine, and there an end.

Enter KATHARINA.

Bap. Now, by my holidame, here comes Katharina!

Kath. What is your will, sir, that you send for me?

Pet. Where is your sister, and Hortensio's wife?

Kath. They sit conferring by the parlor fire.

Pet. Go fetch them hither; if they deny to come,
Swinge me them soundly forth unto their husbands.
Away, I say, and bring them hither straight.

[*Exit* KATHARINA.

Luc. Here is a wonder, if you talk of a wonder.

Hor. And so it is; I wonder what it bodes.

Pet. Marry, peace it bodes, and love, and quiet life;
An awful rule, and right supremacy;
And, to be short, what not, that's sweet and happy.

Bap. Now fair befall thee, good Petruchio!
The wager thou hast won; and I will add
Unto their losses twenty thousand crowns;
Another dowry to another daughter,
For she is changed, as she had never been.

Pet. Nay, I will win my wager better yet;
And show more sign of her obedience,
Her new-built virtue and obedience.

Re-enter KATHARINA, with BIANCA and Widow.

See, where she comes; and brings your froward wives
As prisoners to her womanly persuasion.—

Katharina, that cap of yours becomes you not;
Off with that bauble; throw it under foot.

[KATHARINA *pulls off her cap, and throws it down.*

Wid. Lord, let me never have a cause to sigh,
Till I be brought to such a silly pass!

Bian. Fie! what a foolish duty call you this?

Luc. I would your duty were as foolish too.
The wisdom of your duty, fair Bianca,
Hath cost me a hundred crowns since supper-time.

Bian. The more fool you for laying on my duty.

Pet. Katharine, I charge thee, tell these headstrong
women

What duty they do owe their lords and husbands.

Wid. Come, come, you're mocking; we will have no
telling.

Pet. Come on, I say; and first begin with her.

Wid. She shall not.

Pet. I say, she shall;—and first begin with her.

Kath. Fie, fie! unknit that threatening, unkind brow;
And dart not scornful glances from those eyes,
To wound thy lord, thy king, thy governor.
It blots thy beauty, as frosts do bite the meads;
Confounds thy fame, as whirlwinds shake fair buds;
And in no sense is meet or amiable.

A woman moved, is like a fountain troubled,
Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty;
And, while it is so, none so dry or thirsty
Will deign to sip, or touch one drop of it.
Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,
Thy head, thy sovereign; one that cares for thee
And for thy maintenance; commits his body
To painful labor, both by sea and land;
To watch the night in storms, the day in cold,
While thou liest warm at home, secure and safe;
And craves no other tribute at thy hands,
But love, fair looks, and true obedience;—
Too little payment for so great a debt.
Such duty as the subject owes the prince,
Even such a woman oweth to her husband.
And, when she's froward, peevish, sullen, sour,
And not obedient to his honest will,

What is she, but a foul, contending rebel,
 And graceless traitor to her loving lord?
 I am ashamed, that women are so simple
 To offer war, where they should kneel for peace;
 Or seek for rule, supremacy, and sway,
 When they are bound to serve, love, and obey.
 Why are our bodies soft, and weak, and smooth,
 Unapt to toil and trouble in the world,
 But that our soft conditions and our hearts
 Should well agree with our external parts?
 Come, come, you froward and unable worms!
 My mind hath been as big as one of yours;
 My heart as great; my reason, haply, more,
 To bandy word for word, and frown for frown;
 But now, I see, our lances are but straws;
 Our strength as weak, our weakness past compare,—
 That seeming to be most, which we indeed least are.
 Then vail your stomachs, for it is no boot;
 And place your hands below your husband's foot.
 In token of which duty, if he please,
 My hand is ready; may it do him ease.

Pet. Why, there's a wench!—Come on, and kiss me,
 Kate.

Luc. Well, go thy ways, old lad; for thou shalt ha't.

Vin. 'Tis a good hearing when children are toward.

Luc. But a harsh hearing when women are froward.

Pet. Come, Kate, we'll to bed.—

We three are married, but you two are sped.

'Twas I won the wager, though you hit the white;

[*To* LUCENTIO.

And, being a winner, God give you good night!

[*Exeunt* PETRUCHIO and KATH.

Hor. Now go thy ways; thou hast tamed a curst shrew.

Luc. 'Tis a wonder, by your leave, she will be tamed so.

[*Exeunt.*

WINTER'S TALE.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

LEONTES, *King of Sicilia*

MAMILLIUS, *his Son.*

CAMILLO,
ANTIGONUS,
CLEOMENES,
DION, } *Sicilian Lords.*

Another Sicilian Lord.

ROGERO, *a Sicilian Gentleman.*

An Attendant *on the young Prince* Mamillius.

Officers *of a Court of Judicature.*

POLIXENES, *King of Bohemia.*

FLORIZEL, *his Son*

ARCHIDAMUS, *a Bohemian Lord.*

A Mariner

Jailer.

An old Shepherd, *reputed Father of* Perdita.

Clown, *his Son.*

Servant *to the old Shepherd.*

AUTOLYCUS, *a Rogue.*

Time, *as Chorus.*

HERMIONE, *Queen to* Leontes.

PERDITA, *Daughter to* Leontes *and* Hermione.

PAULINA, *Wife to* Antigonus.

EMILIA, *a Lady,* } *attending the Queen.*
Two other Ladies. }

MOPSA, } *Shepherdesses.*
DORCAS, }

Lords, Ladies, *and* Attendants; satyrs *for a Dance*;
Shepherds, Shepherdesses, Guards, &c.

SCENE, *sometimes in Sicilia, sometimes in Bohemia.*

WINTER'S TALE.

ACT I.

SCENE I. Sicilia. *An Antechamber in Leontes' Palace*

Enter CAMILLO and ARCHIDAMUS.

Archidamus. IF you shall chance, Camillo, to visit Bohemia, on the like occasion whereon my services are now on foot, you shall see, as I have said, great difference betwixt our Bohemia and your Sicilia.

Cam. I think, this coming summer, the king of Sicilia means to pay Bohemia the visitation which he justly owes him.

Arch. Wherein our entertainment shall shame us, we will be justified in our loves; for, indeed,—

Cam. Beseech you,——

Arch. Verily, I speak it in the freedom of my knowledge; we cannot with such magnificence—in so rare—I know not what to say.—We will give you sleepy drinks; that your senses, unintelligent of our insufficiency, may, though they cannot praise us, as little accuse us.

Cam. You pay a great deal too dear for what's given freely.

Arch. Believe me, I speak as my understanding instructs me, and as mine honesty puts it to utterance.

Cam. Sicilia cannot show himself over-kind to Bohemia. They were trained together in their childhoods; and there rooted betwixt them then such an affection, which cannot choose but branch now. Since their more mature dignities and royal necessities made separation of their society, their encounters, though not personal, have been royally attorned, with interchange of gifts, letters, loving embassies; that they have seemed to be together, though absent; shook hands, as over a vast; and embraced, as it were, from the ends of opposed winds. The Heavens continue their loves'

Arch. I think there is not in the world either malice, or matter, to alter it. You have an unspeakable comfort of your young prince Mamillius; it is a gentleman of the greatest promise, that ever came into my note.

Cam. I very well agree with you in the hopes of him. It is a gallant child; one that, indeed, physics the subject, makes old hearts fresh. They that went on crutches ere he was born, desire yet their life, to see him a man.

Arch. Would they else be content to die?

Cam. Yes; if there were no other excuse why they should desire to live.

Arch. If the king had no son, they would desire to live on crutches till he had one. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The same. A Room of State in the Palace.*

Enter LEONTES, POLIXENES, HERMIONE, MAMILLIUS, CAMILLO, *and* Attendants.

Pol. Nine changes of the watery star have been
The shepherd's note, since we have left our throne
Without a burden. Time as long again
Would be filled up, my brother, with our thanks;
And yet we should, for perpetuity,
Go hence in debt. And therefore, like a cipher,
Yet standing in rich place, I multiply,
With one we-thank-you, many thousands more
That go before it.

Leon. Stay your thanks awhile;
And pay them when you part.

Pol. Sir, that's to-morrow.
I am questioned by my fears, of what may chance,
Or breed upon our absence: that may blow
No sneaping winds at home, to make us say,
This is put forth too truly! Besides, I have staid
To tire your royalty.

Leon. We are tougher, brother,
Than you can put us to't.

Pol. No longer stay.

Leon. One sevensnight longer.

Pol. Very sooth, to-morrow.

Leon. We'll part the time between 's then; and in that
I'll no gainsaying.

Pol. Press me not, 'beseech you, so.
There is no tongue that moves, none, none i'the world,
So soon as yours, could win me; so it should now,

Were there necessity in your request, although
'Twere needful I denied it. My affairs
Do even drag me homeward; which to hinder,
Were, in your love, a whip to me; my stay,
To you a charge and trouble. To save both,
Farewell, our brother.

Leon. Tongue-tied, our queen? Speak you.

Her. I had thought, sir, to have held my peace, until
You had drawn oaths from him not to stay. You, sir,
Charge him too coldly. Tell him, you are sure,
All in Bohemia's well; this satisfaction
The by-gone day proclaimed; say this to him,
He's beat from his best ward.

Leon. Well said, Hermione.

Her. To tell he longs to see his son, were strong:
But let him say so then, and let him go;
But let him swear so, and he shall not stay;
We'll thwack him hence with distaffs.—
Yet of your royal presence [*To POL.*] I'll adventure
The borrow of a week. When at Bohemia
You take my lord, I'll give him my commission,
To let him there a month, behind the gest
Prefixed for his parting; yet, good deed, Leontes,
I love thee not a jar o' the clock behind
What lady she her lord.—You'll stay?

Pol. No, madam.

Her. Nay, but you will?

Pol. I may not, verily.

Her. Verily!

You put me off with limber vows; but I,
Though you would seek to unsphere the stars with oaths,
Should yet say, *Sir, no going.* Verily,
You shall not go; a lady's verily is
As potent as a lord's. Will you go yet?
Force me to keep you as a prisoner,
Not like a guest: so you shall pay your fees,
When you depart, and save your thanks. How say you?
My prisoner, or my guest? By your dread *verily*,
One of them you shall be.

Pol. Your guest, then, madam:
To be your prisoner, should import offending;
Which is for me less easy to commit,
Than you to punish.

Her. Not your jailer, then,
But your kind hostess. Come, I'll question you

Of my lord's tricks, and yours, when you were boys;
You were pretty lordlings then.

Pol. We were, fair queen,
Two lads that thought there was no more behind,
But such a day to-morrow as to-day,
And to be boy eternal.

Her. Was not my lord the verier wag o' the two?

Pol. We were as twinned lambs, that did frisk i'the sun,
And bleat the one at the other. What we changed,
Was innocence for innocence; we knew not
The doctrine of ill doing, nor dreamed
That any did. Had we pursued that life,
And our weak spirits ne'er been higher reared
With stronger blood, we should have answered Heaven
Boldly, *Not Guilty*; the imposition cleared,
Hereditary ours.

Her. By this we gather,
You have tripped since.

Pol. O, my most sacred lady,
Temptations have since then been born to us; for
In those unfledged days was my wife a girl;
Your precious self had then not crossed the eyes
Of my young play-fellow.

Her. Grace to boot!
Of this make no conclusion; lest you say,
Your queen and I are devils. Yet, go on;
The offences we have made you do, we'll answer;
If you first sinned with us, and that with us
You did continue fault, and that you slipped not
With any but with us.

Leon. Is he won yet?

Her. He'll stay, my lord.

Leon. At my request he would not.
Hermione, my dearest, thou never spok'st
To better purpose.

Her. Never?

Leon. Never, but once.

Her. What? have I twice said well? When was't before?
I pr'ythee, tell me. Cram us with praise, and make us
As fat as tame things; one good deed dying tongueless,
Slaughters a thousand, waiting upon that.
Our praises are our wages: you may ride us,
With one soft kiss, a thousand furlongs, ere
With spur we heat an acre. But to the goal.—
My last good was, to entreat his stay;
What was my first? It has an elder sister,



THE ACTRESS

AND THE CHILD

Or I mistake you. O, would her name were Grace!
But once before I spoke to the purpose When?
Nay, let me have't; I long.

Leon. Why, that was when
Three crabbed months had soured themselves to death,
Ere I could make thee open thy white hand,
And clap thyself my love; then didst thou utter,
I am yours forever.

Her. It is grace, indeed.—
Why, lo you now, I have spoke to the purpose twice.
The one forever earned a royal husband;
The other, for some while, a friend.

[*Giving her hand to POLIXENES.*

Leon. Too hot, too hot. [*Aside.*
To mingle friendship far, is mingling bloods.
I have *tremoir cordis* on me;—my heart dances;
But not for joy,—not joy.—This entertainment
May a free face put on; derive a liberty
From heartiness, from bounty, fertile bosom,
And well become the agent. It may, I grant:
But to be paddling palms, and pinching fingers,
As now they are; and making practised smiles
As in a looking-glass;—and then to sigh, as 'twere
The mort o' the deer; O, that is entertainment
My bosom likes not, nor my brows.—Mamillius,
Art thou my boy?

Mam. Ay, my good lord.

Leon. I'feeks?
Why, that's my bawcock. What, hast smutched thy nose?—
They say, it's a copy out of mine. Come, captain,
We must be neat! not neat, but cleanly, captain;
And yet the steer, the heifer, and the calf,
Are all called neat.—Still virginalling

[*Observing POLIXENES and HERMIONE.*

Upon his palm?—How now, you wanton calf?
Art thou my calf?

Mam. Yes, if you will, my lord.

Leon. Thou want'st a rough pash, and the shoots that I
have,
To be full like me: yet, they say, we are
Almost as like as eggs; women say so,
That will say any thing. But were they false
As o'er-dyed blacks, as wind, as waters; false
As dice are to be wished, by one that fixes
No bourn 'twixt his and mine; yet were it true
To say this boy were like me.—Come, sir page,

Look on me with your welkin eye. Sweet villain!
 Most dearest! my collop!—can thy dam!—May't be?
 Affection! thy intention stabs the centre;
 Thou dost make possible, things not so held;
 Communicat'st with dreams;—(How can this be?)
 With what's unreal thou coactive art,
 And fellow'st nothing. Then, 'tis very credent.
 Thou mayst conjoin with something; and thou dost;
 (And that beyond commission, and I find it;)
 And that to the infection of my brains,
 And hardening of my brows.

Pol. What means Sicilia?

Her. He something seems unsettled.

Pol. How, my lord?
 What cheer? How is't with you, best brother?

Her. You look
 As if you held a brow of much distraction.
 Are you moved, my lord?

Leon. No, in good earnest.—
 How sometimes nature will betray its folly,
 Its tenderness, and make itself a pastime
 To harder bosoms! Looking on the lines
 Of my boy's face, methought I did recoil
 Twenty-three years; and saw myself unbreeched,
 In my green velvet coat; my dagger muzzled,
 Lest it should bite its master, and so prove,
 As ornaments oft do, too dangerous.
 How like, methought, I then was to this kernel,
 This squash, this gentleman.—Mine honest friend,
 Will you take eggs for money?

Mam. No, my lord, I'll fight.

Leon. You will? why, happy man be his dole!—My
 brother,
 Are you so fond of your young prince, as we
 Do seem to be of ours?

Pol. If at home, sir,
 He's all my exercise, my mirth, my matter:
 Now, my sworn friend, and then mine enemy;
 My parasite, my soldier, statesman, all;
 He makes a July's day short as December;
 And, with his varying childness, cures in me
 Thoughts that would thicken my blood.

Leon. So stands this squire
 Officed with me. We two will walk, my lord,
 And leave you to your graver steps.—Hermione,
 How thou lov'st us, show in our brother's welcome;

Let what is dear in Sicily be cheap.
Next to thyself, and my young rover's, he's
Apparent to my heart.

Her.

If you would seek us,
We are yours i'the garden. Shall's attend you there?

Leon. To your own bents dispose you: you'll be found,
Be you beneath the sky;—I am angling now,
Though you perceive me not how I give line.
Go to, go to!

[*Aside. Observing POLIXENES and HERMIONE.*

How she holds up the neb, the bill to him!

And arms her with the boldness of a wife

To her allowing husband! Gone already!

Inch-thick, knee-deep, o'er head and ears a forked one.—

[*Exeunt POL., HER., and Attendants.*

Go, play, boy, play:—thy mother plays, and I
Play too; but so disgraced a part, whose issue
Will hiss me to my grave; contempt and clamor
Will be my knell.—Go, play, boy, play.—There have been,
Or I am much deceived, cuckolds ere now;
And many a man there is, even at this present,
Now, while I speak this, holds his wife by the arm,
That little thinks she has been sluiced in his absence,
And his pond fished by his next neighbor, by
Sir Smile, his neighbor. Nay, there's comfort in't,
Whiles other men have gates; and those gates opened,
As mine, against their will. Should all despair,
That have revolted wives, the tenth of mankind
Would hang themselves. Physic for't there is none;
It is a bawdy planet, that will strike
Where 'tis predominant; and 'tis powerful, think it,
From east, west, north, and south: be it concluded,
No barricado for a belly; know it;
It will let in and out the enemy,
With bag and baggage. Many a thousand of us
Have the disease, and feel't not.—How now, boy?

Mam. I am like you, they say.

Leon.

Why, that's some comfort.—

What! Camillo there?

Cam. Ay, my good lord.

Leon. Go play, Mamillius: thou'rt an honest man.—

[*Exit MAMILLIUS.*

Camillo, this great sir will yet stay longer.

Cam. You had much ado to make his anchor hold;
When you cast out, it still came home.

Leon.

Didst note it?

Cam. He would not stay at your petitions; made His business more material.

Leon. Didst perceive it?—
They're here with me already: whispering, rounding,
Sicilia is a so-forth. 'Tis far gone,
When I shall gust it last.—How came't, Camillo,
That he did stay?

Cam. At the good queen's entreaty.

Leon. At the queen's, be't: good, should be pertinent;
But so it is, it is not. Was this taken
By any understanding pate but thine?
For thy conceit is soaking, will draw in
More than the common blocks.—Not noted, is't,
But of the finer natures? By some severals,
Of head-piece extraordinary? Lower messes,
Perchance, are to this business purblind: say.

Cam. Business, my lord? I think most understand
Bohemia stays here longer.

Leon. Ha?

Cam. Stays here longer.

Leon. Ay, but why?

Cam. To satisfy your highness, and the entreaties
Of our most gracious mistress.

Leon. Satisfy
The entreaties of your mistress?—Satisfy?—
Let that suffice. I have trusted thee, Camillo,
With all the nearest things to my heart, as well
My chamber-councils; wherein, priestlike, thou
Hast cleansed my bosom; I from thee departed
Thy penitent reformed; but we have been
Deceived in thy integrity, deceived
In that which seems so.

Cam. Be it forbid, my lord!

Leon. To bide upon't: Thou art not honest; or
If thou inclin'st that way, thou art a coward;
Which boxes honesty behind, restraining
From course required; or else thou must be counted
A servant, grafted in my serious trust,
And therein negligent; or else a fool,
That seest a game played home, the rich stake drawn,
And tak'st it all for jest.

Cam. My gracious lord,
I may be negligent, foolish, and fearful;
In every one of these no man is free,
But that his negligence, his folly, fear,
Amongst the infinite doings of the world,

Sometime puts forth. In your affairs, my lord,
If ever I were wilful-negligent,
It was my folly; if industriously
I played the fool, it was my negligence,
Not weighing well the end; if ever fearful
To do a thing, where I the issue doubted,
Whereof the execution did cry out
Against the non-performance, 'twas a fear
Which oft affects the wisest. These, my lord,
Are such allowed infirmities, that honesty
Is never free of. But, 'beseech your grace,
Be plainer with me; let me know my trespass
By its own visage. If I then deny it,
'Tis none of mine.

Leon. Have not you seen, Camillo,
(But that's past doubt; you have; or your eye-glass
Is thicker than a cuckold's horn;) or heard,
(For, to a vision so apparent, rumor
Cannot be mute,) or thought,—(for cogitation
Resides not in that man, that does not think,)—
My wife is slippery? If thou wilt confess,
(Or else be impudently negative,
To have nor eyes, nor ears, nor thought,) then say,
My wife's a hobby-horse; deserves a name
As rank as any flax-wench, that puts to
Before a troth-plight: say it, and justify it.

Cam. I would not be a stander-by to hear
My sovereign mistress clouded so, without
My present vengeance taken. 'Shrew my heart,
You never spoke what did become you less
Than this, which to reiterate, were sin
As deep as that, though true.

Leon. Is whispering nothing?
Is leaning cheek to cheek? Is meeting noses?
Kissing with inside lip? Stopping the career
Of laughter with a sigh? (a note infallible
Of breaking honesty:) Horsing foot on foot?
Skulking in corners? Wishing clocks more swift?
Hours, minutes? Noon, midnight? And all eyes blind
With the pin and web, but theirs, theirs only,
That would unseen be wicked? Is this nothing?
Why, then, the world, and all that's in't, is nothing;
The covering sky is nothing; Bohemia nothing;
My wife is nothing; nor nothing have these nothings,
If this be nothing.

Cam. Good my lord, be cured

Of this diseased opinion, and betimes;
For 'tis most dangerous.

Leon. Say, it be; 'tis true.

Cam. No, no, my lord.

Leon. It is; you lie, you lie:
I say, thou liest, Camillo, and I hate thee;
Pronounce thee a gross lout, a mindless slave;
Or else a hovering temporizer, that
Canst with thine eyes at once see good and evil,
Inclining to them both. Were my wife's liver
Infected as her life, she would not live
The running of one glass.

Cam. Who does infect her?

Leon. Why, he that wears her like his medal, hanging
About his neck, Bohemia. Who—if I
Had servants true about me, that bare eyes
To see alike mine honor as their profits,
Their own particular thrifts,—they would do that
Which should undo more doing. Ay, and thou,
His cupbearer,—whom I from meaner form
Have benched, and reared to worship; who mayst see
Plainly, as heaven sees earth, and earth sees heaven,
How I am galled,—mightst bespice a cup,
To give mine enemy a lasting wink;
Which draught to me were cordial.

Cam. Sir, my lord,
I could do this; and that with no rash potion,
But with a lingering dram, that should not work
Maliciously like poison. But I cannot
Believe this crack to be in my dread mistress,
So sovereignly being honorable.
I have loved thee,—

Leon. Make't thy question, and go rot!
Dost think I am so muddy, so unsettled,
To appoint myself in this vexation? sully
The purity and whiteness of my sheets,
Which to preserve, is sleep; which being spotted,
Is goads, thorns, nettles, tails of wasps?
Give scandal to the blood o' the prince, my son,
Who, I do think, is mine, and love as mine;
Without ripe moving to't? Would I do this?
Could man so blench?

Cam. I must believe you, sir.
I do; and will fetch off Bohemia for't;
Provided, that when he's removed, your highness
Will take again your queen, as yours at first;

Even for your son's sake; and thereby, for sealing
The injury of tongues in courts and kingdoms
Known and allied to yours.

Leon. Thou dost advise me,
Even so as I mine own course have set down.
I'll give no blemish to her honor, none.

Cam. My lord,
Go then; and with a countenance as clear
As friendship wears at feasts, keep with Bohemia,
And with your queen. I am his cupbearer;
If from me he have wholesome beverage,
Account me not your servant.

Leon. This is all;
Do't, and thou hast the one half of my heart;
Do't not, thou splittest thine own.

Cam. I'll do't, my lord.

Leon. I will seem friendly, as thou hast advised me.

[*Exit.*

Cam. O miserable lady—But, for me,
What case stand I in? I must be the poisoner
Of good Polixenes: and my ground to do't
Is the obedience to a master; one,
Who, in rebellion with himself, will have
All that are his, so too.—To do this deed,
Promotion follows. If I could find example
Of thousands, that had struck anointed kings,
And flourished after, I'd not do't; but since
Nor brass, nor stone, nor parchment, bears not one,
Let villany itself forswear't. I must
Forsake the court: to do't, or no, is certain
To me a break-neck. Happy star, reign now!
Here comes Bohemia.

Enter POLIXENES.

Pol. This is strange! Methinks
My favor here begins to warp. Not speak?
Good-day, Camillo.

Cam. Hail, most royal sir!

Pol. What is the news i'the court?

Cam. None rare, my lord.

Pol. The king hath on him such a countenance,
As he had lost some province, and a region
Loved as he loves himself. Even now I met him
With customary compliment; when he,
Wafting his eyes to the contrary, and falling
A lip of much contempt, speeds from me; and

So leaves me to consider what is breeding,
That changes thus his manners.

Cam. I dare not know, my lord.

Pol. How! Dare not? Do not. Do you know, and
dare not

Be intelligent to me? 'Tis thereabouts;
For, to yourself, what you do know, you must;
And cannot say you dare not. Good Camillo,
Your changed complexions are to me a mirror,
Which shows me mine changed too; for I must be
A party in this alteration, finding
Myself thus altered with it.

Cam. There is a sickness
Which puts some of us in distemper; but
I cannot name the disease; and it is caught
Of you that yet are well.

Pol. How! caught of me?
Make me not sighted like the basilisk.
I have looked on thousands, who have sped the better
By my regard, but killed none so. Camillo,—
As you are certainly a gentleman; thereto
Clerk-like, experienced, which no less adorns
Our gentry, than our parents' noble names,
In whose success we are gentle,—I beseech you,
If you know aught which does behave my knowledge
Thereof to be informed, imprison it not
In ignorant concealment.

Cam. I may not answer.

Pol. A sickness caught of me, and yet I well!
I must be answered.—Dost thou hear, Camillo,
I conjure thee, by all the parts of man,
Which honor does acknowledge,—whereof the least
Is not this suit of mine,—that thou declare
What incidency thou dost guess of harm
Is creeping toward me; how far off, how near;
Which way to be prevented, if to be;
If not, how best to bear it.

Cam. Sir, I'll tell you;
Since I am charged in honor, and by him
That I think honorable. Therefore, mark my counsel;
Which must be even as swiftly followed, as
I mean to utter it; or both yourself and me
Cry, *lost*, and so good-night.

Pol. On, good Camillo.

Cam. I am appointed him to murder you.

Pol. By whom, Camillo?

Cam.

By the king.

Pol.

For what?

Cam. He thinks, nay, with all confidence he swears,
As he had seen't, or been an instrument
To vice you to't,—that you have touched his queen
Forbiddenly.

Pol.

O, then my best blood turn
To an infected jelly; and my name
Be yoked with his, that did betray the best!
Turn then my freshest reputation to
A savor, that may strike the dullest nostril
Where I arrive; and my approach be shunned,
Nay, hated too, worse than the great'st infection
That e'er was heard, or read!

Cam.

Swear his thought over

By each particular star in heaven, and
By all their influences, you may as well
Forbid the sea for to obey the moon,
As, or by oath, remove, or counsel, shake
The fabric of his folly; whose foundation
Is piled upon his faith, and will continue
The standing of his body.

Pol.

How should this grow?

Cam. I know not; but, I am sure, 'tis safer to
Avoid what's grown, than question how 'tis born.
If therefore you dare trust my honesty,
That lies inclosed in this trunk, which you
Shall bear along impawned,—away to-night.
Your followers I will whisper to the business;
And will, by twos, and threes, at several posterns,
Clear them o' the city. For myself, I'll put
My fortunes to your service, which are here
By this discovery lost. Be not uncertain:
For, by the honor of my parents, I
Have uttered truth; which if you seek to prove,
I dare not stand by; nor shall you be safer
Than one condemned by the king's own mouth, thereon
His execution sworn.

Pol.

I do believe thee:

I saw his heart in his face. Give me thy hand;
Be pilot to me, and thy places shall
Still neighbor mine. My ships are ready, and
My people did expect my hence departure
Two days ago.—This jealousy
Is for a precious creature; as she's rare,
Must it be great; and, as his person's mighty,

Must it be violent; and as he does conceive
 He is dishonored by a man which ever
 Professed to him, why, his revenges must
 In that be made more bitter. Fear o'ershades me;
 Good expedition be my friend, and comfort
 The gracious queen, part of his theme, but nothing
 Of his ill-ta'en suspicion! Come, Camillo;
 I will respect thee as a father, if
 Thou bear'st my life off hence. Let us avoid.
Cum. It is in mine authority to command
 The keys of all the posterns. Please your highness
 To take the urgent hour. Come, sir, away. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I. *The same.*

Enter HERMIONE, MAMILLIUS, *and* Ladies.

Her. Take the boy to you: he so troubles me,
 'Tis past enduring.

1 *Lady.* Come, my gracious lord,
 Shall I be your playfellow?

Mam. No, I'll none of you.

1 *Lady.* Why, my sweet lord?

Mam. You'll kiss me hard; and speak to me as if
 I were a baby still.—I love you better.

2 *Lady.* And why so, my lord?

Mam. Not for because
 Your brows are blacker; yet black brows, they say,
 Become some women best; so that there be not
 Too much hair there, but in a semicircle,
 Or half-moon made with a pen.

2 *Lady.* Who taught you this?

Mam. I learned it out of women's faces.—Pray now
 What color are your eyebrows?

1 *Lady.* Blue, my lord.

Mam. Nay, that's a mock; I have seen a lady's nose
 That has been blue, but not her eyebrows.

2 *Lady.* Hark ye;
 The queen, your mother, rounds apace: we shall
 Present our services to a fine new prince,
 One of these days; and then you'd wanton with us,
 If we would have you.

1 *Lady*. She is spread of late
Into a goodly bulk. Good time encounter her!

Her. What wisdom stirs amongst you? Come, sir, now
I am for you again. Pray you, sit by us,
And tell's a tale.

Mam. Merry, or sad, shall't be?

Her. As merry as you will.

Mam. A sad tale's best for winter.
I have one of sprites and goblins.

Her. Let's have that, good sir.
Come on, sit down.—Come on, and do your best
To fright me with your sprites: you're powerful at it

Mam. There was a man,—

Her. Nay, come, sit down; then on.

Mam. Dwelt by a churchyard;—I will tell it softly;
Yon crickets shall not hear it.

Her. Come on then,
And give't me in mine ear.

Enter LEONTES, ANTIGONUS, Lords, and others.

Leon. Was he met there? his train? Camillo with him?

1 *Lord*. Behind the tuft of pines I met them; never
Saw I men scour so on their way. I eyed them
Even to their ships.

Leon. How blessed am I
In my just censure! in my true opinion!—
Alack, for lesser knowledge! How accursed,
In being so blest!—There may be in the cup
A spider steeped, and one may drink; depart,
And yet partake no venom; for his knowledge
Is not infected: but if one present
The abhorred ingredient to his eye make known,
How he hath drunk, he cracks his gorge, his sides
With violent hefts.—I have drunk, and seen the spider.
Camillo was his help in this, his pander.—
There is a plot against my life, my crown;
All's true that is mistrusted.—That false villain,
Whom I employed, was pre-employed by him:
He has discovered my design, and I
Remain a pinched thing; yea, a very trick
For them to play at will.—How came the posterns
So easily open?

1 *Lord*. By his great authority;
Which often hath no less prevailed them so,
On your command.

Leon. I know't too well.—

Give me the boy; I am glad you did not nurse him.
Though he does bear some signs of me, yet you
Have too much blood in him.

Her. What is this? sport?

Leon. Bear the boy hence; he shall not come about her;
Away with him;—and let her sport herself
With that she's big with; for 'tis Polixenes
Has made thee swell thus.

Her. But I'd say, he had not,
And, I'll be sworn, you would believe my saying,
Howe'er you lean to the nayward.

Leon. You, my lords,
Look on her, mark her well; be but about
To say, *She is a goodly lady*, and
The justice of your hearts will thereto add,
'Tis *pity, she's not honest, honorable*.
Praise her but for this her without-door form,
(Which, on my faith, deserves high speech,) and straight
The shrug, the hum, or ha: these petty brands,
That calumny doth use;—O, I am out;
That mercy does; for calumny will sear
Virtue itself;—these shrugs, these hums, and ha's,
When you have said, she's goodly, come between,
Ere you can say she's honest. But be it known,
From him that has most cause to grieve it should be,
She's an adult'ress.

Her. Should a villain say so,
The most replenish villain in the world,
He were as much more villain. You, my lord,
Do but mistake.

Leon. You have mistook, my lady,
Polixenes for Leontes. O thou thing,
Which I'll not call a creature of thy place,
Lest barbarism, making me the precedent,
Should a like language use to all degrees,
And mannerly distinguishment leave out
Betwixt the prince and beggar!—I have said,
She's an adult'ress; I have said with whom;
More, she's a traitor! and Camillo is
A federary with her; and one that knows
What she should shame to know herself,
But with her most vile principal, that she's
A bed-swarver, even as bad as those
That vulgars give bold'st titles; ay, and privy
To this their late escape.

Her. No, by my life,

Privy to none of this. How will this grieve you,
When you shall come to clearer knowledge, that
You thus have published me? Gentle my lord,
You scarce can right me thoroughly, then, to say
You did mistake.

Leon. No, no; if I mistake
In those foundations which I build upon,
The centre is not big enough to bear
A school-boy's top. Away with her to prison.
He who shall speak for her, is afar off guilty,
But that he speaks.

Her. There's some ill planet reigns.
I must be patient till the heavens look
With an aspect more favorable.—Good my lords,
I am not prone to weeping, as our sex
Commonly are; the want of which vain dew,
Perchance, shall dry your pities: but I have
That honorable grief lodged here, which burns
Worse than tears drown. 'Beseech you all, my lords,
With thought so qualified as your charities
Shall best instruct you, measure me;—and so
The king's will be performed!

Leon. Shall I be heard?

[*To the Guards.*

Her. Who is't that goes with me?—'Beseech your
highness,

My women may be with me; for, you see,
My plight requires it. Do not weep, good fools;
There is no cause; when you shall know your mistress
Has deserved prison, then abound in tears,
As I come out. This action, I now go on,
Is for my better grace.—Adieu, my lord;
I never wished to see you sorry; now,
I trust, I shall.—My women, come; you have leave.

Leon. Go, do our bidding; hence.

[*Exeunt Queen and Ladies.*

1 *Lord.* 'Beseech your highness, call the queen again.

Ant. Be certain what you do, sir; lest, your justice
Prove violence; in the which three great ones suffer,
Yourself, your queen, your son.

1 *Lord.* For her, my lord,—
I dare my life lay down, and will do't, sir,
Please you to accept it, that the queen is spotless
I'the eyes of Heaven, and to you: I mean,
In this which you accuse her.

Ant. If it prove

She's otherwise, I'll keep my stables where
 I lodge my wife; I'll go in couples with her;
 Than when I feel, and see her, no further trust her;
 For every inch of woman in the world,
 Ay, every dram of woman's flesh, is false,
 If she be.

Leon. Hold your peaces.

1 Lord. Good my lord,—

Ant. It is for you we speak, not for ourselves.
 You are abused, and by some putter-on,
 That will be damned for't; 'would I knew the villain,
 I would land-damn him. Be she honor-flawed,—
 I have three daughters; the eldest is eleven;
 The second, and the third, nine, and some five;
 If this prove true, they'll pay for't; by mine honor.
 I'll geld them all: fourteen they shall not see,
 To bring false generations; they are coheirs;
 And I had rather glib myself, than they
 Should not produce fair issue.

Leon. Cease; no more.
 You smell this business with a sense as cold
 As is a dead man's nose; but I do see't and feel't
 As you feel doing thus; and see withal
 The instruments that feel.

Ant. If it be so,
 We need no grave to bury honesty;
 There's not a grain of it, the face to sweeten
 Of the whole dungy earth.

Leon. What, lack I credit?
1 Lord. I had rather you did lack, than I, my lord,
 upon this ground: and more it would content me
 To have her honor true, than your suspicion;
 Be blamed for't how you might.

Leon. Why, what need we
 Commune with you of this? but rather follow
 Our forceful instigation? Our prerogative
 Calls not your counsels; but our natural goodness
 Imparts this; which,—if you (or stupefied,
 Or seeming so in skill) cannot, or will not,
 Relish as truth, like us; inform yourselves.
 We need no more of your advice: the matter,
 The loss, the gain, the ordering on't, is all
 Properly ours.

Ant. And I wish, my liege,
 You had only in your silent judgment tried it,
 Without more overture.

Leon. How could that be?
 Either thou art most ignorant by age,
 Or thou wert born a fool. Camillo's flight,
 Added to their familiarity,
 (Which was as gross as ever touched conjecture,
 That lacked sight only, nought for approbation,
 But only seeing, all other circumstances
 Made up to the deed,) doth push on this proceeding.
 Yet, for a greater confirmation,
 (For, in an act of this importance, 'twere
 Most piteous to be wild,) I have despatched in post,
 To sacred Delphos, to Apollo's temple,
 Cleomenes and Dion, whom you know
 Of stuffed sufficiency. Now from the oracle
 They will bring all; whose spiritual counsel, had,
 Shall stop, or spur me. Have I done well?

1 Lord. Well done, my lord.

Leon. Though I am satisfied, and need no more
 Than what I know, yet shall the oracle
 Give rest to the minds of others; such as he,
 Whose ignorant credulity will not
 Come up to the truth. So have we thought it good,
 From our free person she should be confined;
 Lest that the treachery of the two fled hence,
 Be left her to perform. Come, follow us;
 We are to speak in public; for this business
 Will raise us all.

Ant. [Aside.] To laughter, as I take it,
 If the good truth were known.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II. *The same. The outer Room of a Prison.*

Enter PAULINA and Attendants.

Paul. The keeper of the prison,—call to him;
 [Exit an Attendant.
 Let him have knowledge who I am.—Good lady!
 No court in Europe is too good for thee;
 What dost thou then in prison?—Now, good sir,

Re-enter Attendant, with the Keeper.

You know me, do you not?

Keeper. For a worthy lady,
 And one whom I much honor.

Paul. Pray you, then,
 Conduct me to the queen.

Keep. I may not, madam; to the contrary
I have express commandment.

Paul. Here's ado,
To lock up honesty and honor from
The access of gentle visitors!—Is it lawful,
Pray you, to see her women? any of them?
Emilia?

Keep. So please you, madam, to put
Apart these your attendants, I shall bring
Emilia forth.

Paul. I pray now, call her.
Withdraw yourselves. [Exeunt Attendants]

Keep. And, madam,
I must be present at your conference.

Paul. Well, be it so, pr'ythee. [Exit Keeper.
Here's such ado to make no stain a stain,
As passes coloring.

Re-enter Keeper, with EMILIA.

Dear gentlewoman, how fares our gracious lady?

Emil. As well as one so great, and so forlorn,
May hold together. On her frights and griefs
(Which never tender lady hath borne greater)
She is, something before her time, delivered.

Paul. A boy?

Emil. A daughter; and a goodly babe,
Lusty, and like to live. The queen receives
Much comfort in't; says, *My poor prisoner,*
I am innocent as you.

Paul. I dare be sworn.
These dangerous, unsafe lunes o' the king! beshrew them!
He must be told on't, and he shall; the office
Becomes a woman best; I'll take't upon me:
If I prove honey-mouthed, let my tongue blister;
And never to my red-looking anger be
The trumpet any more.—Pray you, Emilia,
Commend my best obedience to the queen;
If she dares trust me with her little babe,
I'll show't the king, and undertake to be
Her advocate to th' loudest. We do not know
How he may soften at the sight o' the child;
The silence often of pure innocence
Persuades, when speaking fails.

Emil. Most worthy madam,
Your honor, and your goodness, is so evident,
That your free undertaking cannot miss

A thriving issue; there is no lady living
 So meet for this great errand. Please your ladyship
 To visit the next room, I'll presently
 Acquaint the queen of your most noble offer,
 Who, but to-day, hammered of this design;
 But durst not tempt a minister of honor,
 Lest she should be denied.

Paul. Tell her, Emilia,
 I'll use that tongue I have. If wit flow from it,
 As boldness from my bosom, let it not be doubted
 I shall do good.

Emil. Now be you blest for it!
 I'll to the queen. Please you, come something nearer.

Keep. Madam, if't please the queen to send the babe,
 I know not what I shall incur to pass it,
 Having no warrant.

Paul. You need not fear it, sir.
 The child was prisoner to the womb; and is,
 By law and process of great nature, thence
 Freed and enfranchised: not a party to
 The anger of the king; nor guilty of,
 If any be, the trespass of the queen.

Keep. I do believe it.

Paul. Do not you fear; upon
 Mine honor, I will stand 'twixt you and danger. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The same. A Room in the Palace.*

Enter LEONTES, ANTIGONUS, Lords, and other Attendants.

Leon. Nor night, nor day, no rest. It is but weakness
 To bear the matter thus; mere weakness, if
 The cause were not in being;—part o' the cause,
 She, the adult'ress;—for the harlot king
 Is quite beyond mine arm, out of the blank
 And level of my brain, plot-proof: but she
 I can hook to me. Say, that she were gone,
 Given to the fire, a moiety of my rest
 Might come to me again.—Who's there?

1 Attend.

My lord!

[*Advancing.*]

Leon. How does the boy?

1 Attend.

He took good rest to-night;
 'Tis hoped his sickness is discharged.

Leon. To see
 His nobleness!

Conceiving the dishonor of his mother,
 He straight declined, drooped, took it deeply;
 Fastened and fixed the shame on't in himself;
 Threw off his spirit, his appetite, his sleep,
 And downright languished.—Leave me solely;—go,
 See how he fares. [*Exit Attend.*—Fie, fie! no thought
 of him;—

The very thought of my revenges that way
 Recoil upon me: in himself too mighty;
 And in his parties, his alliance,—let him be,
 Until a time may serve; for present vengeance,
 Take it on her. Camillo and Polixenes
 Laugh at me; make their pastime at my sorrow.
 They should not laugh, if I could reach them; nor
 Shall she, within my power.

Enter PAULINA, with a Child.

1 *Lord.* You must not enter.

Paul. Nay, rather, good my lords, be second to me.
 Fear you his tyrannous passion more, alas,
 Than the queen's life? a gracious, innocent soul;
 More free, than he is jealous.

Ant. That's enough.

1 *Attend.* Madam, he hath not slept to-night; com-
 manded

None should come at him.

Paul. Not so hot, good sir;
 I come to bring him sleep. 'Tis such as you,—
 That creep like shadows by him, and do sigh
 At each his needless heavings,—such as you
 Nourish the cause of his awaking: I
 Do come with words as med'cinal as true;
 Honest, as either; to purge him of that humor,
 That presses him from sleep.

Leon. What noise there, ho!

Paul. No noise, my lord; but needful conference
 About some gossips for your highness.

Leon. How?—

Away with that audacious lady. Antigonus,
 I charged thee, that she should not come about me;
 I knew she would.

Ant. I told her so, my lord,
 On your displeasure's peril, and on mine,
 She should not visit you.

Leon. What, canst not rule her?

Paul. From all dishonesty, he can. In this,

(Unless he take the course that you have done,
Commit me, for committing honor,) trust it,
He shall not rule me.

Ant. Lo you now; you hear!
When she will take the rein, I let her run;
But she'll not stumble.

Paul. Good my liege, I come,—
And, I beseech you, hear me, who profess
Myself your loyal servant, your physician,
Your most obedient counsellor; yet that dare
Less appear so, in comforting your evils,
Than such as most seem yours;—I say, I come
From your good queen.

Leon. Good queen!

Paul. Good queen, my lord, good queen: I say, good
queen;
And would by combat make her good, so were I
A man, the worst about you.

Leon. Force her hence.

Paul. Let him that makes but trifles of his eyes,
First hand me: on my own accord, I'll off;
But, first, I'll do my errand.—The good queen—
For she is good—hath brought you forth a daughter;
Here 'tis; commends it to your blessing.

[*Laying down the Child.*

Leon.

Out!

A mankind witch! Hence with her, out o' door!
A most intelligencing bawd!

Paul. Not so.

I am as ignorant in that, as you
In so entitling me; and no less honest
Than you are mad; which is enough, I'll warrant,
As this world goes, to pass for honest.

Leon.

Traitors!

Will you not push her out? Give her the bastard.—
Thou dotard [*To ANTIGONUS.*] thou art woman-tired, un-
roosted

By thy dame Partlet here.—Take up the bastard;
Take't up, I say; give't to thy crone.

Paul.

Forever

Unvenerable be thy hands, if thou
Tak'st up the princess, by that forced baseness
Which he has put upon't!

Leon.

He dreads his wife.

Paul. So I would you did; then, 'twere past all doubt,
You'd call your children yours.

Leon. A nest of traitors!

Ant. I am none, by this good light.

Paul. Nor I; nor any,

But one, that's here; and that's himself: for he
The sacred honor of himself, his queen's,
His hopeful son's, his babe's, betrays to slander,
Whose sting is sharper than the sword's; and will not
(For, as the case now stands, it is a curse
He cannot be compell'd to't) once remove
The root of his opinion, which is rotten,
As ever oak, or stone, was sound.

Leon. A callat,

Of boundless tongue; who late hath beat her husband,
And now baits me!—This brat is none of mine;
It is the issue of Prolixenes.
Hence with it; and, together with the dam,
Commit them to the fire.

Paul. It is yours;

And, might we lay the old proverb to your charge,
So like you, 'tis the worse.—Behold, my lords,
Although the print be little, the whole matter
And copy of the father; eye, nose, lip,
The trick of his frown, his forehead; nay, the valley,
The pretty dimples of his chin, and cheek; his smiles;
The very mould and frame of hand, nail, finger:—
And, thou, good goddess nature, which hast made it
So like to him that got it, if thou hast
The ordering of the mind too, 'mongst all colors
No yellow in't; lest she suspect, as he does,
Her children not her husband's!

Leon. A gross hag!—

And, lozel, thou art worthy to be hanged,
That wilt not stay her tongue.

Ant. Hang all the husbands
That cannot do that feat, you'll leave yourself
Hardly one subject.

Leon. Once more, take her hence.

Paul. A most unworthy and unnatural lord
Can do no more.

Leon. I'll have thee burned.

Paul. I care not.

It is a heretic that makes the fire,
Not she which burns in't. I'll not call you tyrant;
But this most cruel usage of your queen,
(Not able to produce more accusation
Than your own weak-hinged fancy) something savors

Of tyranny, and will ignoble make you,
Yea, scandalous to the world.

Leon. On your allegiance,
Out of the chamber with her. Were I a tyrant,
Where were her life? She durst not call me so,
If she did know me one. Away with her.

Paul. I pray you, do not push me; I'll be gone.
Look to your babe, my lord; 'tis yours; Jove send her
A better guiding spirit!—What need these hands?—
You, that are thus so tender o'er his follies,
Will never do him good, not one of you.
So, so.—Farewell; we are gone. [Exit.

Leon. Thou, traitor, hast set on thy wife to this.—
My child? Away with't!—Even thou, that hast
A heart so tender o'er it, take it hence,
And see it instantly consumed with fire;
Even thou, and none but thou. Take it up straight.
Within this hour bring me word, 'tis done,
(And by good testimony,) or I'll seize thy life,
With what thou else call'st thine. If thou refuse,
And wilt encounter with my wrath, say so;
The bastard brains with these my proper hands
Shall I dash out. Go, take it to the fire;
For thou sett'st on thy wife.

Ant. I did not, sir.
These lords, my noble fellows, if they please,
Can clear me in't.

1 Lord. We can; my royal liege,
He is not guilty of her coming hither.

Leon. You are liars all.

1 Lord. 'Beseech your highness, give us better credit.
We have always truly served you; and beseech
So to esteem of us; and on our knees we beg
(As recompense of our dear services,
Past, and to come) that you do change this purpose;
Which, being so horrible, so bloody, must
Lead on to some foul issue. We all kneel.

Leon. I am a feather for each wind that blows;—
Shall I live on, to see this bastard kneel
And call me father? Better burn it now,
Than curse it then. But, be it; let it live.
It shall not neither.—You, sir, come you hither;

[To ANTIGONUS.

You, that have been so tenderly officious
With lady Margery, your midwife, there,
To save this bastard's life,—for 'tis a bastard,

So sure as this beard's gray,—what will you adventure
To save this brat's life?

Ant. Any thing, my lord,
That my ability may undergo,
And nobleness impose. At least, thus much;
I'll pawn the little blood which I have left,
To save the innocent: any thing possible.

Leon. It shall be possible. Swear by this sword,
Thou wilt perform my bidding.

Ant. I will, my lord.

Leon. Mark, and perform it; (see'st thou?) for the fail
Of any point in't shall not only be
Death to thyself, but to thy lewd-tongued wife;
Whom, for this time, we pardon. We enjoin thee,
As thou art liegeman to us, that thou carry
This female bastard hence; and that thou bear it
To some remote and desert place quite out
Of our dominions; and that there thou leave it,
Without more mercy, to its own protection,
And favor of the climate. As by strange fortune
It came to us, I do in justice charge thee,—
On thy soul's peril, and thy body's torture,—
That thou commend it strangely to some place,
Where chance may nurse, or end it. Take it up.

Ant. I swear to do this, though a present death
Had been more merciful.—Come on, poor babe.
Some powerful spirit instruct the kites and ravens
To be thy nurses! Wolves, and bears, they say,
Casting their savageness aside, have done
Like offices of pity.—Sir, be prosperous
In more than this deed doth require! and blessing,
Against this cruelty, fight on thy side,
Poor thing, condemned to loss! [*Exit, with the Child.*

Leon. No, I'll not rear
Another's issue.

1 Attend. Please your highness, posts,
From those you sent to the oracle, are come
An hour since. Cleomenes and Dion,
Being well arrived from Delphos, are both landed,
Hasting to the court.

1 Lord. So please you, sir, their speed
Hath been beyond account.

Leon. Twenty-three days
They have been absent. 'Tis good speed; foretells,
The great Apollo suddenly will have
The truth of this appear. Prepare you, lords:

Summon a session, that we may arraign
Our most disloyal lady; for, as she hath
Been publicly accused, so shall she have
A just and open trial. While she lives,
My heart will be a burden to me. Leave me;
And think upon my bidding. [Exeunt

ACT III.

SCENE I. *The same. A Street in some Town.*

Enter CLEOMENES and DION.

Cleo. The climate's delicate; the air most sweet;
Fertile the isle; the temple much surpassing
The common praise it bears.

Dion. I shall report—
For most it caught me—the celestial habits
(Methinks I so should term them) and the reverence
Of the grave wearers. O, the sacrifice!
How ceremonious, solemn, and unearthly
It was i' the offering!

Cleo. But of all, the burst
And ear-deafening voice o' the oracle,
Kin to Jove's thunder, so surprised my sense,
That I was nothing.

Dion. If the event o' the journey
Prove as successful to the queen,—O, be't so!—
As it hath been to us, rare, pleasant, speedy,
The time is worth the use on't.

Cleo. Great Apollo,
Turn all to the best! These proclamations,
So forcing faults upon Hermione,
I little like.

Dion. The violent carriage of it
Will clear, or end, the business. When the oracle
(Thus by Apollo's great divine sealed up)
Shall the contents discover something rare
Even then will rush to knowledge.—Go, fresh horses!—
And gracious be the issue! [Exeunt.

SCENE II. *The same. A Court of Justice.*

LEONTES, Lords, and Officers, appear properly seated.

Leon. This sessions (to our great grief, we pronounce)
Even pushes 'gainst our heart. The party tried,
The daughter of a king; our wife; and one
Of us too much beloved.—Let us be cleared
Of being tyrannous, since we so openly
Proceed in justice; which shall have due course,
Even to the guilt, or the purgation.—
Produce the prisoner.

Offi. It is his highness' pleasure, that the queen
Appear in person here in court.—Silence!

HERMIONE is brought in, guarded; PAULINA and Ladies,
attending.

Leon. Read the indictment.

Offi. Hermione, queen to the worthy Leontes, king of
Sicilia, thou art here accused and arraigned of high treason,
in committing adultery with Polixenes, king of Bohemia;
and conspiring with Camillo to take away the life of our
sovereign lord and king, thy royal husband; the pretence
whereof being by circumstances partly laid open, thou, Her-
mione, contrary to the faith and allegiance of a true sub-
ject, didst counsel and aid them, for their better safety, to
fly away by night.

Her. Since what I am to say, must be but that
Which contradicts my accusation; and
The testimony on my part, no other
But what comes from myself; it shall scarce boot me
To say, *Not guilty*: mine integrity,
Being counted falsehood, shall, as I express it,
Be so received. But thus,—If powers divine
Behold our human actions, (as they do,)
I doubt not, then, but innocence shall make
False accusation blush, and tyranny
Tremble at patience.—You, my lord, best know
(Who least will seem to do so) my past life
Hath been as continent, as chaste, as true,
As I am now unhappy; which is more
Than history can pattern, though devised,
And played to take spectators. For behold me,—
A fellow of the royal bed, which owe
A moiety of the throne, a great king's daughter,

The mother to a hopeful prince — here standing
To prate and talk for life, and honor, 'fore
Who please to come and hear. For life, I prize it
As I weigh grief, which I would spare; for honor,
'Tis a derivative from me to mine,
And only that I stand for. I appeal
To your own conscience, sir, before Polixenes
Came to your court, how I was in your grace,
How merited to be so; since he came,
With what encounter so uncurrent I
Have strained, to appear thus: if one jot beyond
The bound of honor; or, in act, or will,
That way inclining; hardened be the hearts
Of all that hear me, and my near'st of kin
Cry, Fie upon my grave!

Leon. I ne'er heard yet,
That any of these bolder vices wanted
Less impudence to gainsay what they did,
Than to perform it first.

Her. That's true enough;
Though 'tis a saying, sir, not due to me.

Leon. You will not own it.

Her. More than mistress of,
Which comes to me in name of fault, I must not
At all acknowledge. For Polixenes,
(With whom I am accused,) I do confess
I loved him, as in honor he required;
With such a kind of love, as might become
A lady like me; with a love, even such,
So, and no other, as yourself commanded;
Which not to have done, I think, had been in me
Both disobedience and ingratitude
To you and toward your friend; whose love had spoke,
Even since it could speak, from an infant freely,
That it was yours. Now, for conspiracy,
I know not how it tastes; though it be dished
For me to try how. All I know of it,
Is, that Camillo was an honest man;
And why he left your court, the gods themselves,
Wotting no more than I, are ignorant.

Leon. You knew of his departure, as you know
What you have underta'en to do in his absence.

Her. Sir,
You speak a language that I understand not.
My life stands in the level of your dreams,
Which I'll lay down

Leon. Your actions are my dreams;
 You had a bastard by Polixenes,
 And I but dreamed it.—As you were past all shame,
 (Those of your fact are so,) so past all truth;
 Which to deny, concerns more than avails; for as
 Thy brat hath been cast out, like to itself,
 No father owning it, (which is, indeed,
 More criminal in thee, than it,) so thou
 Shalt feel our justice; in whose easiest passage,
 Look for no less than death.

Her. Sir, spare your threats;
 The bug, which you would fright me with, I seek.
 To me can life be no commodity.
 The crown and comfort of my life, your favor,
 I do give lost; for I do feel it gone,
 But know not how it went. My second joy,
 And first-fruits of my body, from his presence
 I am barred, like one infectious. My third comfort,
 Starred most unluckily, is from my breast,
 The innocent milk in its most innocent mouth,
 Haled out to murder; myself on every post
 Proclaimed a strumpet; with immodest hatred,
 The child-bed privilege denied, which 'longs
 To women of all fashion.—Lastly, hurried
 Here to this place, i' the open air, before
 I have got strength of limit. Now, my liege,
 Tell me what blessings I have here alive,
 That I should fear to die? Therefore, proceed.
 But yet hear this; mistake me not.—No! life,
 I prize it not a straw;—but for mine honor,
 (Which I would free,) if I shall be condemned
 Upon surmises; all proofs sleeping else,
 But what your jealousies awake; I tell you,
 'Tis rigor, and not law.—Your honors all,
 I do refer me to the oracle;
 Apollo be my judge.

1 Lord. This your request,
 Is altogether just: therefore, bring forth,
 And in Apollo's name, his oracle.

[*Exeunt certain Officers*]

Her. The emperor of Russia was my father
 O that he were alive, and here, beholding
 His daughter's trial! that he did but see
 The flatness of my misery; yet with eyes
 Of pity, not revenge!

Re-enter Officers, with CLEOMENES and DION.

Offi. You here shall swear upon this sword of justice,
That you, Cleomenes and Dion, have
Been both at Delphos; and from thence have brought
This sealed-up oracle, by the hand delivered
Of great Apollo's priest; and that, since then,
You have not dared to break the holy seal,
Nor read the secrets in't.

Cleo. Dion. All this we swear.

Leon. Break up the seals, and read.

Offi. [Reads.] Hermione is chaste, Polixenes blameless,
Camillo a true subject, Leontes a jealous tyrant, his innocent
labe truly begotten; and the king shall live without an heir,
if that, which is lost, be not found.

Lords. Now blessed be the great Apollo!

Her. Praised!

Leon. Hast thou read truth?

Offi. Ay, my lord; even so
As it is here set down.

Leon. There is no truth at all i' the oracle.
The sessions shall proceed; this is mere falsehood.

Enter a Servant, hastily.

Serv. My lord the king, the king!

Leon. What is the business?

Serv. O, sir, I shall be hated to report it;
The prince your son, with mere conceit and fear
Of the queen's speed, is gone.

Leon. How! gone?

Serv. Is dead.

Leon. Apollo's angry; and the Heavens themselves
Do strike at my injustice. *[HERMIONE faints]*

How now there?

Paul. This news is mortal to the queen.—Look down,
And see what death is doing.

Leon. Take her hence;
Her heart is but o'ercharged; she will recover.—
I have too much believed mine own suspicion.—
'Beseech you, tenderly apply to her
Some remedies for life—Apollo, pardon

[Exeunt PAULINA and Ladies, with HERM.]

My great profaneness 'gainst thine oracle!—
I'll reconcile me to Polixenes;
New woo my queen; recall the good Camillo;
Whom I proclaim a man of truth, of mercy;

For, being transported by my jealousies
To bloody thoughts and to revenge, I chose
Camillo for the minister, to poison
My friend Polixenes; which had been done,
But that the good mind of Camillo tardied
My swift command, though I with death, and with
Reward, did threaten and encourage him,
Not doing it, and being done: he, most humane,
And filled with honor, to my kingly guest
Unclasped my practice; quit his fortunes here,
Which you knew great; and to the certain hazard
Of all incertainties himself commended,
No richer than his honor.—How he glisters
Thorough my rust! and how his piety
Does my deeds make the blacker!

Re-enter PAULINA.

Paul. Woe the while!
O cut my lace; lest my heart, cracking it,
Break too!

1 Lord. What fit is this, good lady?

Paul. What studied torments, tyrant, hast for me?
What wheels? racks? fires? What flaying? boiling
In leads or oils? What old, or newer torture
Must I receive; whose every word deserves
To taste of thy most worst? Thy tyranny
Together working with thy jealousies,—
Fancies too weak for boys, too green and idle,
For girls of nine! O, think what they have done
And then run mad, indeed; stark mad! for all
Thy by-gone fooleries were but spices of it.
That thou betray'dst Polixenes, 'twas nothing;
That did but show thee, of a fool, inconstant,
And damnable ungrateful: nor was't much,
Thou wouldst have poisoned good Camillo's honor,
To have him kill a king; poor trespasses,
More monstrous standing by: whereof I reckon
The casting forth to crows thy baby daughter,
To be or none, or little; though a devil
Would have shed water out of fire, ere done't:
Nor is't directly laid to thee, the death
Of the young prince; whose honorable thoughts
(Thoughts high for one so tender) cleft the heart
That could conceive a gross and foolish sire
Blemished his gracious dam; this is not, no,
Laid to thy answer. But the last, O lords,

When I have said, cry, woe!—The queen, the queen,
The sweetest, dearest creature's dead; and vengeance for't
Not dropped down yet.

1 *Lord*.

The higher powers forbid!

Paul. I say, she's dead; I'll swear't. If word nor oath
Prevail not, go and see; if you can bring
Tincture, or lustre, in her lip, her eye,
Heat outwardly, or breath within, I'll serve you
As I would do the gods.—But, O thou tyrant!
Do not repent these things; for they are heavier
Than all thy woes can stir; therefore betake thee
To nothing but despair. A thousand knees
Ten thousand years together, naked, fasting,
Upon a barren mountain, and still winter
In storm perpetual, could not move the gods
To look that way thou wert.

Leon.

Go on, go on.

Thou canst not speak too much; I have deserved
All tongues to talk their bitterest.

1 *Lord*.

Say no more;

Howe'er the business goes, you have made fault
I' the boldness of your speech.

Paul.

I am sorry for't;

All faults I make, when I shall come to know them,
I do repent. Alas, I have showed too much
The rashness of a woman: he is touched
To the noble heart.—What's gone and what's past help,
Should be past grief. Do not receive affliction
At my petition, I beseech you; rather
Let me be punished, that have minded you
Of what you should forget. Now, good my liege,
Sir, royal sir, forgive a foolish woman.
The love I bore your queen,—lo, fool again!—
I'll speak of her no more, nor of your children;
I'll not remember you of my own lord,
Who is lost too. Take your patience to you,
And I'll say nothing.

Leon.

Thou didst speak but well.

When most the truth; which I receive much better
Than to be pitied of thee. Pr'ythee, bring me
To the dead bodies of my queen and son;
One grave shall be for both; upon them shall
The causes of their death appear, unto
Our shame perpetual. Once a day I'll visit
The chapel where they lie; and tears, shed there,
Shall be my recreation. So long as

Nature will bear up with this exercise,
 So long I daily vow to use it. Come,
 And lead me to these sorrows.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. Bohemia. *A desert Country near the Sea.*

Enter ANTIGONUS, *with the Child; and a Mariner.*

Ant. Thou art perfect, then, our ship hath touched upon
 The deserts of Bohemia?

Mar. Ay, my lord; and fear
 We have landed in ill time; the skies look grimly,
 And threaten present blusters. In my conscience,
 The Heavens with that we have in hand are angry,
 And frown upon us.

Ant. Their sacred wills be done!—Go, get aboard;
 Look to thy bark; I'll not be long, before
 I call upon thee.

Mar. Make your best haste; and go not
 Too far i'the land; 'tis like to be loud weather;
 Besides, this place is famous for the creatures
 Of prey that keep upon't.

Ant. Go thou away.
 I'll follow instantly.

Mar. I am glad at heart
 To be so rid o'the business.

[*Exit.*]

Ant. Come, poor babe.—
 I have heard (but not believed) the spirits of the dead
 May walk again. If such thing be, thy mother
 Appeared to me last night; for ne'er was dream
 So like to waking. To me comes a creature,
 Sometimes her head on one side, some another;
 I never saw a vessel of like sorrow,
 So filled, and so becoming; in pure white robes,
 Like very sanctity, she did approach
 My cabin where I lay; thrice bowed before me;
 And gasping to begin some speech, her eyes
 Became two spouts; the fury spent, anon
 Did this break from her: *Good Antigonus,*
Since fate, against thy better disposition,
Hath made thy person for the thrower-out
Of my poor babe, according to thine oath,—
Places remote enough are in Bohemia:
There weep, and leave it crying; and, for the babe
Is counted lost forever, Perdita,
I pr'ythee call't; for this ungentle business,

*Put on thee by my lord, thou ne'er shalt see
Thy wife Paulina more: and so, with shrieks,
She melted into air. Affrighted much,
I did in time collect myself; and thought
This was so, and no slumber. Dreams are toys;
Yet, for this once, yea, superstitiously,
I will be squared by this. I do believe
Hermione hath suffered death; and that
Apollo would, this being indeed the issue
Of king Polixenes, it should here be laid,
Either for life, or death, upon the earth
Of its right father.—Blossom, speed thee well!*

[Laying down the Child.

There lie; and there thy character: there these;

[Laying down a bundle.

Which may, if fortune please, both breed thee, pretty,
And still rest thine.—The storm begins.—Poor wretch,
That, for thy mother's fault, art thus exposed
To loss, and what may follow!—Weep I cannot,
But my heart bleeds; and most accursed am I,
To be by oath enjoined to this.—Farewell!
The day frowns more and more; thou art like to have
A lullaby too rough. I never saw
The heavens so dim by day. A savage clamor!—
Well may I get aboard!—This is the chase;
I am gone forever. *[Exit, pursued by a bear.*

Enter an old Shepherd.

Shep. I would there were no age between ten and three-and-twenty; or that youth would sleep out the rest; for there is nothing in the between but getting wenches with child, wronging the ancients, stealing, fighting.—Hark you now!—Would any but these boiled brains of nineteen and two-and-twenty, hunt this weather? They have scared away two of my best sheep; which, I fear, the wolf will sooner find than the master; if anywhere I have them, 'tis by the seaside, browsing of ivy. Good luck, an't be thy will! what have we here? *[Taking up the Child.]* Mercy on's, a barne; a very pretty barne! A boy, or a child, I wonder? A pretty one; a very pretty one. Sure, some scape: though I am not bookish, yet I can read waiting-gentlewoman in the scape. This has been some stair-work, some trunk-work, some behind-door work. They were warmer that got this, than the poor thing is here. I'll take it up for pity: yet I'll tarry till my son come; he hollaed but even now. Whoa, ho, ho!

Enter Clown.

Clo. Hilloa, loa!

Shep. What, art so near? If thou'lt see a thing to talk on when thou art dead and rotten, come hither. What ail'st thou, man?

Clo. I have seen two such sights, by sea, and by land; —but I am not to say, it is a sea, for it is now the sky; betwixt the firmament and it, you cannot thrust a bodkin's point.

Shep. Why, boy, how is it?

Clo. I would you did but see how it chafes, how it rages, how it takes up the shore! But that's not to the point. O, the most piteous cry of the poor souls! Sometimes to see 'em, and not to see 'em: now the ship boring the moon with her main-mast; and anon swallowed with yest and froth, as you'd thrust a cork into a hogshead. And then for the land service,—To see how the bear tore out his shoulder-bone! how he cried to me for help, and said, his name was Antigonus, a nobleman.—But to make an end of the ship,—To see how the sea flap-dragoned it:—but, first, how the poor souls roared, and the sea mocked them;—and how the poor gentleman roared, and the bear mocked him, both roaring louder than the sea, or weather.

Shep. 'Name of mercy, when was this, boy?

Clo. Now, now; I have not winked since I saw these sights. The men are not yet cold under water, nor the bear half dined on the gentleman; he's at it now.

Shep. 'Would I had been by, to have helped the old man!

Clo. I would you had been by the ship side, to have helped her; there your charity would have lacked footing.

[*Aside.*

Shep. Heavy matters! heavy matters! but look thee here, boy. Now bless thyself; thou met'st with things dying, I with things new born. Here's a sight for thee; look thee, a bearing-cloth for a squire's child! Look thee here: take up, take up, boy; open't. So, let's see. It was told me, I should be rich, by the fairies: this is some changeling.—Open't What's within, boy?

Clo. You're a made old man; if the sins of your youth are forgiven you, you're well to live. Gold! All gold!

Shep. This is fairy gold, boy, and 'twill prove so: up with it, keep it close; home, home, the next way. We are lucky, boy; and to be so still, requires nothing but secrecy.—Let my sheep go.—Come, good boy, the next way home.

Clo. Go you the next way with your findings; I'll go see

if the bear be gone from the gentleman, and how much he hath eaten: they are never curst, but when they are hungry: if there be any of him left, I'll bury it.

Shep. That's a good deed. If thou mayst discern by that which is left of him, what he is, fetch me to the sight of him.

Clo. Marry, will I: and you shall help to put him i' the ground.

Shep. 'Tis a lucky day, boy; and we'll do good deeds on't. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

Enter Time, as Chorus.

Time. I,—that please some, try all; both joy and terror,
Of good and bad; that make, and unfold error,—
Now take upon me, in the name of Time,
To use my wings. Impute it not a crime,
To me, or my swift passage, that I slide
O'er sixteen years, and leave the growth untried
Of that wide gap; since it is in my power
To o'erthrow law, and in one self-born hour
To plant and o'erwhelm custom. Let me pass
The same I am, ere ancient'st order was,
Or what is now received. I witness to
The times that brought them in; so shall I do
To the freshest things now reigning; and make stale
The glistening of this present, as my tale
Now seems to it. Your patience this allowing,
I turn my glass; and give my scene such growing,
As you had slept between. Leontes leaving
The effects of his fond jealousies; so grieving,
That he shuts up himself; imagine me,
Gentle spectators, that I now may be
In fair Bohemia; and remember well,
I mentioned a son o'the king's, which Florizel
I now name to you; and with speed so pace
To speak of Perdita, now grown in grace
Equal with wondering. What of her ensues,
I list not prophesy; but let Time's news
Be known, when 'tis brought forth:—a shepherd's daughter
And what to her adheres, which follows after,
Is the argument of Time. Of this allow,

If ever you have spent time worse ere now;
If never yet, that Time himself doth say,
He wishes earnestly you never may.

[*Exit.*

SCENE I. *The same. A Room in the Palace of Polixenes.*

Enter POLIXENES and CAMILLO.

Pol. I pray thee, good Camillo, be no more importunate. 'Tis a sickness, denying thee any thing; a death, to grant this.

Cam. It is fifteen years since I saw my country: though I have, for the most part, been aired abroad, I desire to lay my bones there. Besides, the penitent king, my master, hath sent for me; to whose feeling sorrows I might be some allay, or I o'erween to think so; which is another spur to my departure.

Pol. As thou lovest me, Camillo, wipe not out the rest of thy services, by leaving me now. The need I have of thee, thine own goodness hath made; better not to have had thee, than thus to want thee. Thou, having made me businesses which none without thee can sufficiently manage, must either stay to execute them thyself, or take away with thee the very services thou hast done; which if I have not enough considered, (as too much I cannot,) to be more thankful to thee, shall be my study; and my profit therein, the heaping friendships. Of that fatal country, Sicilia, pr'ythee speak no more; whose very naming punishes me with the remembrance of that penitent, as thou call'st him, and reconciled king, my brother; whose loss of his most precious queen and children, are even now to be fresh lamented. Say to me, when saw'st thou the prince Florizel, my son? Kings are no less unhappy, their issue not being gracious, than they are in losing them, when they have approved their virtues.

Cam. Sir, it is three days since I saw the prince. What his happier affairs may be, are to me unknown: but I have missingly noted, he is of late much retired from court; and is less frequent to his princely exercises, than formerly he hath appeared.

Pol. I have considered so much, Camillo; and with some care; so far, that I have eyes under my service, which look upon this removedness, from whom I have this intelligence; that he is seldom from the house of a most homely shepherd; a man, they say, that from very nothing, and beyond the

imagination of his neighbors, is grown into an unspeakable estate.

Cam. I have heard, sir, of such a man, who hath a daughter of most rare note; the report of her is extended more than can be thought to begin from such a cottage.

Pol. That's likewise part of my intelligence. But I fear the angle that plucks our son thither. Thou shalt accompany us to the place; where we will, not appearing what we are, have some question with the shepherd; from whose simplicity I think it not uneasy to get the cause of my son's resort thither. Pr'ythee, be my present partner in this business, and lay aside the thoughts of Sicilia.

Cam. I willingly obey your command.

Pol. My best Camillo!—We must disguise ourselves.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The same. A Road near the Shepherd's Cottage.*

Enter AUTOLYCUS, singing.

When daffodils begin to peer,—

With heigh! the doxy over the dale,—

Why, then comes in the sweet o'the year;

For the red blood reigns in the winter's pale.

The white sheet bleaching on the hedge,—

With, hey! the sweet birds, O how they sing!—

Doth set my pugging tooth on edge;

For a quart of ale is a dish for a king.

The lark, that tirra-lirra chants,—

With, hey! with, hey! the thrush and the jay,—

Are summer songs for my aunts,

While we lie tumbling in the hay.

I have served prince Florizel, and, in my time, wore three-pile; but now I am out of service.

But shall I go mourn for that, my dear?

The pale moon shines by night;

And when I wander here and there,

I then do most go right.

If tinkers may have leave to live,

And bear the sow-skin budget;

Then my account I well may give,

And in the stocks avouch it.

My traffic is sheets; when the kite builds, look to lesser linen. My father named me Autolycus; who, being, as I

am, littered under Mercury, was like-wise a snapper-up of unconsidered trifles. With dye, and drab, I purchased this caparison; and my revenue is the silly cheat. Gallows, and knock, are too powerful on the highway; beating, and hanging, are terrors to me; for the life to come, I sleep out the thought of it.—A prize! A prize!

Enter Clown.

Clo. Let me see;—Every 'leven wether—tods; every tod yields—pound and odd shilling; fifteen hundred shorn,—what comes the wool to?

Aut. If the springe hold, the cock's mine. [*Aside.*

Clo. I cannot do't without counters.—Let me see; what am I to buy for our sheep-shearing feast? *Three pound of sugar; five pound of currants; rice*—what will this sister of mine do with rice? But my father hath made her mistress of the feast, and she lays it on. She hath made me four-and-twenty nosegays for the shearers; three-man songmen all, and very good ones; but they are most of them means and bases: but one Puritan amongst them, and he sings psalms to hornpipes. I must have *saffron*, to color the warden pies; *mace*,—*dates*,—none; that's out of my note; *nutmegs*, seven; *a race*, or two, of *ginger*; but that I may beg;—*four pound of prunes, and as many of raisins o'the sun.*

Aut. O that ever I was born!

[*Grovelling on the ground.*

Clo. I'the name of me,—

Aut. O, help me, help me! pluck but off these rags; and then, death, death!

Clo. Alack, poor soul! thou hast need of more rags to lay on thee, rather than have these off.

Aut. O, sir, the loathsomeness of them offends me more than the stripes I have received; which are mighty ones and millions.

Clo. Alas, poor man! a million of beating may come to a great matter.

Aut. I am robbed, sir, and beaten; my money and apparel ta'en from me, and these detestable things put upon me.

Clo. What, by a horse-man, or a foot-man?

Aut. A foot-man, sweet sir, a foot-man.

Clo. Indeed, he should be a foot-man, by the garments he hath left with thee; if this be a horse-man's coat, it hath seen very hot service. Lend me thy hand; I'll help thee! come, lend me thy hand.

[*Helping him up.*

Aut. O, good sir, tenderly, oh!

Clo. Alas, poor soul!

Aut. O, good sir, softly, good sir. I fear, sir, my shoulder-blade is out.

Clo. How now? canst stand?

Aut. Softly, dear sir; [*Picks his pocket.*] good sir, softly. You ha' done me a charitable office.

Clo. Dost lack any money? I have a little money for thee.

Aut. No, good sweet sir; no, I beseech you, sir; I have a kinsman not past three quarters of a mile hence, unto whom I was going; I shall there have money, or any thing I want. Offer me no money, I pray you, that kills my heart.

Clo. What manner of fellow was he that robbed you.

Aut. A fellow, sir, that I have known to go about with trol-my dames. I knew him once a servant of the prince; I cannot tell, good sir, for which of his virtues it was, but he was certainly whipped out of the court.

Clo. His vices, you would say; there's no virtue whipped out of the court. They cherish it, to make it stay there; and yet it will no more but abide.

Aut. Vices, I would say, sir. I know this man well: he hath been since an ape-bearer; then a process-server, a bailiff; then he compassed a motion of the prodigal son, and married a tinker's wife within a mile where my land and living lies; and, having flown over many knavish professions, he settled only in rogue. Some call him Autolycus.

Clo. Out upon him! Prig, for my life, prig: he haunts wakes, fairs, and bear-baitings.

Aut. Very true, sir; he, sir, he; that's the rogue that put me into this apparel.

Clo. Not a more cowardly rogue in all Bohemia; if you had but looked big, and spit at him, he'd have run.

Aut. I must confess to you, sir, I am no fighter. I am false of heart that way; and that he knew, I warrant him.

Clo. How do you now?

Aut. Sweet sir, much better than I was; I can stand, and walk. I will even take my leave of you, and pace softly towards my kinsman's.

Clo. Shall I bring thee on the way?

Aut. No, good-faced sir! no, sweet sir.

Clo. Then fare thee well; I must go buy spices for our sheep-shearing.

Aut. Prosper you, sweet sir!—[*Exit Clown.*] Your purse is not hot enough to purchase your spice. I'll be with you at your sheep-shearing too. If I make not this cheat

bring out another, and the shearers prove sheep, let me be unrolled, and my name put in the book of virtue!

*Jog on, jog on, the foot-path way,
And merrily heat the stile-a:
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tires in a mile-a.*

[Exit

SCENE III. *The same.* A Shepherd's Cottage.

Enter FLORIZEL and PERDITA.

Flo. These your unusual weeds to each part of you
Do give a life; no shepherdess, but Flora,
Peering in April's front. This your sheep-shearing
Is as a meeting of the petty gods,
And you the queen on't.

Per. Sir, my gracious lord,
To chide at your extremes, it not becomes me;
O, pardon, that I name them. Your high self,
The gracious mark o'the land, you have obscured
With a swain's wearing; and me, poor, lowly maid,
Most goddess-like pranked up. But that our feasts
In every mess have folly, and the feeders
Digest it with a custom, I should blush
To see you so attired; sworn, I think,
To show myself a glass.

Flo. I bless the time,
When my good falcon made her flight across
Thy father's ground.

Per. Now Jove afford you cause!
To me, the difference forges dread; your greatness
Hath not been used to fear. Even now I tremble
To think your father, by some accident,
Should pass this way, as you did. O the fates!
How would he look, to see his work, so noble,
Vilely bound up! What would he say? Or how
Should I, in these my borrowed flaunts, behold
The sternness of his presence?

Flo. Apprehend
Nothing but jollity. The gods themselves,
Humbling their deities to love, have taken
The shapes of beasts upon them. Jupiter
Became a bull, and bellowed; the green Neptune
A ram, and bleated; and the fire-robed god,
Golden Apollo, a poor, humble swain,

As I seem now. Their transformations
Were never for a piece of beauty rarer;
Nor in a way so chaste; since my desires
Run not before mine honor; nor my lusts
Burn hotter than my faith.

Per. O, but, dear sir,
Your resolution cannot hold, when 'tis
Opposed, as it must be, by the power o' the king:
One of these two must be necessities,
Which then will speak; that you must change this pur
pose,
Or I my life.

Flo. Thou dearest Perdita,
With these forced thoughts, I pr'ythee, darken not
The mirth o' the feast. Or I'll be thine, my fair,
Or not my father's; for I cannot be
Mine own, nor any thing to any, if
I be not thine: to this I am most constant,
Though destiny say, no. Be merry, gentle;
Strangle such thoughts as these, with any thing
That you behold the while. Your guests are coming:
Lift up your countenance, as it were the day
Of celebration of that nuptial, which
We two have sworn shall come.

Per. O lady Fortune,
Stand you auspicious!

*Enter Shepherd, with POLIXENES and CAMILLO, disguised;
Clown, MOPSA, DORCAS, and others.*

Flo. See, your guests approach:
Address yourself to entertain them sprightly,
And let's be red with mirth.

Shep. Fie, daughter! When my old wife lived, upon
This day, she was both pantler, butler, cook;
Both dame and servant; welcomed all, served all;
Would sing her song, and dance her turn; now here,
At upper end o' the table, now i'the middle;
On his shoulder, and his; her face o' fire
With labor; and the thing she took to quench it,
She would to each one sip. You are retired,
As if you were a feasted one, and not
The hostess of the meeting. Pray you, bid
These unknown friends to us welcome; for it is
A way to make us better friends, more known.
Come, quench your blushes; and present yourself
That which you are, mistress o' the feast. Come on,

And bid us welcome to your sheep-shearing,
As your good flock shall prosper.

Per. Welcome, sir! [*To Pol.*
It is my father's will I should take on me
The hostess-ship o' the day.—You're welcome, sir!

[*To CAMILLO*
Give me those flowers there, Dorcas.—Reverend sirs,
For you there's rosemary, and rue; these keep
Seeming, and savor, all the winter long.
Grace, and remembrance, be to you both,
And welcome to our shearing!

Pol. Shepherdess,
(A fair one are you,) well you fit our ages
With flowers of winter.

Per. Sir, the year growing ancient,—
Not yet on summer's death, nor on the birth
Of trembling winter,—the fairest flowers o' the season,
Are our carnations, and streaked gilliflowers,
Which some call nature's bastards. Of that kind
Our rustic garden's barren; and I care not
To get slips of them.

Pol. Wherefore, gentle maiden,
Do you neglect them?

Per. For I have heard it said,
There is an art, which, in their piedness, shares
With great creating nature.

Pol. Say, there be;
Yet nature is made better by no mean,
But nature makes that mean; so, o'er that art,
Which, you say, adds to nature, is an art
That nature makes. You see, sweet maid, we marry
A gentler scion to the wildest stock;
And make conceive a bark of baser kind
By bud of nobler race. This is an art
Which does mend nature,—change it rather: but
The art itself is nature.

Per. So it is.

Pol. Then make your garden rich in gilliflowers,
And do not call them bastards.

Per. I'll not put
The dibble in earth to set one slip of them;
No more than, were I painted, I would wish
This youth should say, 'twere well; and only therefore
Desire to breed by me.—Here's flowers for you;
Hot lavender, mints, savory marjoram;
The marigold, that goes to bed with the sun,

And with him rises weeping; these are flowers
Of middle summer, and, I think, they are given
To men of middle age. You are very welcome.

Cam. I should leave grazing, were I of your flock,
And only live by gazing.

Per. Out, alas!
You'd be so lean, that blasts of January
Would blow you through and through.—Now, my fairest
friend,

I would I had some flowers o' the spring, that might
Become your time of day; and yours; and yours;
That wear upon your virgin branches yet
Your maidenheads growing.—O Proserpina,
For the flowers now, that, frightened, thou let'st fall
From Dis's wagon! daffodils,
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty; violets, dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,
Or Cytherea's breath; pale primroses,
That die unmarried, ere they can behold
Bright Phoebus in his strength, a malady
Most incident to maids; bold oxlips, and
The crown-imperial; lilies of all kinds,
The flower-de-leuce being one! O, these I lack,
To make you garlands of; and, my sweet friend,
To strew him o'er and o'er.

Flo. What, like a corse?

Per. No, like a bank, for love to lie and play on;
Not like a corse: or if,—not to be buried,
But quick, and in mine arms. Come, take your flowers.
Methinks, I play as I have seen them do
In Whitsun' pastorals. Sure, this robe of mine
Does change my disposition.

Flo. What you do,
Still betters what is done. When you speak, sweet,
I'd have you do it ever: when you sing,
I'd have you buy and sell so; so give alms;
Pray so; and for the ordering your affairs,
To sing them too. When you do dance, I wish you
A wave o' the sea, that you might ever do
Nothing but that; move still, still so, and own
No other function. Each your doing,
So singular in each particular,
Crowns what you are doing in the present deeds,
That all your acts are queens.

Per. O Doricles,

Your praises are too large: but that your youth,
 And the true blood, which fairly peeps through it,
 Do plainly give you out an unstained shepherd,
 With wisdom I might fear, my Doricles,
 You wooed me the false way.

Flo. I think you have
 As little skill to fear, as I have purpose
 To put you to't.—But come, our dance, I pray:
 Your hand, my Perdita. So turtles pair,
 That never mean to part.

Per. I'll swear for 'em.

Pol. This is the prettiest low-born lass, that ever
 Ran on the green sward; nothing she does, or seems,
 But smacks of something greater than herself;
 Too noble for this place.

Cam. He tells her something,
 That makes her blood look out. Good sooth, she is
 The queen of curds and cream.

Clo. Come on, strike up.

Dor. Mopsa must be your mistress: marry, garlic,
 To mend her kissing with.

Mop. Now in good time!

Clo. Not a word, a word; we stand upon our manners.—
 Come, strike up. [*Music.*]

Here a dance of Shepherds and Shepherdesses.

Pol. Pray, good shepherd, what
 Fair swain is this, which dances with your daughter?

Shep. They call him Doricles, and he boasts himself
 To have a worthy feeding; but I have it
 Upon his own report, and I believe it;
 He looks like sooth. He says he loves my daughter;
 I think so too; for never gazed the moon
 Upon the water, as he'll stand, and read,
 As 'twere, my daughter's eyes; and, to be plain,
 I think there is not half a kiss to choose,
 Who loves another best.

Pol. She dances featly.

Shep. So she does any thing; though I report it
 That should be silent. If young Doricles
 Do light upon her, she shall bring him that
 Which he not dreams of.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. O, master, if you did but hear the pedler at the
 door, you would never dance again after a tabor and pipe;

no, the bagpipe could not move you. He sings several tunes faster than you'll tell money; he utters them as he had eaten ballads, and all men's ears grew to his tunes.

Clo. He could never come better; he shall come in. I love a ballad but even too well; if it be doleful matter, merrily set down, or a very pleasant thing indeed, and sung lamentably.

Serv. He hath songs, for man, or woman, of all sizes; no milliner can so fit his customers with gloves; he has the prettiest love-songs for maids; so without bawdry, which is strange; with such delicate burdens of *dildos* and *fadings*; *jump her and thump her*; and where some stretch-mouthed rascal would, as it were, mean mischief, and break a foul gap into the matter, he makes the maid to answer, *Whoop, do me no harm, good man*; puts him off, slights him, with *Whoop, do me no harm, good man*.

Pol. This is a brave fellow.

Clo. Believe me, thou talkest of an admirable conceited fellow. Has he any unbraided wares?

Serv. He hath ribands of all the colors of the rainbow; points, more than all the lawyers in Bohemia can learnedly handle, though they come to him by the gross; inkles, cad-disses, cambrics, lawns. Why, he sings them over, as they were gods or goddesses; you would think a smock were a she-angel; he so chants to the sleeve-hand, and the work about the square on't.

Clo. Pr'ythee, bring him in; and let him approach singing.

Per. Forewarn him that he use no scurrilous words in his tunes.

Clo. You have of these pedlers, that have more in 'em than you'd think, sister.

Per. Ay, good brother, or go about to think.

Enter AUTOLYCUS, singing.

*Lawn, as white as driven snow;
Cyprus, black as e'er was crow;
Gloves, as sweet as damask roses;
Masks for faces, and for noses;
Bugle-bracelet, necklace-amber,
Perfume for a lady's chamber;
Golden quoifs, and stomachers,
For my lads to give their dears;
Pins, and poking-sticks of steel,
What maids lack from head to heel:
Ccme, buy of me, come; come buy, come buy;
Buy, lads, or else your lasses cry;
Come, buy, &c.*

Clo. If I were not in love with Mopsa, thou shouldst take no money of me; but being enthralled as I am, it will also be the bondage of certain ribands and gloves.

Mop. I was promised them against the feast; but they come not too late now.

Dor. He hath promised you more than that, or there be liars.

Mop. He hath paid you all he promised you; may be, he has paid you more; which will shame you to give him again.

Clo. Is there no manners left among maids? Will they wear their plackets where they should bear their faces? Is there not a milking-time, when you are going to-bed, or kiln-hole, to whistle off these secrets; but you must be tittle-tattling before all our guests? 'Tis well, they are whispering. Clamor your tongues, and not a word more.

Mop. I have done. Come, you promised me a tawdry lace, and a pair of sweet gloves.

Clo. Have I not told thee how I was cozened by the way, and lost all my money?

Aut. And, indeed, sir, there are cozeners abroad; therefore it behoves men to be wary.

Clo. Fear not thou, man; thou shalt lose nothing here.

Aut. I hope so, sir; for I have about me many parcels of charge.

Clo. What hast here? ballads?

Mop. 'Pray now, buy some. I love a ballad in print, a'-life; for then we are sure they are true.

Aut. Here's one to a very doleful tune, How a usurer's wife was brought to bed of twenty money-bags at a burden; and how she longed to eat adders' heads, and toads carbonadoed.

Mop. Is it true, think you?

Aut. Very true; and but a month old.

Dor. Bless me from marrying an usurer!

Aut. Here's the midwife's name to't, one mistress Taleporter; and five or six honest wives, that were present. Why should I carry lies abroad?

Mop. 'Pray you now, buy it.

Clo. Come on, lay it by. And let's first see more ballads; we'll buy the other things anon.

Aut. Here's another ballad, of a fish, that appeared upon the coast, on Wednesday the fourscore of April, forty thousand fathom above water, and sung this ballad against the hard hearts of maids; it was thought she was a woman, and was turned into a cold fish, for she would not exchange flesh

with one that loved her. The ballad is very pitiful, and as true.

Dor. Is it true, think you?

Aut. Five justices' hands at it; and witnesses, more than my pack will hold.

Clo. Lay it by too. Another.

Aut. This is a merry ballad; but a very pretty one.

Mop. Let's have some merry ones.

Aut. Why, this is a passing merry one; and goes to the tune of, *Two maids wooing a man*. There's scarce a maid westward, but she sings it; 'tis in request, I can tell you.

Mop. We can both sing it: if thou'lt bear a part, thou shalt hear; 'tis in three parts.

Dor. We had the tune on't a month ago.

Aut. I can bear my part; you must know, 'tis my occupation; have at it with you.

SONG.

A. Get you hence, for I must go;

Where, it fits not you to know.

D. Whither? *M.* O whither? *D.* Whither?

M. It becomes thy oath full well,

Thou to me thy secrets tell.

D. Me too, let me go thither.

M. Or thou go'st to the grange, or mill;

D. If to either, thou dost ill.

A. Neither. *D.* What, neither? *A.* Neither.

D. Thou hast sworn my love to be;

M. Thou hast sworn it more to me.

Then, whither go'st? Say, whither?

Clo. We'll have this song out anon by ourselves. My father and the gentlemen are in sad talk, and we'll not trouble them. Come, bring away thy pack after me. Wenches, I'll buy for you both.—Pedler, let's have the first choice.—Follow me, girls.

Aut. And you shall pay well for 'em [*Aside*

Will you buy any tape,

Or lace for your cape,

My dainty duck, my dear-a?

Any silk, any thread,

Any toys for your head,

Of the new'st, and fin'st, fin'st wear-a?

Come to the pedler;

Money's a medler,

That doth utter all men's ware-a.

[*Exeunt CLOWN, AUT., DORC., and MOPSA.*

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Master, there is three carters, three shepherds, three neat-herds, three swine-herds, that have made themselves all men of hair; they call themselves saltiers; and they have a dance, which the wenches say is a gallimaufry of gambols, because they are not in't; but they themselves are o' the mind (if it be not too rough for some, that know little but bowling) it will please plentifully.

Shep. Away! we'll none on't; here has been too much homely foolery already.—I know, sir, we weary you.

Pol. You weary those that refresh us. Pray, let's see these four threes of herdsmen.

Serv. One three of them, by their own report, sir, hath danced before the king; and not the worst of the three, but jumps twelve foot and a half by the squire.

Shep. Leave your prating; since these good men are pleased, let them come in; but quickly now.

Serv. Why, they stay at door, sir. *[Exit.]*

Re-enter Servant, with twelve Rustics habited like Satyrs.
They dance, and then exeunt.

Pol. O, father, you'll know more of that hereafter.—Is it not too far gone?—'Tis time to part them.—He's simple, and tells much. *[Aside.]*—How now, fair shepherd?

Your heart is full of something, that does take
Your mind from feasting. Sooth, when I was young,
And handed love, as you do, I was wont
To load my she with knacks. I would have ransacked
The pedler's silken treasury, and have poured it
To her acceptance; you have let him go,
And nothing mated with him: if your lass
Interpretation should abuse, and call this
Your lack of love or bounty, you were straited
For a reply; at least, if you make a care
Of happy holding her.

Flo. Old sir, I know
She prizes not such trifles as these are.
The gifts she looks from me are packed and locked
Up in my heart; which I have given already,
But not delivered.—O, hear me breathe my life
Before this ancient sir, who, it should seem,
Hath sometime loved. I take thy hand; this hand,
As soft as dove's down, and as white as it;

Or Ethiopian's tooth, or the fanned snow,
That's bolted by the northern blasts twice o'er.

Pol. What follows this?

How prettily the young swain seems to wash
The hand, was fair before!—I have put you out.--
But to your protestation; let me hear
What you profess.

Flo. Do, and be witness to't.

Pol. And this my neighbor too?

Flo. And he, and more
Than he, and men; the earth, the heavens, and all:
That,—were I crowned the most imperial monarch,
Thereof most worthy; were I the fairest youth
That ever made eye swerve; had force, and knowledge,
More than was ever man's,—I would not prize them,
Without her love; for her employ them all;
Commend them, and condemn them, to her service,
Or to their own perdition.

Pol. Fairly offered.

Cam. This shows a sound affection.

Shep. But, my daughter,
Say you the like to him?

Per. I cannot speak
So well, nothing so well, no, nor mean better.
By the pattern of my own thoughts I cut out
The purity of his.

Shep. Take hands; a bargain;—
And, friends unknown, you shall bear witness to't.
I give my daughter to him, and will make
Her portion equal his.

Flo. O, that must be
I' the virtue of your daughter: one being dead,
I shall have more than you can dream of yet;
Enough then for your wonder. But come on;
Contract us 'fore these witnesses.

Shep. Come, your hand;—
And, daughter, yours.

Pol. Soft, swain, a while, 'beseech you;
Have you a father?

Flo. I have. But what of him?

Pol. Knows he of this?

Flo. He neither does, nor shall.

Pol. Methinks a father
Is, at the nuptial of his son, a guest
That best becomes the table. Pray you once more:
Is not your father grown incapable

Of reasonable affairs? Is he not stupid
 With age, and altering rheums? Can he speak? hear?
 Know man from man? dispute his own estate?
 Lies he not bed-rid? and again does nothing,
 But what he did being childish?

Flo. No, good sir;
 He has his health, and ampler strength, indeed,
 Than most have of his age.

Pol. By my white beard,
 You offer him, if this be so, a wrong
 Something unfilial. Reason, my son,
 Should choose himself a wife; but as good reason,
 The father (all whose joy is nothing else
 But fair posterity) should hold some counsel
 In such a business.

Flo. I yield all this;
 But, for some other reasons, my grave sir,
 Which 'tis not fit you know, I not acquaint
 My father of this business.

Pol. Let him know't.

Flo. He shall not.

Pol. Pr'ythee, let him.

Flo. No, he must not.

Shep. Let him, my son; he shall not need to grieve
 At knowing of thy choice.

Flo. Come, come, he must not.—
 Mark our contráct.

Pol. Mark your divorce, young sir,
[Discovering himself.]

Whom son I dare not call; thou art too base
 To be acknowledged. Thou a sceptre's heir,
 That thus affect'st a sheep-hook!—Thou, old traitor,
 I am sorry that, by hanging thee, I can but
 Shorten thy life one week.—And thou, fresh piece
 Of excellent witchcraft; who, of force, must know
 The royal food thou cop'st with;—

Shep. O, my heart!

Pol. I'll have thy beauty scratched with briers, and made
 More homely than thy state.—For thee, fond boy,—
 If I may ever know thou dost but sigh,
 That thou no more shalt never see this knack, (as never
 I mean thou shalt,) we'll bar thee from succession;
 Not hold thee of our blood, no, not our kin;
 Far than Deucalion off.—Mark thou my words;
 Follow us to the court.—Thou churl, for this time,
 Though full of our displeasure, yet we free thee

From the dead blow of it.—And you, enchantment,—
 Worthy enough a herdsman; yea, him too,
 That makes himself, but for our honor therein,
 Unworthy thee,—if ever, henceforth, thou
 These rural latches to his entrance open,
 Or hoop his body more with thy embraces,
 I will devise a death as cruel for thee,
 As thou art tender to't. [Exit.

Per. Even here undone!
 I was not much afeard: for once, or twice,
 I was about to speak, and tell him plainly,
 The self-same sun, that shines upon his court,
 Hides not his visage from our cottage, but
 Looks on alike.—Will't please you, sir, be gone?
[To FLORIZEL.

I told you what would come of this. 'Beseech ycu,
 Of your own state take care. This dream of mine,—
 Being now awake, I'll queen it no inch further,
 But milk my ewes, and weep.

Cam. Why, how now, father!
 Speak ere thou diest.

Shep. I cannot speak, nor think,
 Nor dare to know that which I know.—O, sir,
[To FLORIZEL.

You have undone a man of fourscore three,
 That thought to fill his grave in quiet; yea,
 To die upon the bed my father died,
 To lie close by his honest bones; but now
 Some hangman must put on my shroud, and lay me
 Where no priest shovels-in dust.—O, cursed wretch,
[To PERDITA.

That knew'st this was the prince, and would'st adventure
 To mingle faith with him.—Undone! undone!
 If I might die within this hour, I have lived
 To die when I desire. [Exit.

Flo. Why look you so upon me?
 I am but sorry, not afeard! delayed,
 But nothing altered! What I was, I am;
 More straining on, for plucking back; not following
 My leash unwillingly.

Cam. Gracious my lord,
 You know your father's temper. At this time
 He will allow no speech,—which, I do guess,
 You do not purpose to him;—and as hardly
 Will he endure your sight as yet, I fear.

Then, till the fury of his highness settle,
Come not before him.

Flo. I not purpose it.

I think, Camillo.

Cam. Even he, my lord.

Per. How often have I told you 'twould be thus!
How often said, my dignity would last
But till 'twere known!

Flo. It cannot fail, but by
The violation of my faith; and then
Let nature crush the sides o' the earth together,
And mar the seeds within!—Lift up thy looks:—
From my succession wipe me, father! I
Am heir to my affection.

Cam. Be advised.

Flo. I am; and by my fancy: if my reason
Will thereto be obedient, I have reason;
If not, my senses, better pleased with madness,
Do bid it welcome.

Cam. This is desperate, sir.

Flo. So call it; but it does fulfil my vow;
I needs must think it honesty. Camillo,
Not for Bohemia, nor the pomp that may
Be thereat gleaned; for all the sun sees, or
The close earth wombs, or the profound seas hide
In unknown fathoms, will I break my oath
To this my fair beloved. Therefore, I pray you,
As you have e'er been my father's honored friend,
When he shall miss me, (as, in faith, I mean not
To see him any more,) cast your good counsels
Upon his passion. Let myself and fortune
Tug for the time to come. This you may know,
And so deliver.—I am put to sea
With her whom here I cannot hold on shore;
And, most opportune to our need, I have
A vessel rides fast by, but not prepared
For this design. What courso I mean to hold
Shall nothing benefit your knowledge, nor
Concern me the reporting.

Cam. O, my lord,
I would your spirit were easier for advice,
Or stronger for your need.

Flo. Hark, Perdita.—[*Takes her aside.*
I'll hear you by-and-by. [To CAMILLO.

Cam. He's irremovable;
Resolved for flight Now were I happy, if

His going I could frame to serve my turn;
Save him from danger, do him love and honor;
Purchase the sight again of dear Sicilia,
And that unhappy king, my master, whom
I so much thirst to see.

Flo. Now, good Camillo,
I am so fraught with curious business, that
I leave out ceremony. [*Going.*]

Cam. Sir, I think
You have heard of my poor services, i' the love
That I have borne your father?

Flo. Very nobly
Have you deserved. It is my father's music
To speak your deeds; not little of his care
To have them recompensed as thought on.

Cam. Well, my lord,
If you may please to think I love the king;
And, through him, what is nearest to him, which is
Your gracious self; embrace but my direction,
(If your more ponderous and settled project
May suffer alteration,) on mine honor
I'll point you where you shall have such receiving
As shall become your highness; where you may
Enjoy your mistress, (from the whom, I see,
There's no disjunction to be made, but by,
As Heavens forefend! your ruin,) marry her,
And (with my best endeavors, in your absence)
Your discontenting father strive to qualify,
And bring him up to liking.

Flo. How, Camillo,
May this, almost a miracle, be done?
That I may call thee something more than man,
And, after that, trust to thee.

Cam. Have you thought on
A place, whereto you'll go?

Flo. Not any yet.
But as the unthought-on accident is guilty
To what we wildly do, so we profess
Ourselves to be the slaves of chance, and flies
Of every wind that blows.

Cam. Then list to me.
This follows,—if you will not change your purpose,
But undergo this flight;—Make for Sicilia,
And there present yourself, and your fair princess,
(For so, I see, she must be,) 'fore Leontes;
She shall be habited as it becomes

The partner of your bed. Methinks I see
 Leontes, opening his free arms, and weeping
 His welcomes forth; asks thee, the son, forgiveness,
 As 'twere i' the father's person; kisses the hands
 Of your fresh princess; o'er and o'er divides him
 'Twixt his unkindness and his kindness; the one
 He chides to hell, and bids the other grow,
 Faster than thought, or time.

Flo. Worthy Camillo,
 What color for my visitation shall I
 Hold up before him?

Cam. Sent by the king your father
 To greet him, and to give him comforts. Sir,
 The manner of your bearing towards him, with
 What you, as from your father, shall deliver,
 Things known betwixt us three, I'll write you down;
 The which shall point you forth, at every sitting,
 What you must say; that he shall not perceive,
 But that you have your father's bosom there,
 And speak his very heart.

Flo. I am bound to you.
 There is some sap in this.

Cam. A course more promising
 Than a wild dedication of yourselves
 To unpathed waters, undreamed shores; most certain,
 To miseries enough; no hope to help you;
 But as you shake off one, to take another:
 Nothing so certain as your anchors; who
 Do their best office, if they can but stay you
 Where you'll be loath to be: Besides, you know,
 Prosperity's the very bond of love;
 Whose fresh complexion and whose heart together
 Affliction alters.

Per. One of these is true.
 I think affliction may subdue the cheek,
 But not take in the mind.

Cam. Yea, say you so?
 There shall not, at your father's house, these seven
 years,
 Be born another such.

Flo. My good Camillo,
 She is as forward of her breeding, as
 She is i' the rear of birth.

Cam. I cannot say, 'tis pity
 She lacks instructions; for she seems a mistress
 To most that teach.

Per. Your pardon, sir, for this;
I'll blush you thanks.

Flo. My prettiest Perdita.—
But, O the thorns we stand upon.—Camillo,—
Preserver of my father, now of me;
The medicine of our house!—how shall we do?
We are not furnished like Bohemia's son;
Nor shall appear in Sicilia——

Cam. My lord,
Fear none of this. I think you know my fortunes
Do all lie there: it shall be so my care
To have you royally appointed, as if
The scene you play were mine. For instance, sir,
That you may know you shall not want,—one word.
[*They talk aside.*]

Enter AUTOLYCUS.

Aut. Ha, ha! what a fool honesty is! And trust, his sworn brother, a very simple gentleman! I have sold all my trumpery; not a counterfeit stone, not a riband, glass, pomander, brooch, table-book, ballad, knife, tape, glove, shoe-tie, bracelet, horn-ring, to keep my pack from fasting; they throng who should buy first; as if my trinkets had been hallowed, and brought a benediction to the buyer; by which means, I saw whose purse was best in picture; and what I saw, to my good use, I remembered. My clown (who wants but something to be a reasonable man) grew so in love with the wenches' song, that he would not stir his pettitoes, till he had both tune and words, which so drew the rest of the herd to me, that all their other senses stuck in ears. You might have pinched a placket, it was senseless; 'twas nothing, to geld a codpiece of a purse; I would have filed keys off, that hung in chains; no hearing, no feeling, but my sir's song, and admiring the nothing of it. So that, in this time of lethargy, I picked and cut most of their festival purses; and had not the old man come in with a whoobub against his daughter and the king's son, and scared my choughs from the chaff, I had not left a purse alive in the whole army.

[*CAMILLO, FLORIZEL, and PERDITA come forward.*]

Cam. Nay, but my letters by this means being there
So soon as you arrive, shall clear that doubt.

Flo. And those that you'll procure from king Leontes——

Cam. Shall satisfy your father.

Per. Happy be you!
All that you speak, shows fair.

Cam.

Who have we here?

[*Seeing* AUTOLYCUS]

We'll make an instrument of this; omit

Nothing, may give us aid.

Aut. If they have overheard me now,——why, hanging.

[*Aside.*

Cam. How now, good fellow? Why shakest thou so? Fear not, man; here's no harm intended to thee.

Aut. I am a poor fellow, sir.

Cam. Why, be so still; here's nobody will steal that from thee. Yet, for the outside of thy poverty, we must make an exchange: therefore, disrobe thee instantly, (thou must think, there's necessity in't,) and change garments with this gentleman. Though the pennyworth, on his side, be the worst, yet hold thee, there's some boot.

Aut. I am a poor fellow, sir;—I know ye well enough.

[*Aside.*

Cam. Nay, pr'ythee, despatch. The gentleman is half flayed already.

Aut. Are you in earnest, sir?—I smell the trick of it.

[*Aside.*

Flo. Despatch, I pr'ythee.

Aut. Indeed, I have had earnest; but I cannot with conscience take it.

Cam. Unbuckle, unbuckle.—

[*FLO. and AUTOL. exchange garments.*

Fortunate mistress,—let my prophecy

Come home to you!—You must retire yourself

Into some covert; take your sweetheart's hat,

And pluck it o'er your brows; muffle your face,

Dismantle you; and as you can, disliking

The truth of your own seeming; that you may

(For I do fear eyes over you) to shipboard

Get undescried.

Per. I see, the play so lies,

That I must bear a part.

Cam.

No remedy.—

Have you done there?

Flo.

Should I now meet my father,

He would not call me son.

Cam.

Nay, you shall have

No hat.—Come, lady, come.—Farewell, my friend.

Aut. Adieu, sir.

Flo. O Perdita, what have we twain forgot?

Pray you, a word.

[*They converse apart*

Cam. What I do next, shall be to tell the king [*Aside*

Of this escape, and whither they are bound
Wherein my hope is, I shall so prevail,
To force him after; in whose company
I shall review Sicilia; for whose sight
I have a woman's longing.

Flo. Fortune speed us!—

Thus we set on, Camillo, to the sea-side.

Cam. The swifter speed, the better.

[*Exeunt FLO., PER., and CAM.*]

Aut. I understand the business; I hear it. To have an open ear, a quick eye, and a nimble hand, is necessary for a cutpurse; a good nose is requisite also, to smell out work for the other senses. I see, this is the time that the unjust man doth thrive. What an exchange had this been, without boot! what a boot is here, with this exchange! Sure, the gods do this year connive at us, and we may do any thing *extempore*. The prince himself is about a piece of iniquity; stealing away from his father, with his clog at his heels. If I thought it were not a piece of honesty to acquaint the king withal, I would do't. I hold it the more knavery to conceal it; and therein am I constant to my profession.

Enter Clown and Shepherd.

Aside, aside;—here is more matter for a hot brain. Every lane's end, every shop, church, session, hanging, yields a careful man work.

Clo. See, see; what a man you are now! There is no other way, but to tell the king she's a changeling, and none of your flesh and blood.

Shep. Nay, but hear me.

Clo. Nay, but hear me.

Shep. Go to, then.

Clo. She being none of your flesh and blood, your flesh and blood has not offended the king; and, so, your flesh and blood is not to be punished by him. Show those things you found about her; those secret things, all but what she has with her. This being done, let the law go whistle; I warrant you.

Shep. I will tell the king all, every word, yea, and his son's pranks too; who, I may say, is no honest man neither to his father, nor to me, to go about to make me the king's brother-in-law.

Clo. Indeed, brother-in-law was the farthest off you could have been to him; and then your blood had been the dearer, by I know how much an ounce.

Aut. Very wisely; puppies!

[*Aside.*]

Shep. Well; let us to the king; there is that in this fardel, will make him scratch his beard.

Aut. I know not what impediment this complaint may be to the flight of my master.

Clo. 'Pray, heartily, he be at palace.

Aut. Though I am not naturally honest, I am so sometimes by chance.—Let me pocket up my pedler's excrement. [*Takes off his false beard.*] How now, rustics? Whither are you bound?

Shep. To the palace, an it like your worship.

Aut. Your affairs there? what? with whom? the condition of that fardel, the place of your dwelling, your names, your ages, of what having, breeding, and any thing that is fitting to be known, discover.

Clo. We are but plain fellows, sir.

Aut. A lie; you are rough and hairy. Let me have no lying; it becomes none but tradesmen, and they often give us soldiers the lie; but we pay them for it with stamped coin, not stabbing steel; therefore they do not give us the lie.

Clo. Your worship had like to have given us one, if you had not taken yourself with the manner.

Shep. Are you a courtier, an't like you, sir?

Aut. Whether it like me, or no, I am a courtier. Seest thou not the air of the court, in these enfoldings? Hath not my gait in it, the measure of the court? Receives not thy nose, court-odor from me? Reflect I not on thy baseness, court-contempt? Thinkest thou, for that I insinuate, or toze from thee thy business, I am therefore no courtier? I am courtier, cap-a-pie; and one that will either push on, or pluck back thy business there; whereupon, I command thee to open thy affair.

Shep. My business, sir, is to the king.

Aut. What advocate hast thou to him?

Shep. I know not, an't like you.

Clo. Advocate's the court word for a pheasant; say you have none.

Shep. None, sir; I have no pheasant, cock, nor hen.

Aut. How blessed are we, that are not simple men! Yet nature might have made me as these are; Therefore I'll not disdain.

Clo. This cannot but be a great courtier.

Shep. His garments are rich, but he wears them not handsomely.

Clo. He seems to be the more noble in being fantastical; a great man, I'll warrant; I know, by the picking on's teeth.

Aut. The fardel there? what's i'the fardel? Wherefore that box?

Shep. Sir, there lies such secrets in this fardel, and box, which none must know but the king; and which he shall know within this hour, if I may come to the speech of him.

Aut. Age, thou hast lost thy labor.

Shep. Why, sir?

Aut. The king is not at the palace; he is gone aboard a new ship to purge melancholy, and air himself. For, if thou be'st capable of things serious, thou must know, the king is full of grief.

Shep. So 'tis said, sir; about his son, that should have married a shepherd's daughter.

Aut. If that shepherd be not in hand-fast, let him fly; the curses he shall have, the tortures he shall feel, will break the back of man, the heart of monster.

Clo. Think you so, sir?

Aut. Not he alone shall suffer what wit can make heavy, and vengeance bitter; but those that are germane to him, though removed fifty times, shall all come under the hangman; which, though it be great pity, yet it is necessary. An old sheep-whistling rogue, a ram-tender, to offer to have his daughter come into grace! Some say he shall be stoned; but that death is too soft for him, say I. Draw our throne into a sheep-cote! All deaths are too few, the sharpest too easy.

Clo. Has the old man e'er a son, sir, do you hear, an't like you, sir?

Aut. He has a son, who shall be flayed alive; then, 'nointed over with honey, set on the head of a wasp's nest; then stand, till he be three quarters and a dram dead; then recovered again with aquavitæ, or some other hot infusion; then, raw as he is, and in the hottest day prognostication proclaims, shall he be set against a brick wall, the sun looking with a southward eye upon him; where he is to behold him, with flies blown to death. But what talk we of these traitorly rascals, whose miseries are to be smiled at, their offences being so capital? Tell me (for you seem to be honest, plain men) what you have to the king; being something gently considered, I'll bring you where he is aboard, tender your persons to his presence, whisper him in your be-

halfs; and, if it be in man, besides the king, to effect your suits, here is a man shall do it.

Clo. He seems to be of great authority. Close with him, give him gold; and though authority be a stubborn bear, yet he is oft led by the nose with gold; show the inside of your purse to the outside of his hand, and no more ado. Remember! stoned, and flayed alive.

Shep. An't please you, sir, to undertake the business for us, here is that gold I have. I'll make it as much more; and leave this young man in pawn, till I bring it you.

Aut. After I have done what I promised?

Shep. Ay, sir.

Aut. Well, give me the moiety.—Are you a party in this business?

Clo. In some sort, sir; but though my case be a pitiful one, I hope I shall not be flayed out of it.

Aut. O, that's the case of the shepherd's son,—Hang him, he'll be made an example.

Clo. Comfort, good comfort. We must to the king, and show our strange sights; he must know, 'tis none of your daughter nor my sister; we are gone else. Sir, I will give you as much as this old man does, when the business is performed; and remain, as he says, your pawn, till it be brought you.

Aut. I will trust you. Walk before toward the sea-side; go on the right hand; I will but look upon the hedge, and follow you.

Clo. We are blessed in this man, as I may say, even blessed.

Shep. Let's before, as he bids us; he was provided to do us good.

[*Exeunt Shepherd and Clown.*]

Aut. If I had a mind to be honest, I see, fortune would not suffer me; she drops booties in my mouth. I am courted now with a double occasion; gold, and a means to do the prince my master good; which, who knows how that may turn back to my advancement? I will bring these two moles, these blind ones, aboard him; if he think it fit to shore them again, and that the complaint they have to the king concerns him nothing, let him call me rogue, for being so far officious; for I am proof against that title, and what shame else belongs to't. To him will I present them; there may be matter in it.

[*Exit.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I. Sicilia. *A Room in the Palace of Leontes.*

Enter LEONTES, CLEOMENES, DION, PAULINA, and others.

Cleo. Sir, you have done enough, and have performed
A saintlike sorrow; no fault could you make,
Which you have not redeemed; indeed, paid down
More penitence, than done trespass. At the last,
Do, as the Heavens have done; forget your evil:
With them, forgive yourself.

Leon. Whilst I remember
Her and her virtues, I cannot forget
My blemishes in them; and so still think of
The wrong I did myself; which was so much,
That heirless it hath made my kingdom; and
Destroyed the sweet'st companion that e'er man
Bred his hopes out of.

Paul. True, too true, my lord.
If, one by one, you wedded all the world,
Or, from the all that are, took something good,
To make a perfect woman, she, you killed,
Would be unparalleled.

Leon. I think so. Killed!
She I killed! I did so; but thou strik'st me
Sorely, to say I did; it is as bitter
Upon thy tongue, as in my thought. Now, good now,
Say so but seldom.

Cleo. Not at all, good lady.
You might have spoken a thousand things that would
Have done the time more benefit, and graced
Your kindness better.

Paul. You are one of those,
Would have him wed again.

Dion. If you would not so,
You pity not the state, nor the remembrance
Of his most sovereign dame; consider little,
What dangers, by his highness' fail of issue,
May drop upon his kingdom, and devour
Uncertain lookers-on. What were more holy,
Than to rejoice, the former queen is well?
What holier, than,—for royalty's repair,
For present comfort and for future good,—

To bless the bed of majesty again
With a sweet fellow to't?

Paul. There is none worthy
Respecting her that's gone. Besides, the gods
Will have fulfilled their secret purposes;
For has not the divine Apollo said,
Is't not the tenor of his oracle,
That king Leontes shall not have an heir
Till his lost child be found? which, that it shall,
Is all as monstrous to our human reason,
As my Antigonus to break his grave,
And come again to me; who, on my life,
Did perish with the infant. 'Tis your counsel,
My lord should to the Heavens be contrary,
Oppose against their wills.—Care not for issue;
[To LEONTES.

The crown will find an heir. Great Alexander
Left his to the worthiest; so his successor
Was like to be the best.

Leon. Good Paulina,—
Who hast the memory of Hermione,
I know, in honor,—O, that ever I
Had squared me to thy counsel!—Then, even now,
I might have looked upon my queen's full eyes;
Have taken treasure from her lips,—

Paul. And left them
More rich for what they yielded.

Leon. Thou speak'st truth.
No more such wives; therefore no wife. One worse,
And better used, would make her sainted spirit
Again possess her corpse; and on this stage,
(Where we offenders now appear,) soul-vexed,
Begin, *And why to me?*

Paul. Had she such power,
She had just cause.

Leon. She had; and would incense me
To murder her I married.

Paul. I should so.
Were I the ghost that walked, I'd bid you mark
Her eye; and tell me, for what dull part in't
You chose her: then I'd shriek, that even your ears
Should rift to hear me; and the words that followed
Should be, *Remember mine.*

Leon. Stars, stars,
And all eyes else dead coals!—Fear thou no wife;
I'll have no wife, Paulina.

Paul. Will you swear
Never to marry but by my free leave?

Leon. Never, Paulina; so be blessed my spirit!

Paul. Then, good my lords, bear witness to his oath.

Cleo. You tempt him overmuch.

Paul. Unless another
As like Hermione as is her picture,
Affront his eye.

Cleo. Good madam,—

Paul. I have done.
Yet, if my lord will marry,—if you will, sir,
No remedy, but you will,—give me the office
To choose you a queen. She shall not be so young
As was your former; but she shall be such,
As, walked your first queen's ghost, it should take joy
To see her in your arms.

Leon. My true Paulina,
We shall not marry, till thou bidd'st us.

Paul. That
Shall be, when your first queen's again in breath,
Never till then.

Enter a Gentleman.

Gent. One that gives out himself prince Florizel,
Son of Polixenes, with his princess, (she
The fairest I have yet beheld,) desires access
To your high presence.

Leon. What with him? He comes not
Like to his father's greatness. His approach,
So out of circumstance, and sudden, tells us,
'Tis not a visitation framed, but forced
By need and accident. What train?

Gent. But few,
And those but mean.

Leon. His princess, say you, with him?

Gent. Ay; the most peerless piece of earth, I think,
That e'er the sun shone bright on.

Paul. O Hermione,
As every present time doth boast itself
Above a better, gone; so must thy grave
Give way to what's seen now. Sir, you yourself
Have said, and writ so, (but your writing now
Is colder than that theme,) *She had not been*
Nor was not to be equalled;—thus your verse
Flowed with her beauty once; 'tis shrewdly ebb'd,
To say, you have seen a better.

Gent.

Pardon, madam.

The one I have almost forgot, (your pardon;)
 The other, when she has obtained your eye,
 Will have your tongue too. This is a creature,
 Would she begin a sect, might quench the zeal
 Of all professors else; make proselytes
 Of who she but bid follow.

Paul.

How? not women?

Gent. Women will love her, that she is a woman
 More worth than any man; men, that she is
 The rarest of all women.

Leon.

Go, Cleomenes;

Yourself, assisted with your honored friends,
 Bring them to our embracement.—Still 'tis strange
 [*Exeunt CLEOMENES, Lords, and Gentlemen.*]
 He thus should steal upon us.

Paul.

Had our prince

(Jewel of children) seen this hour, he had paired
 Well with this lord; there was not full a month
 Between their births.

Leon.

Pr'ythee, no more; thou know'st

He dies to me again, when talked of. Sure,
 When I shall see this gentleman, thy speeches
 Will bring me to consider that which may
 Unfurnished me of reason.—They are come.—

Re-enter CLEOMENES, with FLORIZEL, PERDITA, and Attendants.

Your mother was most true to wedlock, prince;
 For she did print your royal father off,
 Conceiving you. Were I but twenty-one,
 Your father's image is so hit in you,
 His very air, that I should call you brother,
 As I did him; and speak of something, wildly
 By us performed before. Most dearly welcome!
 And your fair princess, goddess!—O, alas!
 I lost a couple, that 'twixt heaven and earth
 Might thus have stood, begetting wonder, as
 You, gracious couple, do! And then I lost
 (All mine own folly) the society,
 Amity too, of your brave father; whom,
 Though bearing misery, I desire my life
 Once more to look on him.

Flo.

By his command

Have I here touched Sicilia; and from him
 Give you all greetings, that a king, at friend,

Can send his brother: and, but infirmity
(Which waits upon worn times) hath something seized
His wished ability, he had himself
The lands and waters 'twixt your throne and his
Measured, to look upon you; whom he loves
(He bade me say so) more than all the sceptres,
And those that bear them, living.

Leon. O, my brother,
(Good gentleman!) the wrongs I have done thee, stir
Afresh within me; and these thy offices,
So rarely kind, are as interpreters
Of my behind-hand slackness!—Welcome hither,
As is the spring to the earth. And hath he too
Exposed this paragon to the fearful usage
(At least, ungentle) of the dreadful Neptune,
To greet a man not worth her pains; much less
The adventure of her person?

Flo. Good my lord,
She came from Libya.

Leon. Where the warlike Smalus,
That noble, honored lord, is feared and loved?

Flo. Most royal sir, from thence; from him, whose daughter
His tears proclaimed his, parting with her; thence
(A prosperous south wind friendly) we have crossed,
To execute the charge my father gave me,
For visiting your highness. My best train
I have from your Sicilian shores dismissed;
Who for Bohemia bend, to signify
Not only my success in Libya, sir,
But my arrival, and my wife's, in safety,
Here, where we are.

Leon. The blessed gods
Purge all infection from our air, whilst you
Do climate here! You have a holy father,
A graceful gentleman; against whose person,
So sacred as it is, I have done sin;
For which the Heavens, taking angry note,
Have left me issueless; and your father's blessed
(As he from Heaven merits it) with you,
Worthy his goodness. What might I have been,
Might I a son and daughter now have looked on,
Such goodly things as you?

Enter a Lord.

Lord. Most noble sir,
That which I shall report, will bear no credit,

Were not the proof so nigh. Please you, great sir,
 Bohemia greets you from himself, by me;
 Desires you to attach his son; who has
 (His dignity and duty both cast off)
 Fled from his father, from his hopes, and with
 A shepherd's daughter.

Leon. Where's Bohemia? speak.

Lord. Here in the city; I now came from him.
 I speak amazedly; and it becomes
 My marvel, and my message. To your court
 Whiles he was hastening, (in the chase, it seems,
 Of this fair couple,) meets he on the way
 The father of this seeming lady, and
 Her brother, having both their country quitted
 With this young prince.

Flo. Camillo has betrayed me.
 Whose honor, and whose honesty, till now,
 Endured all weathers.

Lord. Lay't so to his charge;
 He's with the king your father.

Leon. Who? Camillo?

Lord. Camillo, sir; I spake with him; who now
 Has these poor men in question. Never saw I
 Wretches so quake; they kneel, they kiss the earth;
 Forswear themselves as often as they speak;
 Bohemia stops his ears, and threatens them
 With divers deaths in death.

Per. O, my poor father!—
 The Heaven sets spies upon us, will not have
 Our contract celebrated.

Leon. You are married?

Flo. We are not, sir, nor are we like to be;
 The stars, I see, will kiss the valleys first.—
 The odds for high and low's alike.

Leon. My lord,
 Is this the daughter of a king?

Flo. She is,
 When once she is my wife.

Leon. That once, I see, by your good father's speed,
 Will come on very slowly. I am sorry,
 Most sorry, you have broken from his liking,
 Where you were tied in duty; and as sorry,
 Your choice is not so rich in worth as beauty,
 That you might well enjoy her.

Flo. Dear, look up.
 Though fortune, visible an enemy,

Should chase us with my father, power no jot
Hath she to change our loves.—'Beseech you, sir,
Remember since you owed no more to time
'Than I do now. With thought of such affections,
Step forth mine advocate; at your request,
My father will grant precious things as trifles.

Leon. Would he do so, I'd beg your precious mistress,
Which he counts but a trifle.

Paul. Sir, my liege,
Your eye hath too much youth in't. Not a month
'Fore your queen died, she was more worth such gazes
Than what you look on now.

Leon. I thought of her,
Even in these looks I made.—But your petition
[*To FLORIZEL*,
Is yet unanswered; I will to your father;
Your honor not o'erthrown by your desires,
I am a friend to them, and you; upon which errand
I now go toward him; therefore, follow me,
And mark what way I make. Come, good my lord.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The same. Before the Palace.*

Enter AUTOLYCUS and a Gentleman.

Aut. 'Beseech you, sir, were you present at this relation?

1 Gent. I was by at the opening of the fardel, heard the
old shepherd deliver the manner how he found it; where-
upon, after a little amazedness, we were all commanded out
of the chamber; only this, methought, I heard the shepherd
say, he found the child.

Aut. I would most gladly know the issue of it.

1 Gent. I make a broken delivery of the business.—But
the changes I perceived in the king, and Camillo, were very
notes of admiration: they seemed almost, with staring on
one another, to tear the cases of their eyes; there was speech
in their dumbness, language in their very gesture; they
looked as they had heard of a world ransomed, or one de-
stroyed. A notable passion of wonder appeared in them;
but the wisest beholder, that knew no more but seeing, could
not say, if the importance were joy, or sorrow; but in the
extremity of the one, it must needs be.

Enter another Gentleman.

Here comes a gentleman, that, happily, known more. The
news, Rogero?

2 *Gent.* Nothing but bonfires. The oracle is fulfilled; the king's daughter is found; such a deal of wonder is broken out within this hour, that ballad-makers cannot be able to express it.

Enter a third Gentleman.

Here comes the lady Paulina's steward; he can deliver you more.—How goes it now, sir? This news, which is called true, is so like an old tale, that the verity of it is in strong suspicion. Has the king found his heir?

3 *Gent.* Most true; if ever truth were pregnant by circumstance. That which you hear, you'll swear you see, there is such unity in the proofs. The mantle of queen Hermione; her jewel about the neck of it; the letters of Antigonus, found with it, which they know to be his character; the majesty of the creature, in resemblance of the mother; the affection of nobleness, which nature shows above her breeding,—and many other evidences, proclaim her, with all certainty, to be the king's daughter. Did you see the meeting of the two kings?

2 *Gent.* No.

3 *Gent.* Then have you lost a sight, which was to be seen, cannot be spoken of. There might you have beheld one joy crown another; so, and in such manner, that, it seemed, sorrow wept to take leave of them; for their joy waded in tears. There was casting up of eyes, holding up of hands; with countenance of such distraction, that they were to be known by garment, not by favor. Our king, being ready to leap out of himself for joy of his found daughter; as if that joy were now become a loss, cries, *O thy mother, thy mother!* then asks Bohemia forgiveness; then embraces his son-in-law; then again worries he his daughter, with clipping her; now he thanks the old shepherd, which stands by, like a weather-bitten conduit of many kings' reigns. I never heard of such another encounter, which lames report to follow it, and undoes description to do it.

2 *Gent.* What, pray you, became of Antigonus, that carried hence the child?

3 *Gent.* Like an old tale still; which will have matter to rehearse, though credit be asleep, and not an ear open. He was torn to pieces with a bear; this avouches the shepherd's son; who has not only his innocence (which seems much) to justify him, but a handkerchief, and rings, of his, that Paulina knows.

1 *Gent.* What became of his bark, and his followers?

3 *Gent.* Wrecked the same instant of their master's

death, and in the view of the shepherd; so that all the instruments, which aided to expose the child, were even then lost, when it was found. But, O, the noble combat, that, 'twixt joy and sorrow, was fought in Paulina! She had one eye declined for the loss of her husband; another elevated that the oracle was fulfilled. She lifted the princess from the earth; and so locks her in embracing, as if she would pin her to her heart, that she might no more be in danger of losing.

1 *Gent.* The dignity of this act was worth the audience of kings and princes; for by such was it acted.

3 *Gent.* One of the prettiest touches of all, and that which angled for mine eyes, (caught the water, though not the fish,) was, when at the relation of the queen's death, with the manner how she came to it, (bravely confessed, and lamented by the king,) how attentiveness wounded his daughter; till, from one sign of dolor to another, she did, with an *alas!* I would fain say, bleed tears; for, I am sure, my heart wept blood. Who was most marble there, changed color; some swooned, all sorrowed. If all the world could have seen it, the woe had been universal.

1 *Gent.* Are they returned to the court?

3 *Gent.* No; the princess, hearing of her mother's statue, which is in the keeping of Paulina,—a piece many years in doing, and now newly performed by that rare Italian master, Julio Romano; who, had he himself eternity, and could put breath into his work, would beguile nature of her custom, so perfectly he is her ape; he so near to Hermione hath done Hermione, that, they say, one would speak to her, and stand in hope of answer. Thither, with all greediness of affection, are they gone; and there they intend to sup.

2 *Gent.* I thought she had some great matter there in hand; for she hath privately, twice or thrice a day, ever since the death of Hermione, visited that removed house. Shall we thither, and with our company piece the rejoicing?

1 *Gent.* Who would be thence, that has the benefit of access? Every wink of an eye, some new grace will be born; our absence makes us unthrifty to our knowledge. Let's along.

[*Exeunt* Gentlemen.]

Aut. Now, had I not the dash of my former life in me, would preferment drop on my head. I brought the old man and his son aboard the prince; told him, I heard them talk of a fardel, and I know not what; but he at that time, overfond of the shepherd's daughter, (so he then took her to be,) who began to be much sea-sick, and himself little better, extremity of weather continuing, this mystery remained un-

discovered. But 'tis all one to me; for had I been the finder-out of this secret, it would not have relished among my other discredits.

Enter Shepherd and Clown.

Here come those I have done good to against my will, and already appearing in the blossoms of their fortune.

Shep. Come, boy; I am past more children; but thy sons and daughters will be all gentlemen born.

Clo. You are well met, sir. You denied to fight with me this other day, because I was no gentleman born. See you these clothes? Say, you see them not, and think me still no gentleman born; you were best say, these robes are not gentlemen born. Give me the lie; do; and try whether I am not now a gentleman born.

Aut. I know, you are now, sir, a gentleman born.

Clo. Ay, and have been so, any time these four hours.

Shep. And so have I, boy.

Clo. So you have;—but I was a gentleman born before my father; for the king's son took me by the hand, and called me, brother; and then the two kings called my father, brother; and then the prince, my brother, and the princess, my sister, called my father, father; and so we wept; and there was the first gentlemanlike tears that ever we shed.

Shep. We may live, son, to shed many more.

Clo. Ay; or else, 'twere hard luck, being in so preposterous estate as we are.

Aut. I humbly beseech you, sir, to pardon me all the faults I have committed to your worship, and to give me your good report to the prince my master.

Shep. 'Pr'ythee, son, do; for we must be gentle, now we are gentlemen.

Clo. Thou wilt amend thy life?

Aut. Ay, an it like your good worship.

Clo. Give me thy hand. I will swear to the prince, thou art as honest a true fellow as any is in Bohemia.

Shep. You may say it, but not swear it.

Clo. Not swear it, now I am a gentleman? Let boors and franklins say it, I'll swear it.

Shep. How if it be false, son?

Clo. If it be ne'er so false, a true gentleman may swear it in the behalf of his friend.—And I'll swear to the prince, thou art a tall fellow of thy hands, and that thou wilt not be drunk; but I know thou art no tall fellow of thy hands, and that thou wilt be drunk; but I'll swear it; and I would thou wouldst be a tall fellow of thy hands.

Aut. I will prove so, sir, to my power.

Clo. Ay, by any means prove a tall fellow. If I do not wonder how thou dardest venture to be drunk, not being a tall fellow, trust me not.—Hark! the kings and the princes, our kindred, are going to see the queen's picture. Come, follow us; we'll be thy good masters. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The same. A Room in Paulina's House.*

Enter LEONTES, POLIXENES, FLORIZEL, PERDITA, CAMILLO, PAULINA, Lords and Attendants.

Leon. O grave and good Paulina, the great comfort That I have had of thee!

Paul. What, sovereign sir, I did not well, I meant well. All my services, You have paid home: but that you have vouchsafed, With your crowned brother, and these your contracted Heirs of your kingdoms, my poor house to visit, Is a surplus of your grace, which never My life may last to answer.

Leon. O, Paulina, We honor you with trouble. But we came To see the statue of our queen: your gallery Have we passed through, not without much content In many singularities; but we saw not That which my daughter came to look upon, The statue of her mother.

Paul. As she lived peerless, So her dead likeness, I do well believe, Excels whatever yet you looked upon, Or hand of man hath done; therefore I keep it Lonely, apart. But here it is; prepare To see the life as lively mocked, as ever Still sleep mocked death. Behold; and say, tis well.

[*PAUL. undraws a curtain and discovers a statue*]
I like your silence; it the more shows off Your wonder. But yet speak;—first you, my liege, Comes it not something near?

Leon. Her natural posture!—Chide me, dear stone; that I may say, indeed, Thou art Hermione; or, rather, thou art she, In thy not chiding; for she was as tender As infancy and grace.—But yet, Paulina, Hermione was not so much wrinkled, nothing So aged, as this seems.

Pol. O, not by much.

Paul. So much the more our carver's excellence;
Which lets go by some sixteen years, and makes her
As she lived now.

Leon. As now she might have done
So much to my good comfort, as it is
Now piercing to my soul. O, thus she stood,
Even with such life of majesty, (warm life,
As now it coldly stands,) when first I wooed her!
I am ashamed. Does not the stone rebuke me,
For being more stone than it?—O royal piece,
There's magic in thy majesty; which has
My evils conjured to remembrance; and
From thy admiring daughter took the spirits,
Standing like stone with thee.

Per. And give me leave;
And do not say, 'tis superstition, that
I kneel, and then implore her blessing.—Lady,
Dear queen, that ended when I but began,
Give me that hand of yours, to kiss.

Paul. O patience;
The statue is but newly fixed; the color's
Not dry.

Cam. My lord, your sorrow was too sore laid on;
Which sixteen winters cannot blow away,
So many summers, dry; scarce any joy
Did ever so long live; no sorrow,
But killed itself much sooner.

Pol. Dear my brother,
Let him, that was the cause of this, have power
To take off so much grief from you, as he
Will piece up in himself.

Paul. Indeed, my lord,
If I had thought the sight of my poor image
Would thus have wrought you, (for the stone is mine,)
I'd not have showed it.

Leon. Do not draw the curtain.

Paul. No longer shall you gaze on't; lest your fancy
May think anon it moves.

Leon. Let be, let be.
'Would I were dead, but that, methinks, already—
What was he that did make it?—See, my lord,
Would you not deem, it breathed? and that those veins
Did verily bear blood?

Pol. Masterly done.
The very life seems warm upon her lip.

Leon. The fixture of her eye has motion in't,
As we are mocked with art.

Paul. I'll draw the curtain:
My lord's almost so far transported, that
He'll think anon it lives.

Leon. O, sweet Paulina,
Make me to think so twenty years together;
No settled senses of the world can match
The pleasure of that madness. Let't alone.

Paul. I am sorry, sir, I have thus far stirred you; but
I could afflict you further.

Leon. Do, Paulina;
For this affliction has a taste as sweet
As any cordial comfort.—Still, methinks,
There is an air comes from her. What fine chisel
Could ever yet cut breath? Let no man mock me,
For I will kiss her.

Paul. Good my lord, forbear.
The ruddiness upon her lip is wet;
You'll mar it, if you kiss it; stain your own
With oily painting. Shall I draw the curtain?

Leon. No, not these twenty years.

Per. So long could I
Stand by, a looker on.

Paul. Either forbear,
Quit presently the chapel; or resolve you
For more amazement. If you can behold it,
I'll make the statue move indeed; descend,
And take you by the hand; but then you'll think
(Which I protest against) I am assisted
By wicked powers.

Leon. What you can make her do,
I am content to look on; what to speak,
I am content to hear; for 'tis as easy
To make her speak, as move.

Paul. It is required,
You do awake your faith. Then, all stand still,
Or those that think it is unlawful business
I am about, let them depart.

Leon. Proceed;
No foot shall stir.

Paul. Music; awake her: strike.—

[*Music.*

'Tis time; descend; be stone no more; approach;
Strike all that look upon with marvel. Come:
I'll fill your grave up: stir; nay, come away;

Bequeath to death your numbness, for from him
Dear life redeems you.—You perceive she stirs:

[HERMIONE comes down from the pedestal.

Start not: her actions shall be holy, as,
You hear, my spell is lawful. Do not shun her,
Until you see her die again; for then
You kill her double. Nay, present your hand.
When she was young, you wooed her; now, in age,
Is she become the suitor.

Leon. O, she's warm! [*Embracing her.*
If this be magic, let it be an art
Lawful as eating.

Pol. She embraces him.

Cam. She hangs about his neck;
If she pertain to life, let her speak too.

Pol. Ay, and mak't manifest where she has lived,
Or, how stolen from the dead.

Paul. That she is living,
Were it but told you, should be hooted at
Like an old tale; but it appears she lives,
Though yet she speak not. Mark a little while.—
Please you to interpose, fair madam; kneel,
And pray your mother's blessing.—Turn, good lady;
Our Perdita is found.

[*Presenting PER., who kneels to HER.*

Her. You gods, look down,
And from your sacred vials pour your graces
Upon my daughter's head!—Tell me, mine own,
Where hast thou been preserved? where lived? how found?
Thy father's court? For thou shalt hear, that I—
Knowing by Paulina that the oracle
Gave hope, thou wast in being—have preserved
Myself to see the issue.

Paul. There's time enough for that;
Lest they desire, upon this push to trouble
Your joys with like relation. Go together,
You precious winners all; your exultation
Partake to every one. I, an old turtle,
Will wing me to some withered bough; and there
My mate, that's never to be found again,
Lament till I am lost.

Leon. O peace, Paulina;
Thou shouldst a husband take by my consent,
As I by thine, a wife. This is a match,
And made between's by vows. Thou hast found mine,
But how, is to be questioned; for I saw her,

As I thought, dead; and have in vain said many
A prayer upon her grave. I'll not seek far
(For him, I partly know his mind) to find thee
An honorable husband.—Come, Camillo,
And take her by the hand; whose worth, and honesty,
Is richly noted; and here justified
By us, a pair of kings.—Let's from this place.—
What?—Look upon, my brother.—Both your pardons,
That e'er I put between your holy looks
My ill suspicion.—This your son-in-law,
And son unto the king, (whom Heavens directing,)
Is troth-plight to your daughter.—Good Paulina,
Lead us from hence: where we may leisurely
Each one demand, and answer to his part
Performed in this wide gap of time, since first
We were dissevered. Hastily lead away. [*Exeunt*

COMEDY OF ERRORS.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

SOLINUS, *Duke of Ephesus.*

ÆGEON, *a Merchant of Syracuse.*

ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus, { *twin-brothers and sons to Ægeon and*
ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse, { *Æmelia, but unknown to each other.*

DROMIO of Ephesus, { *twin-brothers, and Attendants on the two*
DROMIO of Syracuse, { *Antipholuses.*

BALTHAZAR, *a Merchant.*

ANGELO, *a Goldsmith.*

A Merchant, *Friend to Antipholus of Syracuse.*

PINCH, *a Schoolmaster and a Conjuror.*

ÆMELIA, *Wife to Ægeon, an Abbess at Ephesus.*

ADRIANA, *Wife to Antipholus of Ephesus.*

LUCIANA, *her Sister.*

LUCE, *her Servant.*

A Courtesan

Jailer, Officers, *and other Attendants.*

SCENE. Ephesus.

COMEDY OF ERRORS.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *A Hall in the Duke's Palace.*

Enter Duke, ÆGEON, Jailer, Officer, and other Attendants

Ægeon. PROCEED, Solinus, to procure my fall,
And, by the doom of death, end woes and all.

Duke. Merchant of Syracuse, plead no more;
I am not partial, to infringe our laws.
The enmity and discord, which of late
Sprung from the rancorous outrage of your duke
To merchants, our well-dealing countrymen,—
Who, wanting guilders to redeem their lives,
Have sealed his rigorous statutes with their bloods,—
Excludes all pity from our threatening looks.
For, since the mortal and intestine jars
'Twixt thy seditious countrymen and us,
It hath in solemn synods been decreed,
Both by the Syracusans and ourselves,
To admit no traffic to our adverse towns;
Nay, more

If any, born at Ephesus, be seen
At any Syracusan marts and fairs,
Again, If any, Syracusan born,
Come to the bay of Ephesus, he dies,
His goods confiscate to the duke's dispose;
Unless a thousand marks be levied,
To quit the penalty and ransom him.
Thy substance, valued at the highest rate,
Cannot amount unto a hundred marks;
Therefore by law thou art condemned to die.

Æge. Yet this my comfort; when your words are done,
My woes end likewise with the evening sun.

Duke. Well, Syracusan, say, in brief, the cause
Why thou departedst from thy native home;
And for what cause thou cam'st to Ephesus.

Æge. A heavier task could not have been imposed,
Than I to speak my griefs unspeakable.
Yet, that the world may witness that my end
Was wrought by nature, not by vile offence,
I'll utter what my sorrow gives me leave.
In Syracuse was I born and wed
Unto a woman, happy but for me,
And by me too, had not our hap been bad.
With her I lived in joy; our wealth increased
By prosperous voyages I often made
To Epidamnum, till my factor's death;
And the great care of goods at random left,
Drew me from kind embracements of my spouse;
From whom my absence was not six months old,
Before herself (almost at fainting, under
The pleasing punishment that women bear)
Had made provision for her following me,
And soon, and safe, arrived where I was.
There she had not been long, but she became
A joyful mother of two goodly sons;
And, which was strange, the one so like the other,
As could not be distinguished but by names.
That very hour, and in the self-same inn,
A poor, mean woman was delivered
Of such a burden, male twins, both alike.
Those—for their parents were exceeding poor—
I bought, and brought up to attend my sons.
My wife, not meanly proud of two such boys,
Made daily motions for our home return;
Unwilling I agreed; alas; too soon!
We came aboard.
A league from Epidamnum had we sailed,
Before the always wind-obeying deep
Gave any tragic instance of our harm;
But longer did we not retain much hope;
For what obscured light the heavens did grant,
Did but convey unto our fearful minds
A doubtful warrant of immediate death;
Which, though myself would gladly have embraced,
Yet the incessant weepings of my wife,
Weeping before, for what she saw must come,
And piteous plainings of the pretty babes,
That mourned for fashion, ignorant what to fear,

Forced me to seek delays for them and me.
And this it was,—for other means was none.—
The sailors sought for safety by our boat,
And left the ship, then sinking ripe, to us.
My wife, more careful for the latter-born,
Had fastened him unto a small, spare mast,
Such as seafaring men provide for storms;
To him one of the other twins was bound,
Whilst I had been like heedful of the other.
The children thus disposed, my wife and I,
Fixing our eyes on whom our care was fixed,
Fastened ourselves at either end the mast;
And floating straight, obedient to the stream,
Were carried towards Corinth, as we thought.
At length the sun, gazing upon the earth,
Dispersed those vapors that offended us;
And, by the benefit of his wished light,
The seas waxed calm, and we discovered
Two ships from far, making amain to us,
Of Corinth that, of Epidaurus this.
But ere they came,—O, let me say no more!
Gather the sequel by that went before.

Duke. Nay, forward, old man; do not break off so;
For we may pity, though not pardon thee.

Æge. O, had the gods done so, I had not now
Worthily termed them merciless to us!
For ere the ships could meet by twice five leagues,
We were encountered by a mighty rock;
Which being violently borne upon,
Our helpful ship was splitted in the midst,
So that, in this unjust divorce of us,
Fortune had left to both of us alike
What to delight in, what to sorrow for.
Her part, poor soul! seeming as burdened
With lesser weight, but not with lesser woe,
Was carried with more speed before the wind;
And in our sight they three were taken up
By fishermen of Corinth, as we thought.
At length, another ship had seized on us;
And, knowing whom it was their hap to save,
Gave healthful welcome to their shipwrecked guests;
And would have reft the fishers of their prey,
Had not their bark been very slow of sail,
And therefore homeward did they bend their course.
Thus you have heard me severed from my bliss;
That by misfortunes was my life prolonged,
To tell sad stories of my own mishaps.

Duke. And, for the sake of them thou sorrowest for,
Do me the favor to dilate at full
What hath befallen of them, and thee, till now.

Æge. My youngest boy, and yet my eldest care,
At eighteen years became inquisitive
After his brother; and impórtuned me
That his attendant (for his case was like,
Reft of his brother, but retained his name)
Might bear him company in quest of him;
Whom whilst I labored of a love to see,
I hazarded the loss of whom I loved.
Five summers have I spent in farthest Greece,
Roaming clean through the bounds of Asia,
And, coasting homeward, came to Ephesus;
Hopeless to find, yet loath to leave unsought,
Or that, or any place, that harbors men.
But here must end the story of my life;
And happy were I in my timely death,
Could all my travels warrant me they live.

Duke. Hapless Ægeon, whom the fates have marked
To bear the extremity of dire mishap!
Now, trust me, were it not against our laws,
Against my crown, my oath, my dignity,
Which princes, would they, may not disannul,
My soul should sue as advocate for thee.
But, though thou art adjudged to the death,
And passed sentence may not be recalled,
But to our honor's great disparagement,
Yet will I favor thee in what I can.
Therefore, merchant, I'll limit thee this day,
To seek thy help by beneficial help.
Try all the friends thou hast in Ephesus;
Beg thou, or borrow, to make up the sum,
And live, if not; then thou art doomed to die.—
Jailer, take him to thy custody.

Jail. I will, my lord.

Æge. Hopeless and helpless doth Ægeon wend,
But to procrastinate his lifeless end. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. *A public Place.*

Enter ANTIPHOLUS and DROMIO of Syracuse, and a Merchant.

Mer. Therefore, give out, you are of Epidamnum,
Lest that your goods too soon be confiscate.

This very day, a Syracusan merchant
Is apprehended for arrival here;
And, not being able to buy out his life,
According to the statute of the town,
Dies ere the weary sun set in the west.
There is your money that I had to keep.

Ant. S. Go bear it to the Centaur, where we host,
And stay there, Dromio, till I come to thee.
Within this hour it will be dinner-time;
Till that, I'll view the manners of the town,
Peruse the traders, gaze upon the buildings,
And then return, and sleep within mine inn;
For with long travel I am stiff and weary.
Get thee away.

Dro. S. Many a man would take you at your word,
And go indeed, having so good a mean. [*Exit Dro. S.*]

Ant. S. A trusty villain, sir; that very oft,
When I am dull with care and melancholy,
Lightens my humor with his merry jests.
What, will you walk with me about the town,
And then go to my inn, and dine with me?

Mer. I am invited, sir, to certain merchants,
Of whom I hope to make much benefit;
I crave your pardon. Soon, at five o'clock,
Please you, I'll meet with you upon the mart;
And afterwards consort you till bed-time:
My present business calls me from you now.

Ant. S. Farewell till then. I will go lose myself,
And wander up and down, to view the city.

Mer. Sir, I commend you to your own content.
[*Exit Merchant.*]

Ant. S. He that commends me to my own content,
Commends me to the thing I cannot get.
I to the world am like a drop of water,
That in the ocean seeks another drop;
Who, falling there to find his fellow forth,
Unseen, inquisitive, confounds himself.
So I, to find a mother, and a brother,
In quest of them, unhappy, lose myself.

Enter DROMIO of Ephesus.

Here comes the almanac of my true date.—
What now! how chance, thou art returned so soon?

Dro. E. Returned so soon! rather approached too late,
The capon burns, the pig falls from the spit;
The clock hath stricken twelve upon the bell,

My mistress made it one upon my cheek.
She is so hot, because the meat is cold;
The meat is cold, because you come not home:
You come not home, because you have no stomach,
You have no stomach, having broken your fast;
But we, that know what 'tis to fast and pray,
Are penitent for your default to-day.

Ant. S. Stop in your wind, sir; tell me this, I pray;
Where have you left the money that I gave you?

Dro. E. O,—sixpence, that I had o' Wednesday last,
To pay the saddler for my mistress' crupper;—
The saddler had it, sir; I kept it not.

Ant. S. I am not in a sportive humor now.
Tell me, and dally not, where is the money?
We being strangers here, how dar'st thou trust
So great a charge from thine own custody?

Dro. E. I pray you, jest, sir, as you sit at dinner.
I from my mistress come to you in post;
If I return, I shall be post indeed;
For she will score your fault upon my pate.
Methinks, your maw, like mine, should be your clock,
And strike you home without a messenger.

Ant. S. Come, Dromio, come, these jests are out of season;
Reserve them till a merrier hour than this.
Where is the gold I gave in charge to thee?

Dro. E. To me, sir? why you gave no gold to me. X

Ant. S. Come on, sir knave, have done your foolishness,
And tell me how thou hast disposed thy charge.

Dro. E. My charge was but to fetch you from the mart
Home to your house, the Phoenix, sir, to dinner.
My mistress, and her sister, stay for you.

Ant. S. Now, as I am a Christian, answer me,
In what safe place you have bestowed my money;
Or I shall break that merry sconce of yours,
That stands on tricks when I am undisposed.
Where is the thousand marks thou hadst of me?

Dro. E. I have some marks of yours upon my pate,
Some of my mistress' marks upon my shoulders,
But not a thousand marks between you both.—
If I should pay your worship those again,
Perchance you will not bear them patiently.

Ant. S. Thy mistress' marks! what mistress, slave, hast
thou?

Dro. E. Your worship's wife, my mistress at the Phoenix;
She that doth fast, till you come home to dinner,
And prays, that you will hie you home to dinner.

Ant. S. What, wilt thou flout me thus unto my face,
Being forbid? There, take you that, sir knave.

[*Strikes him.*

Drc. E. What mean you, sir? For god's sake, hold your
hands;

Nay, an you will not, sir, I'll take my heels.

[*Exit DROMIO E.*

Ant. S. Upon my life, by some device or other,
The villain is o'er-raught of all my money.
They say, this town is full of cozenage;
As, nimble jugglers, that deceive the eye;
Dark-working sorcerers, that change the mind;
Soul-killing witches, that deform the body;
Disguised cheaters, prating mountebanks,
And many such like liberties of sin.
If it prove so, I will be gone the sooner.
I'll to the Centaur, to go seek this slave;
I greatly fear my money is not safe.

[*Exit.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. *A public Place.*

Enter ADRIANA and LUCIANA.

Adr. Neither my husband, nor the slave returned,
That in such haste I sent to seek his master!
Sure, Luciana, it is two o'clock.

Luc. Perhaps some merchant hath invited him,
And from the mart he's somewhere gone to dinner.
Good sister, let us dine, and never fret.

A man is master of his liberty;
Time is their master; and when they see time,
They'll go, or come. If so, be patient, sister.

Adr. Why should their liberty than ours be more?

Luc. Because their business still lies out o'door.

Adr. Look, when I serve him so, he takes it ill.

Luc. O, know, he is the bridle of your will.

Adr. There's none, but asses, will be bridled so.

Luc. Why, headstrong liberty is lashed with woe.
There's nothing, situate under Heaven's eye,
But hath his bound, in earth, in sea, in sky.
The beasts, the fishes, and the winged fowls,

Are their males' subjects, and at their controls.
 Men, more divine, the masters of all these,
 Lords of the wide world, and wild watery seas,
 Endued with intellectual sense and souls,
 Of more pre-eminence than fish and fowls,
 Are masters to their females, and their lords.
 Then let your will attend on their accords.

Adr. This servitude makes you to keep unwed.

Luc. Not this, but troubles of the marriage bed.

Adr. But, were you wedded, you would bear some away.

Luc. Ere I learn love, I'll practise to obey.

Adr. How if your husband start some other where?

Luc. Till he come home again, I would forbear.

Adr. Patience, unmoved, no marvel though she pause;

They can be meek that have no other cause.

A wretched soul, bruised with adversity,
 We bid be quiet, when we hear it cry;
 But were we burdened with like weight of pain,
 As much, or more, we should ourselves complain:
 So thou, that hast no unkind mate to grieve thee,
 With urging helpless patience wouldst relieve me.
 But, if thou live to see like right bereft,
 This fool-begged patience in thee will be left.

Luc. Well, I will marry one day, but to try.—
 Here comes your man; now is your husband nigh.

Enter DROMIO of Ephesus.

Adr. Say, is your tardy master now at hand?

Dro. E. Nay, he is at two hands with me, and that my
 two ears can witness.

Adr. Say, didst thou speak with him? Know'st thou
 his mind?

Dro. E. Ay, ay, he told his mind upon mine ear.
 Beshrew his hand, I scarce could understand it.

Luc. Spake he so doubtfully, thou couldst not feel his
 meaning?

Dro. E. Nay, he struck so plainly, I could too well feel
 his blows; and withal so doubtfully, that I could scarce
 understand them.

Adr. But say, I pr'ythee, is he coming home?
 It seems he hath great care to please his wife.

Dro. E. Why, mistress, sure my master is horn-mad.

Adr. Horn-mad, thou villain?

Dro. E. I mean not cuckold-mad; but, sure, he's stark
 mad.

When I desired him to come home to dinner,

He asked me for a thousand marks in gold.
'Tis dinner-time, quoth I; *My gold*, quoth he:
Your meat doth burn, quoth I; *My gold*, quoth he:
Will you come home? quoth I; *My gold*, quoth he:
Where is the thousand marks I gave thee, villain?
The pig, quoth I, *is burned*; *My gold*, quoth he:
My mistress, sir, quoth I; *Hang up thy mistress*;
I know not thy mistress; out on thy mistress!

Luc. Quoth who?

Dro. E. Quoth my master.

I know, quoth he, *no house, no wife, no mistress*;—
So that my errand, due unto my tongue,
I thank him, I bare home upon my shoulders;
For, in conclusion, he did beat me there.

Adr. Go back again, thou slave, and fetch him home.

Dro. E. Go back again, and be new beaten home?
For God's sake, send some other messenger.

Adr. Back, slave, or I will break thy pate across.

Dro. E. And he will bless that cross with other beating.
Between you I shall have a holy head.

Adr. Hence, prating peasant! fetch thy master home.

Dro. E. Am I so round with you, as you with me,
That like a football you do spurn me thus?
You spurn me hence, and he will spurn me hither.
If I last in this service, you must case me in leather.

[*Exit*

Luc. Fie, how impatience low'reth in your face!

Adr. His company must do his minions grace.
Whilst I at home starve for a merry look.
Hath homely age the alluring beauty took
From my poor cheek? Then he hath wasted it.
Are my discourses dull? barren my wit?
If voluble and sharp discourse be marred,
Unkindness blunts it, more than marble hard.
Do their gay vestments his affections bait?
That's not my fault; he's master of my state.
What ruins are in me, that can be found
By him not ruined? Then is he the ground
Of my defeatures. My decayed fair
A sunny look of his would soon repair.
But, too unruly deer, he breaks the pale,
And feeds from home; poor I am but his stale.

Luc. Self-harming jealousy!—fie, beat it hence.

Adr. Unfeeling fools can with such wrongs dispense.
I know his eye doth homage elsewhere;
Or else, what lets it but he would be here?

Sister, you know he promised me a chain;
 'Would that alone, alone he would detain,
 So he would keep fair quarter with his bed!
 I see, the jewel, best enamelled,
 Will lose his beauty; and though gold 'bides still,
 That others touch, yet often touching will
 Wear gold; and so no man, that hath a name,
 But falsehood and corruption doth it shame.
 Since that my beauty cannot please his eye,
 I'll weep what's left away, and weeping die.

Luc. How many fond fools serve mad jealousy!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The same.*

Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse.

Ant. S. The gold I gave to Dromio is laid up
 Safe at the Centaur; and the heedful slave
 Is wandered forth, in care to seek me out.
 By computation, and mine host's report,
 I could not speak with Dromio, since at first
 I sent him from the mart. See, here he comes.

Enter DROMIO of Syracuse.

How now, sir? is your merry humor altered?
 As you love strokes, so jest with me again.
 You know no Centaur? you received no gold?
 Your mistress sent to have me home to dinner?
 My house was at the Phoenix? Wast thou mad,
 That thus so madly thou didst answer me?

Dro. S. What answer, sir? when spake I such a word?

Ant. S. Even now, even here, not half an hour since.

Dro. S. I did not see you since you sent me hence,
 Hcme to the Centaur, with the gold you gave me.

Ant. S. Villain, thou didst deny the gold's receipt;
 And told'st me of a mistress, and a dinner;
 For which, I hope, thou felt'st I was displeased.

Dro. S. I am glad to see you in this merry vein.
 What means this jest? I pray you, master, tell me.

Ant. S. Yea, dost thou jeer, and flout me in the teeth.
 Think'st thou I jest? Hold, take thou that, and that.

[*Beating him.*

Dro. S. Hold, sir, for God's sake. Now your jest is
 earnest;

Upon what bargain do you give it me?

Ant. S. Because that I familiarly sometimes

Do use you for my fool, and chat with you,
Your sauciness will jest upon my love,
And make a common of my serious hours.
When the sun shines, let foolish gnats make sport,
But creep in crannies when he hides his beams:
If you will jest with me, know my aspect,
And fashion your demeanor to my looks,
Or I will beat this method in your scone.

Dro. S. Sconce, call you it? So you would leave battering, I had rather have it a head. An you use these blows long, I must get a sconce for my head, and insconce it too; or else I shall seek my wit in my shoulders. But, I pray, sir, why am I beaten?

Ant. S. Dost thou not know?

Dro. S. Nothing, sir; but that I am beaten.

Ant. S. Shall I tell you why?

Dro. S. Ay, sir, and wherefore; for, they say, every why hath a wherefore.

Ant. S. Why, first,—for flouting me; and then wherefore,—

For urging it the second time to me.

Dro. S. Was there ever any man thus beaten out of season?

When, in the why, and the wherefore, is neither rhyme nor reason?—

Well, sir, I thank you.

Ant. S. Thank me, sir? for what?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, for this something that you gave me for nothing.

Ant. S. I'll make you amends next, to give you nothing for something. But say, sir, is it dinner-time?

Dro. S. No, sir; I think the meat wants that I have

Ant. S. In good time, sir, what's that?

Dro. S. Basting.

Ant. S. Well, sir, then 'twill be dry.

Dro. S. If it be, sir, I pray you eat none of it.

Ant. S. Your reason?

Dro. S. Lest it make you cholerick, and purchase me another dry basting.

Ant. S. Well, sir, learn to jest in good time. There's a time for all things.

Dro. S. I durst have denied that, before you were so cholerick.

Ant. S. By what rule, sir?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, by a rule as plain as the plain, bald pate of father Time himself.

Ant. S. Let's hear it.

Dro. S. There's no time for a man to recover his hair, that grows bald by nature.

Ant. S. May he not do it by fine and recovery?

Dro. S. Yes, to pay a fine for a periwig, and recover the lost hair of another man.

Ant. S. Why is time such a niggard of hair, being, as it is, so plentiful an excrement?

Dro. S. Because it is a blessing that he bestows on beasts; and what he hath scanted men in hair, he hath given them in wit.

Ant. S. Why, but there's many a man hath more hair than wit.

Dro. S. Not a man of those, but he hath the wit to lose his hair.

Ant. S. Why, thou didst conclude hairy men plain dealers without wit.

Dro. S. The plainer dealer, the sooner lost. Yet he loseth it in a kind of jollity.

Ant. S. For what reason?

Dro. S. For two; and sound ones too.

Ant. S. Nay, not sound, I pray you.

Dro. S. Sure ones, then.

Ant. S. Nay, not sure, in a thing falsing.

Dro. S. Certain ones, then.

Ant. S. Name them.

Dro. S. The one, to save the money that he spends in tiring; the other, that at dinner they should not drop in his porridge.

Ant. S. You would all this time have proved, there is no time for all things.

Dro. S. Marry, and did, sir; namely, e'en no time to recover hair lost by nature.

Ant. S. But your reason was not substantial, why there is no time to recover.

Dro. S. Thus I mend it. Time himself is bald, and therefore, to the world's end, will have bald followers.

Ant. S. I knew 'twould be a bald conclusion. But soft! who wafts us yonder!

Enter ADRIANA and LUCIANA.

Adr. Ay, ay, Antipholus, look strange, and frown;
Some other mistress hath thy sweet aspects;
I am not Adriana, nor thy wife.
The time was once, when thou unurg'd wouldst vow,
That never words were music to thine ear,

That never object pleasing in thine eye,
That never touch well welcome to thy hand,
That never meat sweet-savored in thy taste,
Unless I spake, looked, touched, or carved to thee.
How comes it now, my husband, O, how comes it,
That thou art then estranged from thyself?
Thyself I call it, being strange to me,
That, undividable, incorporate,
Am better than thy dear self's better part.
Ah, do not tear away thyself from me;
For know, my love, as easy mayst thou fall
A drop of water in the breaking gulf,
And take unmingled thence that drop again,
Without addition, or diminishing,
As take from me thyself, and not me too.
How dearly would it touch thee to the quick,
Should'st thou but hear I were licentious!
And that this body, consecrate to thee,
By ruffian lust should be contaminate!
Wouldst thou not spit at me, and spurn at me,
And hurl the name of husband in my face,
And tear the stained skin off my harlot brow,
And from my false hand cut the wedding ring,
And break it with a deep, divorcing vow?
I know thou canst; and therefore, see, thou do it.
I am possessed with an adulterate blot;
My blood is mingled with the crime of lust;
For, if we two be one, and thou play false,
I do digest the poison of thy flesh,
Being strumpeted by thy contagion.
Keep then fair league and truce with thy true bed;
I live disstained, thou undishonored.

Ant. S. Plead you to me, fair dame? I know you not.
In Ephesus I am but two hours old,
As strange unto your town, as to your talk;
Who, every word by all my wit being scanned,
Want wit in all one word to understand.

Luc. Fie, brother! how the world is changed with you!
When were you wont to use my sister thus?
She sent for you by Dromio home to dinner.

Ant. S. By Dromio?

Dro. S. By me?

Adr. By thee; and this thou didst return from him,
That he did buffet thee, and, in his blows,
Denied my house for his, me for his wife.

Ant. S. Did you converse, sir, with this gentlewoman?
What is the course and drift of your compáct?

Dro. S. I, sir? I never saw her till this time.

Ant. S. Villain, thou liest; for even her very words
Didst thou deliver to me on the mart.

Dro. S. I never spake with her in all my life.

Ant. S. How can she thus then call us by our names,
Unless it be by inspiration?

Adr. How ill agrees it with your gravity,
To counterfeit thus grossly with your slave,
Abetting him to thwart me in my mood?
Be it my wrong, you are from me exempt,
But wrong not that wrong with a more contempt.
Come, I will fasten on this sleeve of thine.
Thou art an elm, my husband, I a vine;
Whose weakness, married to thy stronger state,
Makes me with thy strength to communicate.
If aught possess thee from me, it is dross,
Usurping ivy, brier, or idle moss;
Who, all for want of pruning, with intrusion
Infect thy sap, and live on thy confusion.

Ant. S. To me she speaks; she moves me for her theme.
What, was I married to her in my dream?
Or sleep I now, and think I hear all this?
What error drives our eyes and ears amiss?
Until I know this sure uncertainty,
I'll entertain the offered fallacy.

Luc. Dromio, go bid the servants spread for dinner.

Dro. S. O, for my beads! I cross me for a sinner.
This is the fairy land;—O, spite of spite!—
We talk with goblins, owls, and elvish sprites:
If we obey them not, this will ensue,
They'll suck our breath, or pinch us black and blue.

Luc. Why prat'st thou to thyself, and answerest not?
Dromio, thou drone, thou snail, thou slug, thou sot!

Dro. S. I am transformed, master, am not I?

Ant. S. I think thou art, in mind, and so am I.

Dro. S. Nay, master, both in mind, and in my shape.

Ant. S. Thou hast thine own form.

Dro. S. No, I am an ape.

Luc. If thou art changed to aught, 'tis to an ass.

Dro. S. 'Tis true; she rides me, and I long for grass.
'Tis so, I am an ass; else it could never be,
But I should know her as well as she knows me.

Adr. Come, come, no longer will I be a fool,
To put the finger in the eye and weep,

Whilst man, and master, laugh my woes to scorn.—
 Come, sir, to dinner; Dromio, keep the gate.—
 Husband, I'll dine above with you to-day,
 And shrive you of a thousand idle pranks.
 Sirrah, if any ask you for your master,
 Say, he dines forth, and let no creature enter.—
 Come, sister.—Dromio, play the porter well.

Ant. S. Am I in earth, in heaven, or in hell?
 Sleeping or waking? mad, or well advised? *my mind*
 Known unto these, and to myself disguised!
 I'll say as they say, and perséver so,
 And in this mist at all adventures go.

Dro. S. Master, shall I be porter at the gate?

Adr. Ay; and let none enter, lest I break your pate

Luc. Come, come, Antipholus, we dine too late.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. *The same.*

Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus, DROMIO of Ephesus, ANGELO, and BALTHAZAR.

Ant. E. Good seignior Angelo, you must excuse us all;
 My wife is shrewish when I keep not hours.
 Say, that I lingered with you at your shop,
 To see the making of her carcanet,
 And that to-morrow you will bring it home.
 But here's a villain, that would face me down,
 He met me on the mart; and that I beat him,
 And charged him with a thousand marks in gold;
 And that I did deny my wife and house.—
 Thou drunkard, thou, what didst thou mean by this?

Dro. E. Say what you will, sir, but I know what I know;
 That you beat me at the mart, I have your hand to show.
 If the skin were parchment, and the blows you gave were ink,
 Your own handwriting would tell you what I think.

Ant. E. I think, thou art an ass.

Dro. E. Marry, so it doth appear
 By the wrongs I suffer, and the blows I bear.
 I should kick, being kicked; and, being at that pass,
 You would keep from my heels, and beware of an ass.

Ant. E. You are sad, seignior Balthazar. 'Pray God,
our cheer

May answer my good will, and your good welcome here.

Bal. I hold your dainties cheap, sir, and your welcome dear.

Ant. E. O seignior Balthazar, either at flesh or fish,
A table full of welcome makes scarce one dainty dish.

Bal. Good meat, sir, is common; that every churl affords.

Ant. E. And welcome more common; for that's nothing but words.

Bal. Small cheer, and great welcome, makes a merry feast.

Ant. E. Ay, to a niggardly host, and more sparing guest.
But though my cates be mean, take them in good part;
Better cheer you may have, but not with better heart.
But, soft; my door is locked. Go bid them let us in.

Dro. E. Maud, Bridget, Marian, Cicely, Gillian, Jen'!

Dro. S. [*Within.*] Mome, malt-horse, capon, coxcomb,
idiot, patch!

Either get thee from the door, or sit down at the hatch.
Dost thou conjure for wenches, that thou call'st for such store,

When one is one too many? Go, get thee from the door.

Dro. E. What patch is made our porter? my master stays in the street.

Dro. S. Let him walk from whence he came, lest he catch cold on's feet.

Ant. E. Who talks within there? ho, open the door.

Dro. S. Right, sir, I'll tell you when, an you'll tell me wherefore.

Ant. E. Wherefore? for my dinner; I have not dined to-day.

Dro. S. Nor to-day here you must not; come again, when you may.

Ant. E. What art thou, that keep'st me out from the house I owe?

Dro. S. The porter for this time, sir, and my name is Dromio.

Dro. E. O villain, thou hast stolen both mine office and my name;

The one ne'er got me credit, the other mickle blame.

If thou hadst been Dromio to-day in my place,

Thou wouldst have changed thy face for a name, or thy name for an ass.

Luce. [*Within.*] What a coil is there? Dromio, who are those at the gate?

Dro. E. Let my master in, Luce.

Luce. 'Faith, no; he comes too late.
And so tell your master.

Dro. E. O Lord, I must laugh.—
Have at you with a proverb.—Shall I set in my staff?

Luce. Have at you with another; that's,—When? can
you tell?

Dro. S. If thy name be called Luce, Luce, thou hast
answered him well.

Ant. E. Do you hear, you minion? You'll let us in, I
hope?

Luce. I thought to have asked you.

Dro. S. And you said, no.

Dro. E. So, come, help; well struck; there was blow
for blow.

Ant. E. Thou baggage, let me in.

Luce. Can you tell for whose sake?

Dro. E. Master, knock the door hard.

Luce. Let him knock till it ache.

Ant. E. You'll cry for this, minion, if I beat the door
down.

Luce. What needs all that, and a pair of stocks in the
town?

Adr. [*Within.*] Who is that at the door, that keeps all
this noise?

Dro. S. By my troth, your town is troubled with unruly
boys.

Ant. E. Are you there, wife? you might have come
before.

Adr. Your wife, sir knave! go, get you from the door.

Dro. E. If you went in pain, master, this knave would
go sore.

Ang. Here is neither cheer, sir, nor welcome; we would
fain have either.

Bal. In debating which was best, we shall part with
neither.

Dro. E. They stand at the door, master; bid them
welcome hither.

Ant. E. There is something in the wind, that we cannot
get in.

Dro. E. You would say so, master, if your garments
were thin.

Your cake here is warm within; you stand here in the cold.
It would make a man mad as a buck, to be so bought and
sold.

Ant. E. Go, fetch me something, I'll break ope the gate.

Dro. S. Break any breaking here, and I'll break your knave's pate.

Dro. E. A man may break a word with you, sir; and words are but wind;

Ay, and break it in your face, so he break it not behind.

Dro. S. It seems thou wantest breaking. Out upon thee, hind!

Dro. E. Here is too much, out upon thee! I pray thee, let me in.

Dro. S. Ay, when fowls have no feathers, and fish have no fin.

Ant. E. Well, I'll break in. Go borrow me a crow.

Dro. E. A crow without feather; master, mean you so? For a fish without a fin, there's a fowl without a feather. If a crow help us in, sirrah, we'll pluck a crow together.

Ant. E. Go, get thee gone; fetch me an iron crow.

Bal. Have patience, sir. O, let it not be so; Herein you war against your reputation, And draw within the compass of suspect The unviolated honor of your wife. Once this; your long experience of her wisdom, Her sober virtue, years, and modesty, Plead on her part some cause to you unknown; And doubt not, sir, but she will well excuse Why at this time the doors are made against you. Be ruled by me; depart in patience, And let us to the Tiger all to dinner; And, about evening, come yourself alone To know the reason of this strange restraint. If by strong hand you offer to break in, Now in the stirring passage of the day, A vulgar comment will be made of it; And that supposed by the common rout Against your yet ungalled estimation, That may with foul intrusion enter in, And dwell upon your grave when you are dead. For slander lives upon succession; Forever housed, where it gets possession.

Ant. E. You have prevailed; I will depart in quiet, And, in despite of mirth, mean to be merry. I know a wench of excellent discourse,— Pretty and witty; wild, and yet, too, gentle.— There will we dine: this woman that I mean, My wife, (but, I protest, without desert,) Hath oftentimes upbraided me withal; To her will we to dinner.—Get you home,

And fetch the chain; by this, I know, 'tis made.
Bring it, I pray you, to the Porcupine;
For there's the house; that chain will I bestow
(Be it for nothing but to spite my wife)
Upon mine hostess there. Good sir, make haste:
Since mine own doors refuse to entertain me,
I'll knock elsewhere, to see if they'll disdain me.

Ang. I'll meet you at that place, some hour hence.

Ant. E. Do so; this jest shall cost me some expense
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The same.*

Enter LUCIANA, and ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse.

Luc. And may it be that you have quite forgot
A husband's office? Shall Antipholus' hate
Even in the spring of love, thy love-springs rot?
Shall love, in building, grow so rinate?
If you did wed my sister for her wealth,
Then, for her wealth's sake, use her with more kindness;
Or, if you like elsewhere, do it by stealth;
Muffle your false love with some show of blindness;
Let not my sister read it in your eye;
Be not thy tongue thy own shame's orator;
Look sweet, speak fair, become disloyalty;
Apparel vice like virtue's harbinger;
Bear a fair presence, though your heart be tainted;
Teach sin the carriage of a holy saint;
Be secret-false; what need she be acquainted?
What simple thief brags of his own attain?
'Tis double wrong, to truant with your bed,
And let her read it in thy looks at board.
Shame hath a bastard fame, well managed;
Ill deeds are doubled with an evil word.
Alas, poor women! make us but believe,
Being compact of credit, that you love us;
Though others have the arm, show us the sleeve;
We in your motion turn, and you may move us
Then, gentle brother, get you in again;
Comfort my sister, cheer her; call her wife;
'Tis holy sport to be a little vain,
When the sweet breath of flattery conquers strife.
Ant. S. Sweet mistress, (what your name is else,
know not,
Nor by what wonder you do hit on mine,)

Less, in your knowledge and your grace, you show not,
 Than our earth's wonder; more than earth divine.
 Teach me, dear creature, how to think and speak;

Lay open to my earthly, gross conceit, *— crude*
 Smothered in errors, feeble, shallow, weak,
 The folded meaning of your words' deceit.

Against my soul's pure truth why labor you,
 To make it wander in an unknown field?

Are you a god? would you create me new?

Transform me, then, and to your power I'll yield.

But if that I am I, then well I know,

Your weeping sister is no wife of mine,
 Nor to her bed no homage do I owe;

Far more, far more to you do I decline.

O, train me not, sweet mermaid, with thy note,

To drown me in thy sister's flood of tears;

Sing, siren, for thyself, and I will dote.

Spread o'er the silver waves thy golden hairs,
 And as a bed I'll take thee, and there lie;

And, in that glorious supposition, think

He gains by death, that hath such means to die.—

Let love, being light, be drowned if she sink!

Luc. What, are you mad, that you do reason so?

Ant. S. Not mad, but mated; how, I do not know.

Luc. It is a fault that springeth from your eye.

Ant. S. For gazing on your beams, fair sun, being by.

Luc. Gaze where you should, and that will clear your
 sight. *— better eye cleared*

Ant. S. As good to wink, sweet love, as look on night.

Luc. Why call you me love? call my sister so.

Ant. S. Thy sister's sister.

Luc. That's my sister.

Ant. S. No;

It is thyself, mine own self's better part;
 Mine eye's clear eye, my dear heart's dearer heart;
 My food, my fortune, and my sweet hope's aim;
 My sole earth's heaven, and my heaven's claim.

Luc. All this my sister is, or else should be.

Ant. S. Call thyself sister, sweet, for I aim thee.

Thee will I love, and with thee lead my life;

Thou hast no husband yet, nor I no wife.

Give me thy hand.

Luc. O, soft, sir, hold you still;

I'll fetch my sister, to get her good will. *[Exit Luc.]*

Enter from the House of ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus, DROMIO of Syracuse.

Ant. S. Why, how now, Dromio? where run'st thou so fast?

Dro. S. Do you know me, sir? am I Dromio? am I your man? am I myself?

Ant. S. Thou art Dromio; thou art my man; thou art thyself.

Dro. S. I am an ass; I am a woman's man, and besides myself.

Ant. S. What woman's man? and how besides thyself?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, besides myself, I am due to a woman; one that claims me, one that haunts me, one that will have me.

Ant. S. What claim lays she to thee?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, such claim as you would lay to your horse; and she would have me as a beast; not that, I being a beast, she would have me; but that she, being a very beastly creature, lays claim to me.

Ant. S. What is she?

Dro. S. A very reverend body; ay, such a one as a man may not speak of, without he say, sir-reverence. I have but lean luck in the match, and yet she is a wondrous fat marriage.

Ant. S. How dost thou mean, a fat marriage?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, she's the kitchen wench, and all grease: and I know not what use to put her to, but to make a lamp of her, and run from her by her own light. I warrant, her rags, and the tallow in them, will burn a Poland winter. If she lives till doomsday, she'll burn a week longer than the whole world.

Ant. S. What complexion is she of?

Dro. S. Swart, like my shoe, but her face, nothing like so clean kept. For why? she sweats, a man may go over shoes in the grime of it.

Ant. S. That's a fault that water will mend.

Dro. S. No, sir, 'tis in grain; Noah's flood could not do it.

Ant. S. What's her name?

Dro. S. Nell, sir; — but her name and three quarters, that is, an ell and three quarters, will not measure her from hip to hip.

Ant. S. Then she bears some breadth?

Dro. S. No longer from head to foot, than from hip to hip; she is spherical, like a globe; I could find out countries in her.

Ant. S. In what part of her body stands Ireland?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, in her buttocks; I found it out by the bogs.

Ant. S. Where Scotland?

Dro. S. I found it by the barrenness; hard, in the palm of the hand.

Ant. S. Where France?

Dro. S. In her forehead; armed and reverted, making war against her heir.

Ant. S. Where England?

Dro. S. I looked for the chalky cliffs, but I could find no whiteness in them; but I guess, it stood in her chin, by the salt rheum that ran between France and it.

Ant. S. Where Spain?

Dro. S. 'Faith, I saw it not; but I felt it hot in her breath.

Ant. S. Where America, the Indies?

Dro. S. O, sir, upon her nose, all o'er embellished with rubies, carbuncles, sapphires, declining their rich aspect to the hot breath of Spain; who sent whole armadas of car-racks to be ballast at her nose.

Ant. S. Where stood Belgia, the Netherlands?

Dro. S. O, sir, I did not look so low. To conclude, this drudge, or diviner, laid claim to me; called me Dromio; swore I was assured to her; told me what privy marks I had about me, as the mark of my shoulder, the mole in my neck, the great wart on my left arm, that I, amazed, ran from her as a witch; and, I think, if my breast had not been made of faith, and my heart of steel, she had transformed me to a curtail-dog, and made me turn i' the wheel.

Ant. S. Go, hie thee presently, ^{instantly} post to the road; And if the wind blow any way from shore, I will not harbor in this town to-night.

If any bark put forth, come to the mart,
Where I will walk, till thou return to me.

If every one knows us, and we know none,
'Tis time, I think, to trudge, pack, and be gone.

Dro. S. As from a bear a man would run for life,
So fly I from her that would be my wife. [Exit.]

Ant. S. There's none but witches do inhabit here;
And therefore 'tis high time that I were hence.
She that doth call me husband, even my soul
Doth for a wife abhor; but her fair sister,
Possessed with such a gentle, sovereign grace,
Of such enchanting presence and discourse,
Hath almost made me traitor to myself;

But, lest myself be guilty to self-wrong,
I'll stop my ears against the mermaid's song.

Enter ANGELO. *omit singer*

Ang. Master Antipholus?

Ant. S. Ay, that's my name.

Ang. I know it well, sir. Lo, here is the chain;
I thought to have ta'en you at the Porcupine.
The chain unfinished made me stay thus long.

Ant. S. What is your will, that I shall do with this?

Ang. What please yourself, sir; I have made it for you.

Ant. S. Made it for me, sir! I bespoke it not.

Ang. Not once nor twice, but twenty times you have.
Go home with it, and please your wife withal;
And soon at supper-time I'll visit you,
And then receive my money for the chain.

Ant. S. I pray you, sir, receive the money now,
For fear you ne'er see chain, nor money, more.

Ang. You are a merry man, sir; fare you well. [*Exit.*]

Ant. S. What I should think of this, I cannot tell;
But this I think, there's no man is so vain,
That would refuse so fair an offered chain.
I see, a man here needs not live by shifts,
When in the streets he meets such golden gifts.
I'll to the mart, and there for Dromio stay;
If any ship put out, then straight away. [*Exit.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *The same.*

Enter a Merchant, ANGELO, and an Officer.

Mer. You know, since Pentecost the sum is due,
And since I have not much importuned you;
Nor now I had not, but that I am bound
To Persia, and want gilders for my voyage.
Therefore make present satisfaction,
Or I'll attach you by this officer.

Ang. Even just the sum that I do owe to you,
Is growing to me by Antipholus.
And in the instant that I met with you,
He had of me a chain; at five o'clock,

I shall receive the money for the same.
 Pleaseth you walk with me down to his house,
 I will discharge my bond, and thank you too.

*Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus, and DROMIO of Ephesus,
 from the Courtesan's.*

Off. That labor may you save; see where he comes.

Ant. E. While I go to the goldsmith's house, go thou
 And buy a rope's end; that will I bestow
 Among my wife and her confederates,
 For locking me out of my doors by day.—
 But soft, I see the goldsmith.—Get thee gone;
 Buy thou a rope, and bring it home to me.

Dro. E. I buy a thousand pound a year! I buy a rope!
[Exit DROMIO.]

Ant. E. A man is well help up, that trusts to you.
 I promised your presence, and the chain;
 But neither chain nor goldsmith came to me.
 Belike, you thought our love would last too long,
 If it were chained together; and therefore came not.

Ang. Saving your merry humor, here's the note,
 How much your chain weighs to the utmost carat;
 The fineness of the gold, and chargeful fashion;
 Which doth amount to three odd ducats more
 Than I stand debted to this gentleman;
 I pray you, see him presently discharged,
 For he is bound to sea, and stays but for it.

Ant. E. I am not furnished with the present money;
 Besides, I have some business in the town.
 Good seignior, take the stranger to my house,
 And with you take the chain, and bid my wife
 Disburse the sum on the receipt thereof;
 Perchance, I will be there as soon as you.

Ang. Then you will bring the chain to her yourself?

Ant. E. No! bear it with you, lest I come not time
 enough.

Ang. Well, sir, I will; have you the chain about you?

Ant. E. An if I have not, sir, I hope you have;
 Or else you may return without your money.

Ang. Nay, come, I pray you, sir, give me the chain;
 Both wind and tide stays for this gentleman,
 And I, to blame, have held him here too long.

Ant. E. Good Lord, you use this dalliance to excuse
 Your breach of promise to the Porcupine.
 I should have chid you for not bringing it,
 But, like a shrew, you first begin to brawl.

Mer. The hour steals on; I pray you, sir, despatch.

Ang. You hear how he impórtunes me; the chain—

Ant. E. Why, give it to my wife, and fetch your money.

Ang. Come, come, you know I gave it you even now;
Either send the chain, or send me by some token.

Ant. E. Fie! now you run this humor out of breath.
Come, where's the chain? I pray you let me see it.

Mer. My business cannot brook this dalliance.
Good sir, say whe'r you'll answer me or nō;
If not, I'll leave him to the officer.

Ant. E. I answer you! what should I answer you?

Ang. The money, that you owe me for the chain.

Ant. E. I owe you none, till I receive the chain.

Ang. You know I gave it you half an hour since.

Ant. E. You gave me none; you wrong me much to
say so.

Ang. You wrong me more, sir, in denying it.
Consider, how it stands upon my credit.

Mer. Well, officer, arrest him at my suit.

Off. I do; and charge you in the duke's name to obey me.

Ang. This touches me in reputation.

Either consent to pay this sum for me,
Or I attach you by this officer.

Ant. E. Consent to pay thee that I never had!
Arrest me, foolish fellow, if thou dar'st.

Ang. Here is thy fee; arrest him, officer.
I would not spare my brother in this case,
If he should scorn me so apparently.

Off. I do arrest you, sir; you hear the suit.

Ant. E. I do obey thee, till I give thee bail;
But, sirrah, you shall buy this sport as dear
As all the metal in your shop will answer.

Ang. Sir, sir, I shall have law in Ephesus,
To your notorious shame, I doubt it not.

Enter DROMIO of Syracuse.

Dro. S. Master, there is a bark of Epidamnum,
That stays but till her owner comes aboard,
And then, sir, she bears away. Our fraughtage, sir,
I have conveyed aboard; and I have bought
The oil, the balsamum, and aqua-vitæ.
The ship is in her trim; the merry wind
Blows fair from land; they stay for nought at all,
But for their owner, master, and yourself.

Ant. E. How now! a madman! Why, thou peevish sheep,
What ship of Epidamnum stays for me?

Dro. S. A ship you sent me to, to hire waftage.

Ant. E. Thou drunken slave, I sent thee for a rope,
And told thee to what purpose and what end.

Dro. S. You sent me for a rope's end as soon;
You sent me to the bay, sir, for a bark.

Ant. E. I will debate this matter at more leisure,
And teach your ears to list me with more heed.
To Adriana, villain, hie thee straight;
Give her this key, and tell her, in the desk,
That's covered o'er with Turkish tapestry,
There is a purse of ducats; let her send it.
Tell her I am arrested in the street,
And that shall bail me. Hie thee, slave, be gone.
On, officer, to prison, till it come.

[*Exeunt MER., ANG., Officer, and ANT.*

Dro. S. To Adriana! that is where we dined,
Where Dowsabel did claim me for her husband;
She is too big, I hope, for me to compass.
Thither I must, although against my will,
For servants must their masters' minds fulfil.

[*Exit.*

SCENE II. *The same.*

Enter ADRIANA and LUCIANA.

Adr. Ah, Luciana, did he tempt thee so?

Might'st thou perceive austerely in his eye
That he did plead in earnest, yea or no?

Looked he or red, or pale; or sad, or merrily?
What observation mad'st thou, in this case,
Of his heart's meteors tilting in his face?

Luc. First, he denied you had in him no right.

Adr. He meant, he did me none; the more my
spite.

Luc. Then swore he, that he was a stranger here.

Adr. And true he swore, though yet forsworn he were.

Luc. Then pleaded I for you.

Adr. And what said he?

Luc. That love I begged for you, he begged of me.

Adr. With what persuasion did he tempt thy love?

Luc. With words, that in an honest suit might move.
First, he did praise my beauty; then my speech.

Adr. Did'st speak him fair?

Luc. Have patience, I beseech.

Adr. I cannot, nor I will not, hold me still;
My tongue, though not my heart, shall have his will.

He is deformed, crooked, old, and sere,
Ill-faced, worse-bodied, shapeless everywhere;
Vicious, ungentle, foolish, blunt, unkind;
Stigmatical in making, worse in mind.

Luc. Who would be jealous then of such a one?
No evil lost is wailed when it is gone.

Adr. Ah! but I think him better than I say,
And yet would herein others' eyes were worse.
Far from her nest the lapwing cries away;
My heart prays for him, though my tongue do curse.

Enter DROMIO of Syracuse.

Dro. S. Here, go; the desk, the purse; sweet now, make haste.

Luc. How hast thou lost thy breath?

Dro. S. By running fast.

Adr. Where is thy master, Dromio? Is he well?

Dro. S. No, he's in tartar limbo, worse than hell.
A devil in an everlasting garment hath him;
One, whose hard heart is buttoned up with steel;
A fiend, a fairy, pitiless and rough;
A wolf; nay, worse, a fellow all in buff;
A back-friend, a shoulder-clapper, one that countermands
The passages of alleys, creeks, and narrow lands;
A hound that runs counter, and yet draws dry-foot well;
One that, before the judgment, carries poor souls to hell.

Adr. Why, man, what is the matter?

Dro. S. I do not know the matter; he is 'rested on the case.

Adr. What, is he arrested? tell me at whose suit.

Dro. S. I know not at whose suit he is arrested, well;
But is in a suit of buff, which 'rested him; that can I tell.
Will you send him, mistress, redemption, the money in his desk?

Adr. Go fetch it, sister.—This I wonder at,
[*Exit LUCIANA.*

That he, unknown to me, should be in debt.
Tell me, was he arrested on a band?

Dro. S. Not on a band, but on a stronger thing;
A chain, a chain; do you not hear it ring?

Adr. What, the chain?

Dro. S. No, no, the bell; 'tis time that I were gone.
It was two ere I left him, and now the clock strikes one.

Adr. The hours come back! that did I never hear.

Dro. S. O yes, if any hour meet a sergeant, a' turns back for very fear.

Adr. As if time were in debt! how fondly dost thou reason!

Dro. S. Time is a very bankrupt, and owes more than he's worth to season.

Nay, he's a thief too. Have you not heard men say,
That time comes stealing on by night and day?
If he be in debt, and theft, and a sergeant in the way,
Hath he not reason to turn back an hour in a day?

Enter LUCIANA.

Adr. Go, Dromio; there's the money; bear it straight;
And bring thy master home immediately.—
Come, sister; I am pressed down with conceit; *conceit*
Conceit, my comfort, and my injury. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The same.*

Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse.

Ant. S. There's not a man I meet, but doth salute me
As if I were their well-acquainted friend;
And every one doth call me by my name.
Some tender money to me, some invite me;
Some other give me thanks for kindnesses;
Some offer me commodities to buy.
Even now a tailor called me in his shop,
And showed me silks that he had bought for me,
And, therewithal, took measure of my body.
Sure, these are but imaginary wiles,
And Lapland sorcerers inhabit here.

Enter DROMIO of Syracuse.

Dro. S. Master, here's the gold you sent me for. What, have you got the picture of old Adam new apparelled?

Ant. S. What gold is this? What Adam dost thou mean?

Dro. S. Not that Adam that kept the paradise, but that Adam that keeps the prison; he that goes in the calf's-skin that was killed for the prodigal; he that came behind you, sir, like an evil angel, and bid you forsake your liberty.

Ant. S. I understand thee not.

Dro. S. No? why, 'tis a plain case. He that went like a base-viol, in a case of leather; the man, sir, that, when gentlemen are tired, gives them a fob, and 'rests them; he, sir, that takes pity on decayed men, and gives them suits of durance; he that sets up his rest to do more exploits with his mace than a morris-pike.

Ant. S. What! thou mean'st an officer?

Dro. S. Ay, sir, the sergeant of the band; he that brings any man to answer it, that breaks his band; one that thinks a man always going to bed, and says, *God give you good rest.*

Ant. S. Well, sir, there rest in your foolery. Is there any ship puts forth to-night? May we begone?

Dro. S. Why, sir, I brought you word an hour since, that the bark Expedition put forth to-night; and then were you hindered by the sergeant, to tarry for the hoy Delay. Here are the angels that you sent for, to deliver you.

Ant. S. The fellow is distract, and so am I;
And here we wander in illusions.
Some blessed power deliver us from hence!

Enter a Courtesan.

Cour. Well met, well met, master Antipholus.
I see, sir, you have found the goldsmith now;
Is that the chain you promised me to-day?

Ant. S. Satan, avoid! I charge thee, tempt me not.

Dro. S. Master, is this mistress Satan?

Ant. S. It is the devil.

Dro. S. Nay, she is worse; she is the devil's dam; and here she comes in the habit of a light wench; and thereof comes, that the wenches say, *God damn me*, that's as much as to say, *God make me a light wench*. It is written, they appear to men like angels of light. Light is an effect of fire, and fire will burn; *ergo*, light wenches will burn. Come not near her.

Cour. Your man and you are marvellous merry, sir.
Will you go with me? We'll mend our dinner here.

Dro. S. Master, if you do, expect spoon-meat, or bespeak a long spoon.

Ant. S. Why, Dromio?

Dro. S. Marry, he must have a long spoon, that must eat with the devil.

Ant. S. Avoid then, fiend! what tell'st thou me of supping?

Thou art, as you are all, a sorceress.

I conjure thee to leave me and be gone.

Cour. Give me the ring of mine you had at dinner,
Or, for my diamond, the chain you promised;
And I'll be gone, sir, and not trouble you.

Dro. S. Some devils ask but the parings of one's nail,
A rush, a hair, a drop of blood, a pin,
A nut, a cherry-stone; but she, more covetous,
Would have a chain.

Exit Courtesan

Master, be wise; an if you give it her,
The devil will shake her chain, and fright us with it.

Cour. I pray you, sir, my ring, or else the chain;
I hope you do not mean to cheat me so.

Ant. S. Avaunt, thou witch! Come, Dromio, let us go.

Dro. S. Fly pride, says the peacock. Mistress, that you
know. [*Exeunt ANT. and Dro.*]

Cour. Now, out of doubt, Antipholus is mad;
Else would he never so demean himself.

A ring he hath of mine worth forty ducats,

And for the same he promised me a chain;

Both one, and other, he denies me now.

The reason that I gather he is mad,

(Besides this present instance of his rage,)

Is a mad tale, he told to-day at dinner,

Of his own doors being shut against his entrance.

Belike, his wife, acquainted with his fits,

On purpose shut the doors against his way.

My way is now to hie home to his house,

And tell his wife, that, being lunatic,

He rushed into my house, and took perforce

My ring away. This course I fittest choose;

For forty ducats is too much to lose.

[*Exit*]

SCENE IV. *The same.*

Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus, and an Officer.

Ant. E. Fear me not, man; I will not break away
I'll give thee, ere I leave thee, so much money

To warrant thee, as I am 'rested for.

My wife is in a wayward mood to-day,

And will not lightly trust the messenger,

That I should be attached in Ephesus.

I tell you, 'twill sound harshly in her ears.—

Enter DROMIO of Ephesus, with a rope's end.

Here comes my man; I think he brings the money.

How now, sir? have you that I sent you for?

Dro. E. Here's that, I warrant you, will pay them all.

Ant. E. But where's the money?

Dro. E. Why, sir, I gave the money for the rope.

Ant. E. Five hundred ducats, villain, for a rope?

Dro. E. I'll serve you, sir, five hundred at the rate.

Ant. E. To what end did I bid thee hie thee home?

Dro. E. To a rope's end, sir; and to that end am I
returned.

Ant. E. And to that end, sir, I will welcome you.

[*Beating him.*]

Off. Good sir, be patient.

Dro. E. Nay, 'tis for me to be patient; I am in adversity.

Off. Good now, hold thy tongue.

Dro. E. Nay, rather persuade him to hold his hands.

Ant. E. Thou whoreson, senseless villain!

Dro. E. I would I were senseless, sir, that I might not feel your blows.

Ant. E. Thou art sensible in nothing but blows, and so is an ass.

Dro. E. I am an ass indeed; you may prove it by my long ears. I have served him from the hour of my nativity to this instant, and have nothing at his hands for my service, but blows. When I am cold, he heats me with beating; when I am warm, he cools me with beating; I am waked with it, when I sleep; raised with it, when I sit; driven out of doors with it, when I go from home; welcomed home with it, when I return. Nay, I bear it on my shoulders, as a beggar wont her brat; and, I think, when he hath lamed me, I shall beg with it from door to door.

Enter ADRIANA, LUCIANA, and the Courtesan, with PINCH, and others.

Ant. E. Come, go along; my wife is coming yonder.

Dro. E. Mistress, *respice finem*, respect your end; or rather the prophecy, like the parrot, *Beware the rope's end*.

Ant. E. Wilt thou still talk? [Beats him.]

Cour. How say you now? is not your husband mad?

Adr. His incivility confirms no less.—

Good doctor Pinch, you are a conjurer;

Establish him in his true sense again,

And I will please you what you will demand.

Luc. Alas, how fiery and how sharp he looks!

Cour. Mark, how he trembles in his ecstasy!

Pinch. Give me your hand, and let me feel your pulse.

Ant. E. There is my hand, and let it feel your ear.

Pinch. I charge thee, Satan, housed within this man,
To yield possession to my holy prayers,
And to thy state of darkness hie thee straight;
I conjure thee by all the saints in heaven.

Ant. E. Peace, doting wizzard, peace; I am not mad.

Adr. O that thou wert not, poor distressed soul!

Ant. E. You minion, you, are these your customers?
Did this companion with a saffron face
Revel and feast it at my house to-day,

Whilst upon me the guilty doors were shut,
And I denied to enter in my house?

Adr. O husband, God doth know you dined at home,
Where 'would you had remained until this time,
Free from these slanders, and this open shame!

Ant. E. Dined at home! Thou villain, what say'st thou!

Dro. E. Sir, sooth to say, you did not dine at home.

Ant. E. Were not my doors locked up, and I shut out?

Dro. E. (Perdy, your doors were locked, and you shut
out.

Ant. E. And did not she herself revile me there?

Dro. E. Sans fable, she herself reviled you there.

Ant. E. Did not her kitchen maid rail, taunt, and scorn
me?

Dro. E. Certes, she did; the kitchen-vestal scorned you

Ant. E. And did not I in rage depart from thence?

Dro. E. In verity you did; — my bones bear witness,
That since have felt the vigor of his rage.

Adr. Is't good to soothe him in these contraries?

Pinch. It is no shame; the fellow finds his vein,
And, yielding to him, humors well his frenzy.

Ant. E. Thou hast suborned the goldsmith to arrest me.

Adr. Alas, I sent you money to redeem you,
By Dromio here, who came in haste for it.

Dro. E. Money by me! Heart and good-will you might,
But, surely, master, not a rag of money.

Ant. E. Went'st not thou to her for a purse of ducats?

Adr. He came to me, and I delivered it.

Luc. And I am witness with her, that she did.

Dro. E. God and the rope-maker bear me witness,
That I was sent for nothing but a rope!

Pinch. Mistress, both man and master is possessed;
I know it by their pale and deadly looks.
They must be bound, and laid in some dark room.

Ant. E. Say, wherefore didst thou lock me forth to-day,
And why dost thou deny the bag of gold?

Adr. I did not, gentle husband, lock thee forth.

Dro. E. And, gentle master, I received no gold;
But I confess, sir, that we were locked out.

Adr. (Dissembling villain, thou speak'st false in both.

Ant. E. Dissembling harlot, thou art false in all;
And art confederate with a damned pack,
To make a loathsome, abject scorn of me;
But with these nails I'll pluck out these false eyes,
That would behold in me this shameful sport.

[PINCH and his Assistants bind ANT. and DRO.

Adr. O, bind him, bind him; let him not come near me.

Pinch. More company;—the fiend is strong within him.

Luc. Ah me, poor man, how pale and wan he looks!

Ant. E. What, will you murder me? Thou jailer, thou,
I am a prisoner; wilt thou suffer them
To make a rescue?

Off. Masters, let him go;
He is my prisoner, and you shall not have him.

Pinch. Go, bind this man, for he is frantic too.

Adr. What wilt thou do, thou peevish officer?
Hast thou delight to see a wretched man
Do outrage and displeasure to himself?

Off. He is my prisoner; if I let him go,
The debt he owes will be required of me.

Adr. I will discharge thee, ere I go from thee;
Bear me forthwith unto his creditor,
And, knowing how the debt grows, I will pay it.
Good master doctor, see him safe conveyed
Home to my house.—O most unhappy day!

Ant. E. O most unhappy strumpet!

Dro. E. Master, I am here entered in bond for you.

Ant. E. Out on thee, villain! Wherefore dost thou
mad me?

Dro. E. Will you be bound for nothing? Be mad,
Good master; cry, the devil.—

Luc. God help, poor souls, how idly do they talk!

Adr. Go, bear him hence.—Sister, go you with me.—

[*Exeunt PINCH and Assistants, with ANT. and DRO.*
Say now, whose suit is he arrested at?

Off. One Angelo, a goldsmith. Do you know him?

Adr. I know the man. What is the sum he owes?

Off. Two hundred ducats.

Adr. Say, how grows it due?

Off. Due for a chain your husband had of him.

Adr. He did bespeak a chain for me, but had it not.

Cour. When as your husband, all in rage, to-day
Came to my house, and took away my ring,
(The ring I saw upon his finger now,)
Straight after, did I meet him with a chain.

Adr. It may be so, but I did never see it.—
Come, jailer, bring me where the goldsmith is;
I long to know the truth hereof at large.

*Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse, with his rapier drawn,
and DROMIO of Syracuse.*

Luc. God, for thy mercy! they are loose again.

Adr. And come with naked swords; let's call more help,
To have them bound again.

Off. Away, they'll kill us.

[*Exeunt* Officer, *ADR.*, and *LUC.*]

Ant. S. I see these witches are afraid of swords.

Dro. S. She, that would be your wife, now ran from you.

Ant. S. Come to the Centaur; fetch our stuff from thence.
I long that we were safe and sound aboard.

Dro. S. Faith, stay here this night; they will surely do
us no harm; you saw, they speak us fair, give us gold.
Methinks they are such a gentle nation, that but for the
mountain of mad flesh that claims marriage of me, I could
find in my heart to stay here still, and turn witch.

Ant. S. I will not stay to-night for all the town;
Therefore away, to get our stuff aboard. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I. *The same.*

Enter Merchant *and* ANGELO.

Ang. I am sorry, sir, that I have hindered you;
But, I protest, he had the chain of me,
Though most dishonestly he doth deny it.

Mer. How is the man esteemed here in the city?

Ang. Of very reverend reputation, sir,
Of credit infinite, highly beloved,
Second to none that lives here in the city;
His word might bear my wealth at any time.

Mer. Speak softly; yonder, as I think, he walks.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS *and* DROMIO *of* Syracuse.

Ang. 'Tis so; and that self chain about his neck,
Which he forswore, most monstrously, to have.
Good sir, draw near to me; I'll speak to him.
Seignior Antipholus, I wonder much
That you would put me to this shame and trouble;
And not without some scandal to yourself,
With circumstance, and oaths, so to deny
This chain, which now you wear so openly.
Besides the charge, the shame, imprisonment,
You have done wrong to this my honest friend;

Who, but for staying on our controversy,
Had hoisted sail, and put to sea to-day.

This chain you had of me; can you deny it?

Ant. S. I think I had; I never did deny it.

Mer. Ycs, that you did, sir; and forswore it too.

Ant. S. Who heard me to deny it, or forswear it?

Mer. These ears of mine, thou know'st, did hear thee.

Fie on thee, wretch! 'tis pity, that thou liv'st
To walk where any honest men resort.

Ant. S. Thou art a villain to impeach me thus.

I'll prove mine honor and mine honesty
Against thee presently, if thou dar'st stand.

Mer. I dare, and do defy thee for a villain.

[*They draw.*]

Enter ADRIANA, LUCIANA, Courtesan, and others.

Adr. Hold; hurt him not, for God's sake; he is mad;—
Some get within him, take his sword away;
Bind Dromio too, and bear them to my house.

Dro. S. Run, master, run; for God's sake, take a house.
This is some priory;—in, or we are spoiled.

[*Exeunt* ANTIPH. and DRO. to the priory.

Enter the Abbess.

Abb. Be quiet, people; wherefore throng you hither?

Adr. To fetch my poor distracted husband hence.

Let us come in, that we may bind him fast,
And bear him home for his recovery.

Ang. I knew he was not in his perfect wits.

Mer. I am sorry now, that I did draw on him.

Abb. How long hath this possession held the man?

Adr. This week he hath been heavy, sour, sad,
And much different from the man he was;
But, till this afternoon, his passion
Ne'er brake into extremity of rage.

Abb. Hath he not lost much wealth by wreck of sea?
Buried some dear friend? Hath not else his eye
Strayed his affection in unlawful love?

A sin prevailing much in youthful men,
Who give their eyes the liberty of gazing.

Which of these sorrows is he subject to?

Adr. To none of these, except it be the last,
Namely, some love, that drew him oft from home.

Abb. You should for that have reprehended him.

Adr. Why, so I did.

Abb. Ay, but not rough enough.

Adr. As roughly as my modesty would let me.

Abb. Haply, in private.

Adr. And in assemblies too.

Abb. Ay, but not enough.

Adr. It was the copy of our conference.

In bed, he slept not for my urging it;

At board, he fed not for my urging it;

Alone, it was the subject of my theme;

In company, I often glanced it;

Still did I tell him it was vile and bad.

Abb. And thereof came it, that the man was mad.

The venom clamors of a jealous woman

Poison more deadly than a mad dog's tooth.

It seems his sleeps were hindered by thy railing;

And thereof comes it that his head is light.

Thou say'st his meat was sauced with thy upbraidings;

Unquiet meals make ill digestions,

Thereof the raging fire of fever bred;

And what's a fever but a fit of madness?

Thou say'st his sports were hindered by thy brawls;

Sweet recreation barred, what doth ensue,

But moody and dull melancholy,

(Kinsman to grim and comfortless despair,)

And, at her heels, a huge infectious troop

Of pale distemperatures, and foes to life?

In food, in sport, and life-preserving rest,

To be disturbed, would mad or man or beast;

The consequence is, then, thy jealous fits

Have scared thy husband from the use of wits.

Luc. She never reprehended him but mildly,

When he demeaned himself rough, rude, and wildly.

Why bear you these rebukes, and answer not?

Adr. She did betray me to my own reproof.—

Good people, enter, and lay hold on him.

Abb. No, not a creature enters in my house.

Adr. Then, let your servants bring my husband forth.

Abb. Neither; he took this place for sanctuary,

And it shall privilege him from your hands,

Till I have brought him to his wits again,

Or lose my labor in assaying it.

Adr. I will attend my husband, be his nurse,

Diet his sickness, for it is my office,

And will have no attorney but myself;

And therefore let me have him home with me.

Abb. Be patient; for I will not let him stir,

Till I have used the approved means I have,

With wholesome sirups, drugs, and holy prayers,
To make of him a formal man again.

It is a branch and parcel of mine oath,
A charitable duty of my order;
Therefore depart, and leave him here with me.

Adr. I will not hence, and leave my husband here;
And ill it doth beseem your holiness,
To separate the husband and the wife

Abb. Be quiet, and depart; thou shalt not have him.
[*Exit Abbess.*

Luc. Complain to the duke of this indignity.

Adr. Come, go; I will fall prostrate at his feet,
And never rise until my tears and prayers
Have won his grace to come in person hither,
And take perforce my husband from the abbess.

Mer. By this, I think, the dial points at five.
Anon, I am sure, the duke himself in person
Comes this way to the melancholy vale;
The place of death and sorry execution,
Behind the ditches of the abbey here.

Ang. Upon what cause?

Mer. To see a reverend Syracusan merchant,
Who put unluckily into this bay
Against the laws and statutes of this town,
Behheaded publicly for his offence.

Ang. See, where they come; we will behold his death.

Luc. Kneel to the duke, before he pass the abbey.

*Enter Duke, attended; ÆGEON, bareheaded; with the
Headsman and other Officers.*

Duke. Yet once again proclaim it publicly,
If any friend will pay the sum for him,
He shall not die; so much we tender him.

Adr. Justice, most sacred duke, against the abbess!

Duke. She is a virtuous and a reverend lady;
It cannot be, that she hath done thee wrong.

Adr. May it please your grace, Antipholus, my husband,--
Whom I made lord of me and all I had,
At your important letters,—this ill day
A most outrageous fit of madness took him;
That desperately he hurried through the street,
(With him his bondman, all as mad as he,)
Doing displeasure to the citizens
By rushing in their houses, bearing thence
Rings, jewels, any thing his rage did like.
Once did I get him bound, and sent him home,

Whilst to take order for the wrongs I went,
That here and there his fury had committed.
Anon, I wot not by what strong escape,
He broke from those that had the guard of him;
And with his mad attendant and himself,
Each one with ireful passion, with drawn swords,
Met us again, and, madly bent on us,
Chased us away; till, raising of more aid,
We came again to bind them: then they fled
Into this abbey, whither we pursued them;
And here the abbess shuts the gates on us,
And will not suffer us to fetch him out,
Nor send him forth, that we may bear him hence.
Therefore, most gracious duke, with thy command,
Let him be brought forth, and borne hence for help.

Duke. Long since, thy husband served me in my wars;
And I to thee engaged a prince's word,
When thou didst make him master of thy bed,
To do him all the grace and good I could.—
Go, some of you, knock at the abbey-gate,
And bid the lady abbess come to me;
I will determine this, before I stir.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. O mistress, mistress, shift and save yourself!
My master and his man are both broke loose,
Beaten the maids a-row, and bound the doctor,
Whose beard they have singed off with brands of fire;
And ever as it blazed they threw on him
Great pails of puddled mire to quench the hair.
My master preaches patience to him, and the while
His man with scissors nicks him like a fool;
And, sure, unless you send some present help,
Between them they will kill the conjurer.

Adr. Peace, fool; thy master and his man are here;
And that is false, thou dost report to us.

Serv. Mistress, upon my life, I tell you true;
I have not breathed almost, since I did see it.
He cries for you, and vows, if he can take you,
To scorch your face, and to disfigure you. [*Cry within.*
Hark, hark, I hear him, mistress; fly, begone.

Duke. Come, stand by me; fear nothing. Guard with
halberds!

Adr. Ah me, it is my husband! Witness you,
That he is borne about invisible.

Even now we housed him in the abbey here;
And now he's there, past thought of human reason.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS and DROMIO of Ephesus.

Ant. E. Justice, most gracious duke, O, grant me justice.
Even for the service that long since I did thee,
When I bestrid thee in the wars, and took
Deep scars to save thy life; even for the blood
That then I lost for thee, now grant me justice.

Ege. Unless the fear of death doth make me dote,
I see my son Antipholus, and Dromio.

Ant. E. Justice, sweet prince, against that woman there,
She whom thou gav'st to me to be my wife;
That hath abused and dishonored me,
Even in the strength and height of injury!
Beyond imagination is the wrong,
That she this day hath shameless thrown on me.

Duke. Discover how, and thou shalt find me just.

Ant. E. This day, great duke, she shut the doors upon me,
While she with harlots feasted in my house.

Duke. A grievous fault. Say, woman, didst thou so?

Ant. E. No, my good lord; — myself, he, and my sister,
To-day did dine together. So befall my soul,
As this is false he burdens me withal!

Luc. Ne'er may I look on day, nor sleep on night,
But she tells to your highness simple truth!

Ang. O perjured woman! they are both forsworn.
In this the madman justly chargeth them.

Ant. E. My liege, I am advised what I say;
Neither disturbed with the effect of wine,
Nor heady rash, provoked with raging ire,
Albeit, my wrongs might make one wiser mad.
This woman locked me out this day from dinner;
That goldsmith there, were he not packed with her,
Could witness it, for he was with me then;
Who parted with me to go fetch a chain,
Promising to bring it to the Porcupine,
Where Balthazar and I did dine together.
Our dinner done, and he not coming thither,
I went to seek him: in the street I met him;
And in his company, that gentleman.
There did this perjured goldsmith swear me down,
That I this day of him received the chain,
Which, God he knows, I saw not; for the which,
He did arrest me with an officer.
I did obey; and sent my peasant home

For certain ducats; he with none returned.
Then fairly I bespoke the officer,
To go in person with me to my house.
By the way we met
My wife, her sister, and a rabble more
Of vile confederates; along with them
They brought one Pinch; a hungry, lean-faced villain,
A mere anatomy, a mountebank,
A thread-bare juggler, and a fortune-teller;
A needy, hollow-eyed, sharp-looking wretch,
A living dead man. This pernicious slave,
Forsooth, took on him as a conjurer;
And, gazing in mine eyes, feeling my pulse,
And with no face, as 'twere, outfacing me,
Cries out I was possessed. Then altogether
They fell upon me, bound me, bore me thence;
And in a dark and dankish vault at home
There left me and my man, both bound together;
Till gnawing with my teeth my bonds in sunder,
I gained my freedom, and immediately
Ran hither to your grace; whom I beseech
To give me ample satisfaction
For these deep shames and great indignities.

Ang. My lord, in truth, thus far I witness with him,
That he dined not at home, but was locked out.

Duke. But had he such a chain of thee, or no?

Ang. He had, my lord; and when he ran in here,
These people saw the chain about his neck.

Mer. Besides, I will be sworn, these ears of mine
Heard you confess you had the chain of him,
After you first forswore it on the mart;
And thereupon I drew my sword on you;
And then you fled into this abbey here,
From whence, I think, you are come by miracle.

Ant. E. I never came within these abbey walls,
Nor ever didst thou draw thy sword on me.
I never saw the chain, so help me Heaven!
And this is false, you burden me withal.

Duke. Why, what an intricate impeach is this!
I think you all have drunk of Circe's cup.
If here you housed him, here he would have been;
If he were mad, he would not plead so coldly.—
You say, he dined at home; the goldsmith here
Denies that saying.—Sirrah, what say you?

Dro. E. Sir, he dined with her there, at the Porcupine.

Cour. He did; and from my finger snatched that ring.

Ant. E. 'Tis true, my liege, this ring I had of her.

Duke. Saw'st thou him enter at the abbey here?

Cour. As sure, my liege, as I do see your grace.

Duke. Why, this is strange.—Go, call the abbess hither;
I think you are all mated, or stark mad.

[*Exit an Attendant.*]

Æge. Most mighty duke, vouchsafe me speak a word;
Haply I see a friend will save my life,
And pay the sum that may deliver me.

Duke. Speak freely, Syracusan, what thou wilt.

Æge. Is not your name, sir, called Antipholus?
And is not that your bondman Dromio?

Dro. E. Within this hour, I was his bondman, sir,
But he, I thank him, gnawed in two my cords;
Now am I Dromio, and his man, unbound.

Æge. I am sure, you both of you remember me.

Dro. E. Ourselves, we do remember, sir, by you;
For lately we were bound as you are now.
You are not Pinch's patient, are you, sir?

Æge. Why look you strange on me? You know me
well.

Ant. E. I never saw you in my life, till now.

Æge. Oh! grief hath changed me, since you saw me last;
And careful hours, with Time's deformed hand,
Have written strange defeatures in my face:
But tell me yet, dost thou not know my voice?

Ant. E. Neither.

Æge. Dromio, nor thou?

Dro. E. No, trust me, sir, nor I.

Æge. I am sure, thou dost.

Dro. E. Ay, sir? but I am sure, I do not; and whatso-
ever a man denies, you are now bound to believe him.

Æge. Not know my voice! O, time's extremity!
Hast thou so cracked and splitted my poor tongue,
In seven short years, that here my only son
Knows not my feeble key of untuned cares?
Though now this grained face of mine be hid
In sap-consuming winter's drizzled snow,
And all the conduits of my blood froze up,
Yet hath my night of life some memory,
My wasting lamp some fading glimmer left,
My dull, deaf ears a little use to hear;
All these old witnesses (I cannot err)
Tell me, thou art my son Antipholus.

Ant. E. I never saw my father in my life.

Æge. But seven years since, in Syracuse, boy,

Thou know'st, we parted; but perhaps, my son,
Thou sham'st to acknowledge me in misery.

Ant. E. The duke and all that know me in the city,
Can witness with me that it is not so;
I ne'er saw Syracuse in my life.

Duke. I tell thee, Syracusan, twenty years
Have I been patron to Antipholus,
During which time he ne'er saw Syracuse.
I see, thy age and dangers make thee dote.

*Enter the Abbess, with ANTIPHOLUS Syracusan, and
DROMIO Syracusan.*

Abb. Most mighty duke, behold a man much wronged.
[*All gather to see him.*]

Adr. I see two husbands, or mine eyes deceive me.

Duke. One of these men is genius to the other;
And so of these. Which is the natural man,
And which the spirit? Who deciphers them?

Dro. S. I, sir, am Dromio; command him away.

Dro. E. I, sir, am Dromio; pray, let me stay.

Ant. S. Ægeon, art thou not, or else his ghost?

Dro. S. O, my old master! who hath bound him here?

Abb. Whoever bound him, I will loose his bonds,
And gain a husband by his liberty.

Speak, old Ægeon, if thou be'st the man
That hadst a wife once called Æmilia,
That bore thee at a burden two fair sons.
O, if thou be'st the same Ægeon, speak,
And speak unto the same Æmilia!

Æge. If I dream not, thou art Æmilia;
If thou art she, tell me, where is that son
That floated with thee on the fatal raft?

Abb. By men of Epidamnum, he, and I,
And the twin Dromio, all were taken up;
But, by and by, rude fishermen of Corinth
By force took Dromio and my son from them,
And me they left with those of Epidamnum.
What then became of them, I cannot tell;
I, to this fortune that you see me in.

Duke. Why, here begins his morning story right.
These two Antipholuses, these two so alike,
And these two Dromios, one in semblance,—
Besides her urging of her wreck at sea,— *mentions*
These are the parents to these children,
Which accidentally are met together.
Antipholus, thou cam'st from Corinth first.

Ant. S. No, sir, not I; I came from Syracuse.

Duke. Stay, stand apart; I know not which is which.

Ant. E. I came from Corinth, my most gracious lord.

Dro. E. And I with him.

Ant. E. Brought to this town by that most famous warrior
Duke Menaphon, your most renowned uncle.

Adr. Which of you two did dine with me to-day?

Ant. S. I, gentle mistress.

Adr. And are not you my husband?

Ant. E. No, I say nay to that.

Ant. S. And so do I, yet did she call me so:

And this fair gentlewoman, her sister here,
Did call me brother.—What I told you then,
I hope, I shall have leisure to make good;
If this be not a dream I see and hear.

Ang. That is the chain, sir, which you had of me.

Ant. S. I think it be, sir; I deny it not.

Ant. E. And you, sir, for this chain arrested me.

Ang. I think I did, sir; I deny it not.

Adr. I sent you money, sir, to be your bail,
By Dromio; but I think he brought it not.

Dro. E. No, none by me.

Ant. S. This purse of ducats I received from you,
And Dromio my man did bring them me.
I see, we still did meet each other's man, *Ant. S.*
And I was ta'en for him, and he for me,
And thereupon these Errors are arose.

Ant. E. These ducats pawn I for my father here.

Duke. It shall not need; thy father hath his life.

Cour. Sir, I must have that diamond from you.

Ant. E. There, take it; and much thanks for my good
cheer.

Abb Renowned duke, vouchsafe to take the pains
To go with us into the abbey here,
And hear at large discoursed all our fortunes.—
And all that are assembled in this place,
That by this sympathized one day's error
Have suffered wrong, go, keep us company,
And we shall make full satisfaction.—
Twenty-five years have I but gone in travail
Of you, my sons, and till this present hour,
My heavy burden here delivered.
The duke, my husband, and my children both,
And you, the calendars of their nativity,
Go to a gossip's feast, and go with me; *Ant. S.*
After so long grief, such nativity!

Duke. With all my heart, I'll gossip at this feast.

[*Exeunt* Duke, Abbess, ÆGEON, Courtesan, Merchant, ANGELO, and Attendants.

Dro. S. Master, shall I fetch your stuff from shipboard?

Ant. E. Dromio, what stuff of mine hast thou embarked?

Dro. S. Your goods, that lay at host, sir, in the Centaur.

Ant. S. He speaks to me; I am your master, Dromio; Come, go with us; we'll look to that anon.
Embrace thy brother there, rejoice with him.

[*Exeunt* ANT. S. and ANT. E., ADR. and LUC.

Dro. S. There is a fat friend at your master's house,
That kitchened me for you to-day at dinner;
She now shall be my sister, not my wife.

Dro. E. Methinks you are my glass, and not my brother:
I see by you, I am a sweet-faced youth.
Will you walk in to see their gossiping?

Dro. S. Not I, sir; you are my elder.

Dro. E. That's a question; how shall we try it?

Dro. S. We will draw cuts for the senior; till then,
lead thou first.

Dro. E. Nay; then thus;
We came into the world, like brother and brother;
And now let's go hand in hand, not one before another.

[*Exeunt.*

MACBETH.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

DUNCAN, *King of Scotland.*

MALCOLM, }
DONALBAIN, } *his Sons.*

MACBETH, }
BANQUO, } *Generals of the King's army*

✓ MACDUFF, }
LENOX, }
ROSSE, } *Noblemen of Scotland*
MENTETH, }
ANGUS, }
CATHNESS, }

FLEANCE, *Son to Banquo.*

SIWARD, *Earl of Northumberland, General of the English Forces.*

YOUNG SIWARD, *his Son.*

SEYTON, *an Officer attending on Macbeth.*

Son to Macduff.

An English Doctor. A Scotch Doctor.

A Soldier A Porter. An old Man.

LADY MACBETH.

LADY MACDUFF.

Gentlewoman *attending on Lady Macbeth.*

HECATE, and three Witches.

Lords, Gentlemen, Officers, Soldiers, Murderers, Attendants, and Messengers.

The Ghost of Banquo, and several other Apparitions.

SCENE, *in the end of the Fourth Act, lies in England; through the rest of the play, in Scotland; and chiefly at Macbeth's Castle.*

MACBETH.

Play described in two words

ACT I.
mystery & Blood

SCENE I. *An open Place. Thunder and lightning.*

Enter three Witches.

1 *Witch.* WHEN shall we three meet again,
In thunder, lightning, or in rain?

2 *Witch.* When the hurlyburly's done,
When the battle's lost and won.

3 *Witch.* That will be ere set of sun.

1 *Witch.* Where the place?

2 *Witch.* Upon the heath;

3 *Witch.* There to meet with Macbeth.

1 *Witch.* I come, Graymalkin!

All. Paddock calls;—Anon.

Fair is foul, and foul is fair;

Hover through the fog and filthy air. [*Witches vanish.*]

SCENE II. *A Camp near Fores. Alarum within.*

Enter King DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, LENOX, with Attendants, meeting a bleeding Soldier.

Dun. What bloody man is that? He can report,
As seemeth by his plight, of the revolt
The newest state.

Mal. This is the sergeant,
Who, like a good and hardy soldier, fought
'Gainst my captivity.—Hail, brave friend!
Say to the king the knowledge of the broil,
As thou didst leave it.

Sold. Doubtful it stood;
As two spent swimmers, that do cling together,

And choke their art. The merciless Macdonwald
 (Worthy to be a rebel; for to that
 The multiplying villanies of nature
 Do swarm upon him) from the Western Isles
 Of Kernes and Gallowglasses is supplied;
 And Fortune, on his damned quarry smiling,
 Showed like a rebel's whore. But all's too weak;
 For brave Macbeth, (well he deserves that name,)
 Disdaining fortune, with his brandished steel,
 Which smoked with bloody execution,
 Like valor's minion,
 Carved out his passage, till he faced the slave;
 And ne'er shook hands, nor bade farewell to him,
 Till he unseamed him from the nave to the chaps,
 And fixed his head upon our battlements.

Dun. O valiant cousin! worthy gentleman!

Sold. As whence the sun 'gins his reflection
 Shipwrecking storms and direful thunders break;
 So from that spring, whence comfort seemed to come,
 Discomfort swells. Mark, king of Scotland, mark;
 No sooner justice had, with valor armed,
 Compelled these skipping Kernes to trust their heels,
 But the Norway lord, surveying vantage,
 With furbished arms, and new supplies of men,
 Began a fresh assault.

Dun. Dismayed not this
 Our captains, Macbeth and Banquo?

Sold. Yes;
 As sparrows, eagles; or the hare, the lion.
 If I say sooth, I must report, they were
 As cannons overcharged with double cracks;
 So they
 Doubly redoubled strokes upon the foe;
 Except they meant to bathe in reeking wounds,
 Or memorize another Golgotha,
 I cannot tell:—

But I am faint; my gashes cry for help.

Dun. So well thy words become thee, as thy wounds
 They smack of honor both.—Go, get him surgeons.

[*Exit Soldier, attended.*]

Enter ROSSE.

Who comes here?

Mal. The worthythane of Rosse.

Len. What a haste locks through his eyes! So should
 he lock,
 That seems to speak things strange.

Rosse. God save the king!

Dun. Whence cam'st thou, worthythane?

Rosse. From Fife, great king,
Where the Norway banners flout the sky,
And fan our people cold.

Norway himself, with terrible numbers,
Assisted by that most disloyal traitor
Thethane of Cawdor, 'gan a dismal conflict;
Till that Bellona's bridegroom, lapped in proof,
Confronted him with self-comparisons,
Point against point rebellious, arm 'gainst arm,
Curbing his lavish spirit; and, to conclude,
The victory fell on us;—

Dun. Great happiness!

Rosse. That now
Sweno, the Norway's king, craves composition;
Nor would we deign him burial of his men,
Till he disbursed, at Saint Colmes' Inch,
Ten thousand dollars to our general use.

Dun. No more thatthane of Cawdor shall deceive
Our bosom interest.—Go, pronounce his present death,
And with his former title greet Macbeth.

Rosse. I'll see it done.

Dun. What he hath lost, noble Macbeth hath won.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. A Heath. Thunder.

Enter the three Witches.

1 *Witch.* Where hast thou been, sister?

2 *Witch.* Killing swine.

3 *Witch.* Sister, where thou?

1 *Witch.* A sailor's wife had chestnuts in her lap,
And mounched, and mounched, and mounched. Give me,
quoith I;

Aroint thee, witch! the rump-fed ronyon cries.
Her husband's to Aleppo gone, master o' the Tiger;
But in a sieve I'll thither sail,
And, like a rat without a tail,
I'll do, I'll do, and I'll do.

2 *Witch.* I'll give thee a wind.

1 *Witch.* Thou art kind.

3 *Witch.* And I another.

1 *Witch.* I myself have all the other;
And the very ports they blow,
All the quarters that they know

I' the shipman's card.
 I will drain him dry as hay;
 Sleep shall, neither night nor day,
 Hang upon his pent-house lid;
 He shall live a man forbid;
 Weary sev'n-nights, nine times nine,
 Shall he dwindle, peak, and pine;
 Though his bark cannot be lost,
 Yet it shall be tempest-tossed.
 Look what I have.

2 *Witch*. Show me, show me.

1 *Witch*. Here I have a pilot's thumb,
 Wrecked, as homeward he did come. [Drum within.

3 *Witch*. A drum, a drum;
 Macbeth doth come.

All. The weird sisters, hand in hand,
 Posters of the sea and land,
 Thus do go about, about;
 Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,
 And thrice again, to make up nine.
 Peace! — the charm's wound up.

Enter MACBETH and BANQUO.

Macb. So foul and fair a day I have not seen.

Ban. How far is't called to Fores? — What are these,
 So withered, and so wild in their attire;
 That look not like the inhabitants o' the earth,
 And yet are on't? Live you? or are you aught
 That man may question? You seem to understand me,
 By each at once her choppy finger laying
 Upon her skinny lips. — You should be women,
 And yet your beards forbid me to interpret
 That you are so.

Macb. Speak, if you can; — what are you?

1 *Witch*. All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane of Glamis!

2 *Witch*. All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane of Cawdor!

3 *Witch*. All hail, Macbeth! that shalt be king hereafter.

Ban. Good sir, why do you start, and seem to fear
 Things that do sound so fair? — I' the name of truth,
 Are ye fantastical, or that indeed
 Which outwardly ye show? My noble partner
 You greet with present grace, and great prediction
 Of noble having, and of royal hope,
 That he seems rapt withal; to me you speak not.
 If you can look into the seeds of time,
 And say, which grain will grow, and which will not,

Speak then to me, who neither beg, nor fear,
Your favors, nor your hate.

1 *Witch.* Hail!

2 *Witch.* Hail!

3 *Witch.* Hail!

1 *Witch.* Lesser than Macbeth, and greater.

2 *Witch.* Not so happy, yet much happier.

3 *Witch.* Thou shalt get kings, though thou be none;
So, all hail, Macbeth, and Banquo!

1 *Witch.* Banquo, and Macbeth, all hail!

Macb. Stay, you imperfect speakers; tell me more.
By Sinel's death, I know, I am thane of Glamis;
But how of Cawdor? The thane of Cawdor lives,
A prosperous gentleman; and to be king
Stands not within the prospect of belief,
No more than to be Cawdor. Say, from whence
You owe this strange intelligence! or why
Upon this blasted heath you stop our way
With such prophetic greeting?—Speak, I charge you.
[Witches *vanish*.

Ban. The earth hath bubbles, as the water has,
And these are of them.—Whither are they vanished?

Macb. Into the air; and what seemed corporal, melted
As breath into the wind.—'Would they had staid!

Ban. Were such things here, as we do speak about?
Or have we eaten of the insane root,
That takes the reason prisoner?

Macb. Your children shall be kings.

Ban. You shall be king.

Macb. And thane of Cawdor too; went it not so?

Ban. To the self-same tune, and words. Who's here?

Enter ROSSE and ANGUS.

Rosse. The king hath happily received, Macbeth,
The news of thy success; and when he reads
Thy personal venture in the rebels' fight,
His wonders and his praises do contend,
Which should be thine, or his: Silenced with that,
In viewing o'er the rest o' the self-same day,
He finds thee in the stout Norweyan ranks,
Nothing afeard of what thyself didst make,
Strange images of death. As thick as tale,
Came post with post; and every one did bear
Thy praises in his kingdom's great defence,
And poured them down before him.

Ang

We are sent,

To give thee, from our royal master, thanks;
Only to herald thee into his sight, not pay thee.

Rosse. And, for an earnest of a greater honor,
He bade me, from him, call thee thane of Cawdor;
In which addition, hail, most worthy thane!
For it is thine.

Ban. What, can the devil speak true?

Macb. The thane of Cawdor lives. Why do you dress me
In borrowed robes?

Ang. Who was the thane, lives yet;
But under heavy judgment bears that life
Which he deserves to lose. Whether he was combined
With those of Norway, or did line the rebel
With hidden help and vantage; or that with both
He labored in his country's wreck, I know not;
But treasons capital, confessed, and proved,
Have overthrown him.

Macb. Glamis, and thane of Cawdor;
The greatest is behind.—Thanks for your pains.—
Do you not hope your children shall be kings,
When those that gave the thane of Cawdor to me,
Promised no less to them?

Ban. That, trusted home,
Might yet enkindle you unto the crown,
Besides the thane of Cawdor. But 'tis strange!
And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,
The instruments of darkness tell us truths;
Win us with honest trifles, to betray us
In deepest consequence.—
Cousins, a word, I pray you.

Macb. Two truths are told
As happy prologues to the swelling act
Of the imperial theme.—I thank you, gentlemen.—
This supernatural soliciting
Cannot be ill; cannot be good.—If ill,
Why hath it given me earnest of success,
Commencing in a truth? I am thane of Cawdor.
If good, why do I yield to that suggestion
Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair,
And make my seated heart knock at my ribs,
Against the use of nature? Present fears
Are less than horrible imaginings.
My thought, whose murder yet is but fantastical,
Shakes so my single state of man, that function
Is smothered in surmise; and nothing is,
But what is not.

Ban. Look, how our partner's rapt.

Macb. If chance will have me king, why, chance may crown me,

Without my stir.

Ban. New honors come upon him
Like our strange garments; cleave not to their mould,
But with the aid of use.

Macb. Come what come may;
Time and the hour runs through the roughest day.

Ban. Worthy Macbeth, we stay upon your leisure.

Macb. Give me your favor;—my dull brain was wrought
With things forgotten. Kind gentlemen, your pains
Are registered where every day I turn
The leaf to read them.—Let us toward the king.—
Think upon what hath chanced; and, at more times,
The interim having weighed it, let us speak
Our free hearts each to other.

Ban. Very gladly.

Macb. Till then, enough.—Come, friends. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV. *Fores. A Room in the Palace. Flourish.*

Enter DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, LENOX, and Attendants.

Dun. Is execution done on Cawdor? Are not
Those in commission yet returned?

Mal. My liege,
They are not yet come back. But I have spoke
With one that saw him die; who did report,
That very frankly he confessed his treasons;
Implored your highness' pardon; and set forth
A deep repentance. Nothing in his life
Became him, like the leaving it; he died
As one that had been studied in his death,
To throw away the dearest thing he owed,
As 'twere a careless trifle.

Dun. There's no art,
To find the mind's construction in the face.
He was a gentleman on whom I built
An absolute trust.—O worthiest cousin!

Enter MACBETH, BANQUO, ROSSE, and ANGUS.

The sin of my ingratitude even now
Was heavy on me; thou art so far before,
That swiftest wing of recompense is slow

To overtake thee. 'Would thou hadst less deserved;
That the proportion both of thanks and payment
Might have been mine! Only I have left to say,
More is thy due than more than all can pay.

Macb. The service and the loyalty I owe,
In doing it, pays itself. Your highness' part
Is to receive our duties; and our duties
Are to your throne and state, children and servants;
Which do but what they should, by doing every thing
Safe toward your love and honor.

Dun. Welcome hither;
I have begun to plant thee, and will labor
To make thee full of growing.—Noble Banquo,
That hast no less deserved, nor must be known
No less to have done so, let me infold thee,
And hold thee to my heart.

Ban. There if I grow,
The harvest is your own.

Dun. My plenteous joys,
Wanton in fulness, seek to hide themselves
In drops of sorrow.—Sons, kinsmen, thanes,
And you whose places are the nearest, know,
We will establish our estate upon
Our eldest, Malcolm; whom we name, hereafter,
The prince of Cumberland; which honor must
Not, unaccompanied, invest him only,
But signs of nobleness, like stars, shall shine
On all deservers.—From hence to Inverness,
And bind us further to you.

Macb. The rest is labor, which is not used for you.
I'll be myself the harbinger, and make joyful
The hearing of my wife with your approach;
So, humbly take my leave.

Dun My worthy Cawdor!

Macb. The prince of Cumberland!—This is a step,
On which I must fall down, or else o'erleap. [*Aside.*
For in my way it lies. Stars, hide your fires!
Let not light see my black and deep desires.
The eye wink at the hand! yet let that be,
Which the eye fears, when it is done, to see. [*Exit.*

Dun. True, worthy Banquo; he is full so valiant;
And in his commendations I am fed;
It is a banquet to me. Let us after him,
Whose care is gone before to bid us welcome.
It is a peerless kinsman. [*Flourish. Exeunt.*

SCENE V. Inverness. *A Room in Macbeth's Castle.*

Enter LADY MACBETH, *reading a letter.*

Lady M. *They met me in the day of success ; and I have learned by the perfectest report, they have more in them than mortal knowledge. When I burned in desire to question them further, they made themselves air, into which they vanished. Whiles I stood rapt in the wonder of it, came missives from the king, who all-hailed me, Thane of Cawdor ; by which title, before, these weird sisters saluted me, and referred me to the coming on of time, with, Hail, king that shalt be ! This have I thought good to deliver thee, my dearest partner of greatness ; that thou mightst not lose the ducs of rejoicing, by being ignorant of what greatness is promised thee. Lay it to thy heart, and farewell.*

Glamis thou art, and Cawdor ; and shalt be
What thou art promised.—Yet do I fear thy nature ;
It is too full o' the milk of human kindness,
To catch the nearest way. Thou wouldst be great ;
Art not without ambition ; but without
The illness should attend it. What thou wouldst highly,
That wouldst thou holily ; wouldst not play false,
And yet wouldst wrongly win ; thou'dst have, great Glamis,
That which cries, *Thus thou must do, if thou have it ;*
And that which rather thou dost fear to do,
Than wishest should be undone. Hie thee hither,
That I may pour my spirits in thine ear ;
And chastise with the valor of my tongue
All that impedes thee from the golden round,
Which fate and metaphysical aid doth seem
To have thee crowned withal.—What is your tidings ?

Enter an Attendant.

Attend. The king comes here to-night.

Lady M. Thou'rt mad to say it.
Is not thy master with him ? who, wer't so,
Would have informed for preparation.

Attend. So please you, it is true ; our thane is coming.
One of my fellows had the speed of him ;
Who, almost dead for breath, had scarcely more
Than would make up his message.

Lady M. Give him tending ;
He brings great news. The raven himself is hoarse,
[*Exit Attendant.*
That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan

Under my battlements. Come, come, you spirits
 That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here;
 And fill me, from the crown to the toe, top-full
 Of direst cruelty! Make thick my blood,
 Stop up the access and passage to remorse;
 That no compunctious visitings of nature
 Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between
 The effect, and it. Come to my woman's breasts,
 And take my milk for gall, you murd'ring ministers,
 Wherever in your sightless substances
 You wait on nature's mischief! Come, thick night.
 And pall thee in the dunnest smoke of hell!
 That my keen knife see not the wound it makes;
 Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark,
 To cry, *Hold, hold!*—Great Glamis! worthy Cawdor!

Enter MACBETH.

Greater than both, by the all-hail hereafter!
 Thy letters have transported me beyond
 This ignorant present, and I feel now
 The future in the instant.

Macb. My dearest love,
 Duncan comes here to-night.

Lady M. And when goes hence?

Macb. To-morrow,—as he purposes.

Lady M. O, never
 Shall sun that morrow see!

Your face, my thane, is as a book, where men
 May read strange matters.—To beguile the time,
 Look like the time; bear welcome in your eye,
 Your hand, your tongue: look like the innocent flower,
 But be the serpent under it. He that's coming
 Must be provided for; and you shall put
 This night's great business into my despatch;
 Which shall to all our nights and days to come,
 Give solely sovereign sway and masterdom.

Macb. We will speak further.

Lady M. Only look up clear;
 To alter favor ever is to fear.
 Leave all the rest to me.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI. *The same. Before the Castle. Hautboys.*
Servants of Macbeth attending.

Enter DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, BANQUO, LENOX,
MACDUFF, ROSSE, ANGUS, and Attendants.

Dun. This castle hath a pleasant seat: the air

Nimble and sweetly recommends itself
Unto our gentle senses.

Ban. This guest of summer,
The temple-haunting martlet, does approve,
By his loved mansionry, that the heaven's breath
Smells wooingly here. No jutty, frieze,
Buttress, nor coigne of vantage, but this bird
Hath made his pendent bed, and procreant cradle:
Where they most breed and haunt, I have observed,
The air is delicate.

Enter LADY MACBETH.

Dun. See, see! our honored hostess!
The love that follows us, sometime is our trouble,
Which still we thank as love. Herein I teach you
How you shall bid God yield us for your pains,
And thank us for your trouble.

Lady M. All our service,
In every point twice done, and then done double,
Were poor and single business, to contend
Against those honors, deep and broad, wherewith
Your majesty loads our house. For those of old,
And the late dignities heaped up to them,
We rest your hermits.

Dun. Where's the thane of Cawdor?
We coursed him at the heels, and had a purpose
To be his purveyor: but he rides well:
And his great love, sharp as his spur, hath hold him
To his home before us. Fair and noble hostess,
We are your guest to-night.

Lady M. Your servants ever
Have theirs, themselves, and what is theirs, in compt,
To make their audit at your highness' pleasure,
Still to return your own.

Dun. Give me your hand:
Conduct me to mine host; we love him highly,
And shall continue our graces towards him.
By your leave, hostess. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII. *The same. A Room in the Castle. Haut-boys and torches.*

Enter, and pass over the stage, a Sewer, and divers Servants with dishes and service. Then enter MACBETH.

Macb. If it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twere well
It were done quickly: if the assassination

Could trammel up the consequence, and catch,
 With his surcease, success; that but this blow
 Might be the be-all and the end-all here,
 But here, upon this bank and shoal of time,—
 We'd jump the life to come.—But, in these cases,
 We still have judgment here; that we but teach
 Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return
 To plague the inventor. (This even-handed justice
 Commends the ingredients of our poisoned chalice
 To our own lips. He's here in double trust:
 First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,
 Strong both against the deed; then, as his host,
 Who should against his murderer shut the door,
 Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan
 Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
 So clear in his great office, that his virtues
 Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against
 The deep damnation of his taking off;
 And pity, like a naked, new-born babe,
 Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubim, horsed
 Upon the sightless couriers of the air,
 Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
 That tears shall drown the wind.—I have no spur
 To prick the sides of my intent, but only
 Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself,
 And falls on the other—How now, what news?

Enter LADY MACBETH.

Lady M. He has almost supped. Why have you left
 the chamber?

Macb. Hath he asked for me?

Lady M. Know you not, he has?

Macb. We will proceed no further in this business.
 He hath honored me of late; and I have bought
 Golden opinions from all sorts of people,
 Which would be worn now in their newest gloss,
 Not cast aside so soon.

Lady M. Was the hope drunk,
 Wherein you dressed yourself? Hath it slept since?
 And wakes it now to look so green and pale
 At what it did so freely? From this time,
 Such I account thy love. Art thou afraid
 To be the same in thine own act and valor,
 As thou art in desire? Wouldst thou have that
 Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,
 And live a coward in thine own esteem;

Letting *I dare not*, wait upon *I would*,
Like the poor cat i' the adage?

Macb.

Pr'ythee, peace.

I dare do all that may become a man;
Who dares do more, is none.

Lady M.

What beast was't then,

That made you break this enterprise to me?

When you durst do it, then you were a man;
And, to be more than what you were, you would
Be so much more the man. Nor time nor place
Did then adhere; and yet you would make both;
They have made themselves, and that their fitness now
Does unmake you. I have given suck; and know
How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me:
I would, while it was smiling in my face,
Have plucked my nipple from his boneless gums,
And dashed the brains out, had I so sworn, as you
Have done to this.

Macb.

If we should fail,——

Lady M.

We fail!

But screw your courage to the sticking-place,
And we'll not fail. When Duncan is asleep,
(Where'to the rather shall his day's hard journey
Soundly invite him,) his two chamberlains
Will I with wine and wassel so convince,
That memory, the warder of the brain,
Shall be a fume, and the receipt of reason
A limbeck only. When in swinish sleep
Their drenched natures lie, as in a death,
What cannot you and I perform upon
The unguarded Duncan? what not put upon
His spongy officers, who shall bear the guilt
Of our great quell?

Macb.

Bring forth men children only!

For thy undaunted mettle should compose
Nothing but males. Will it not be received,
When we have marked with blood those sleepy two
Of his own chamber, and used their very daggers,
That they have done't?

Lady M.

Who dares receive it other?

As we shall make our griefs and clamor roar
Upon his death?

Macb.

I am settled, and bend up
Each corporal agent to this terrible feat.
Away, and mock the time with fairest show;
False face must hide what the false heart doth know.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. *The same. Court within the Castle.*

Enter BANQUO and FLEANCE, and a Servant, with a torch before them.

Ban. How goes the night, boy?

Fle. The moon is down; I have not heard the clock.

Ban. And she goes down at twelve.

Fle. I take't, 'tis later, sir.

Ban. Hold, take my sword.—There's husbandry in heaven;

Their candles are all out.—Take thee that too.

A heavy summons lies like lead upon me,

And yet I would not sleep. Merciful powers!

Restrain in me the cursed thoughts, that nature

Gives way to in repose.—Give me my sword;—

Enter MACBETH, and a Servant with a torch.

Who's there?

Macb. A friend.

Ban. What, sir, not yet at rest? The king's abed.
He hath been in unusual pleasure, and
Sent forth great largess to your officers:
This diamond he greets your wife withal,
By the name of most kind hostess; and shut up
In measureless content.

Macb. Being unprepared,
Our will became the servant to defect;
Which else should free have wrought.

Ban. All's well.
I dreamt last night of the three weird sisters:
To you they have showed some truth.

Macb. I think not of them,
Yet, when we can entreat an hour to serve,
Would spend it in some words upon that business,
If you would grant the time.

Ban. At your kind'st leisure.

Macb. If you shall cleave to my consent,—when 'tis,
It shall make honor for you.

Ban. So I lose none,
In seeking to augment it, but still keep
My bosom franchised, and allegiance clear,
I shall be counselled.

Macb. Good repose, the while!

Ban. Thanks, sir; the like to you! [*Exit BAN.*]

Macb. Go, bid thy mistress, when my drink is ready,
She strike upon the bell. Get thee to bed.

[*Exit Servant.*]

Is this a dagger, which I see before me,
The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch thee;—
I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.

Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
To feeling, as to sight? or art thou but
A dagger of the mind; a false creation,
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?
I see thee yet, in form as palpable
As this which now I draw.

Thou marshal'st me the way that I was going;
And such an instrument I was to use.

Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other senses,
Or else worth all the rest. I see thee still;
And on thy blade, and dudgeon, gouts of blood,
Which was not so before.—There's no such thing:

It is the bloody business, which informs
Thus to mine eyes.—Now o'er the one half world

Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse

The curtained sleep; now witchcraft celebrates

Pale Hecate's offerings; and withered murder,

Alarmed by his sentinel, the wolf,

Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,

With Tarquin's ravishing strides, towards his design

Moves like a ghost.—Thou sure and firm-set earth,

Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear

The very stones prate of my whereabout,

And take the present horror from the time,

Which now suits with it.—Whiles I threat, he lives;

Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.)

[*A bell rings.*]

I go, and it is done; the bell invites me.

Hear it not, Duncan; for it is a knell

That summons thee to heaven, or to hell.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II. *The same.*

Enter LADY MACBETH.

Lady M. That which hath made them drunk, hath made
me bold;

What hath quenched them, hath given me fire.—Hark!—
peace!

It was the owl that shrieked, the fatal bellman,
Which gives the stern'st good-night. He is about it:
The doors are open; and the surfeited grooms
Do mock their charge with snores. I have drugged their
possets,

That death and nature do contend about them,
Whether they live or die.

Macb. [*Within.*] Who's there?—what, ho!

Lady M. Alack! I am afraid, they have awaked,
And 'tis not done;—the attempt, and not the deed,
Confounds us.—Hark!—I laid their daggers ready;
He could not miss them.—Had he not resembled
My father as he slept, I had done't.—My husband?

Enter MACBETH.

Macb. I have done the deed.—Didst thou not hear a
noise?

Lady M. I heard the owl scream, and the crickets cry.
Did not you speak?

Macb. When?

Lady M. Now.

Macb. As I descended?

Lady M. Ay.

Macb. Hark!—

Who lies i' the second chamber?

Lady M. Donalbain.

Macb. This is a sorry sight. [*Looking on his hands.*

Lady M. A foolish thought, to say a sorry sight.

Macb. There's one did laugh in his sleep, and one cried,
murder!

That they did wake each other; I stood and heard them:
But they did say their prayers, and addressed them
Again to sleep.

Lady M. There are two lodged together.

Macb. One cried, *God bless us!* and, *amen*, the other;
As they had seen me, with these hangman's hands.
Listening their fear, I could not say, *amen*,
When they did say, *God bless us*.

Lady M. Consider it not so deeply.

Macb. But wherefore could not I pronounce, *amen*?
I had most need of blessing, and *amen*
Stuck in my throat.

Lady M. These deeds must not be thought
After these ways; so, it will make us mad.

Macb. Methought, I heard a voice cry, *Sleep no more!*
Macbeth does murder sleep, the innocent sleep;



WILLIAM.

ALAS! MARTIN! Hark! - I hear the door behind me!

*Sleep, that knits up the ravelled sleeve of care,
The death of each day's life, sore labor's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast;—*

Lady M.

What do you mean?

Macb. Still it cried, *Sleep no more!* to all the house.
*Glamis hath murdered sleep; and therefore Cawdor
Shall sleep no more—Macbeth shall sleep no more!*

Lady M. Who was it that thus cried? Why, worthy thane.
You do unbend your noble strength, to think
So brainsickly of things.—Go, get some water,
And wash this filthy witness from your hand.—
Why did you bring these daggers from the place?
They must lie there. Go, carry them; and smear
The sleepy grooms with blood.

Macb.

I'll go no more.

I am afraid to think what I have done;
Look on't again, I dare not.

Lady M.

Infirm of purpose!

Give me the daggers. The sleeping, and the dead,
Are but as pictures; 'tis the eye of childhood,
That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed,
I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal,
For it must seem their guilt. [*Exit. Knocking within.*]

Macb.

Whence is that knocking?

How is't with me, when every noise appals me?
What hands are here! Ha! they pluck out mine eyes!
Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
Clean from my hand? No; this my hand will rather
The multitudinous seas incarnadine, *make all red*
Making the green—one red.

Re-enter LADY MACBETH.

Lady M. My hands are of your color; but I shame
To wear a heart so white. [*Knock.*] I hear a knocking
At the south entry;—retire we to our chamber.
A little water clears us of this deed:
How easy is it then! Your constancy
Hath left you unattended.—[*Knocking.*] Hark! more
knocking:

Get on your night-gown, lest occasion call us,
And show us to be watchers.—Be not lost
So poorly in your thoughts.

Macb. To know my deed,—'twere best not know myself.

[*Knock.*]

Wake Duncan with thy knocking! I would thou could'st!
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The same.**Enter a Porter.*[*Knocking within.*

Porter. Here's a knocking, indeed! If a man were porter of hell-gate, he should have old turning the key. [*Knocking.*] Knock, knock, knock. Who's there, i' the name of Beelzebub? Here's a farmer, that hanged himself on the expectation of plenty. Come in time; have napkins enough about you; here you'll sweat for't. [*Knocking.*] Knock, knock. Who's there, i' the other devil's name? 'Faith, here's an equivocator, that could swear in both the scales against either scale; who committed treason enough for God's sake, yet could not equivocate to Heaven. O, come in, equivocator. [*Knocking.*] Knock, knock, knock. Who's there? 'Faith, here's an English tailor come hither, for stealing out of a French hose. Come in, tailor; here you may roast your goose. [*Knocking.*] Knock, knock. Never at quiet! What are you?—But this place is too cold for hell. I'll devil-porter it no further. I had thought to have let in some of all professions, that go the primrose way to the everlasting bonfire. [*Knocking.*] Anon, anon; I pray you, remember the porter. [*Opens the gate.*

Enter MACDUFF and LENOX.

Macd. Was it so late, friend, ere you went to bed,
That you do lie so late?

Port. 'Faith, sir, we were carousing till the second cock; and drink, sir, is a great provoker of three things.

Macd. What three things does drink especially provoke?

Port. Marry, sir, nose-painting, sleep, and urine. Lechery, sir, it provokes, and unprovokes; it provokes the desire, but it takes away the performance. Therefore, much drink may be said to be an equivocator with lechery: it makes him, and it mars him; it sets him on, and it takes him off; it persuades him, and disheartens him; makes him stand to, and not stand to: in conclusion, equivocates him in a sleep, and, giving him the lie, leaves him.

Macd. I believe drink gave thee the lie, last night.

Port. That it did, sir, i' the very throat o' me. But I requited him for his lie; and, I think, being too strong for him, though he took up my legs sometime, yet I made a shift to cast him.

Macd. Is thy master stirring?—
Our knocking has awaked him; here he comes.

Enter MACBETH.

Len. Good-morrow, noble sir!

Macb.

Good-morrow, both!

Macd. Is the king stirring, worthy thane?

Macb.

Not yet.

Macd. He did command me to call timely on him;
I have almost slipped the hour.

Macb.

I'll bring you to him.

Macd. I know this is a joyful trouble to you;
But yet, 'tis one.

Macb. The labor, we delight in, physics pain.
This is the door.

Macd. I'll make so bold to call,
For 'tis my limited service. [*Exit* MACDUFF.]

Len. Goes the king hence to-day?

Macb.

He does;—he did appoint so

Len. The night has been unruly; where we lay,
Our chimneys were blown down; and, as they say,
Lamentings heard i' the air; strange screams of death;
And prophesying, with accents terrible,
Of dire combustion, and confused events,
New hatched to the woful time. The obscure bird
Clamored the livelong night; some say the earth
Was feverous, and did shake.

Macb.

'Twas a rough night.

Len. My young remembrance cannot parallel
A fellow to it.

Re-enter MACDUFF.

Macd. O horror! horror! horror! tongue, nor heart,
Cannot conceive, nor name thee!

Macb. Len.

What's the matter?

Macd. Confusion now hath made his masterpiece!
Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope
The Lord's anointed temple, and stole thence
The life o' the building.

Macb.

What is't you say? The life?

Len. Mean you his majesty?

Macd. Approach the chamber, and destroy your sight
With a new Gorgon.—Do not bid me speak;
See and then speak yourselves.—Awake! awake!—

[*Exeunt* MACBETH and LENOX.]

Ring the alarum-bell;—Murder! and treason!

Banquo, and Donalbain! Malcolm! awake!

Shake off this drowsy sleep, death's counterfeit,

And look on death itself!—Up, up, and see
 The great doom's image!—Malcolm! Banquo!
 As from your graves rise up, and walk like sprights
 To countenance this horror! *[Bell rings]*

Enter LADY MACBETH.

Lady M. What's the business,
 That such a hideous trumpet calls to parley
 The sleepers of the house? Speak, speak,—
Macd. O, gentle lady,
 'Tis not for you to hear what I can speak.
 The repetition in a woman's ear,
 Would murder as it fell.—O Banquo! Banquo!

Enter BANQUO.

Our royal master's murdered!

Lady M. Woe, alas!
 What, in our house?

Ban. Too cruel, any where.—
 Dear Duff, I pr'ythee, contradict thyself,
 And say it is not so.

Re-enter MACBETH and LENOX.

Macb. Had I but died an hour before this chance,
 I had lived a blessed time; for, from this instant,
 There's nothing serious in mortality. *Life*
 All is but toys: renown and grace is dead;
 The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees
 Is left this vault to brag of. *all white*

Enter MALCOLM and DONALBAIN.

Don. What is amiss?

Macb. You are, and do not know it.
 The spring, the head, the fountain of your blood
 Is stopped; the very source of it is stopped.

Macd. Your royal father's murdered.

Mal. O, by whom?

Len. Those of his chamber, as it seemed, had done't
 Their hands and faces were all badged with blood;
 So were their daggers, which unwiped we found
 Upon their pillows.

They stared, and were distracted; no man's life
 Was to be trusted with them.

Macb. O, yet, I do repent me of my fury,
 That I did kill them.

Macd. Wherefore did you so?

Macb. Who can be wise, amazed, temperate, and furious,
Loyal and neutral, in a moment? No man.
The expedition of my violent love
Outran the pauser reason.—Here lay Duncan,
His silver skin laced with his golden blood;
And his gashed stabs looked like a breach in nature,
For ruin's wasteful entrance. There, the murderers,
Steeped in the colors of their trade, their daggers
Unmannerly breeched with gore. Who could refrain,
That had a heart to love, and in that heart
Courage, to make his love known?

Lady M.

Help me hence, ho!

Macd. Look to the lady.

Mal.

Why do we hold our tongues,
That most may claim this argument for ours?

Don. What should be spoken,

Here, where our fate, hid in an auger-hole,
May rush, and seize us? Let's away; our tears
Are not yet brewed.

Mal.

Nor our strong sorrow
Upon the foot of motion.

Ban.

Look to the lady;—

[*LADY MACBETH is carried out.*]

And when we have our naked frailties hid,
That suffer in exposure, let us meet,
And question this most bloody piece of work,
To know it further. Fears and scruples shake us:
In the great hand of God I stand; and, thence,
Against the undivulged pretence I fight
Of treasonous malice.

Macb.

And so do I.

All.

So all.

Macb. Let's briefly put on manly readiness,
And meet i' the hall together.

All.

Well contented.

[*Exeunt all but MAL. and DON.*]

Mal. What will you do? Let's not consort with them.
'To show an unfelt sorrow, is an office
Which the false man does easy. I'll to England.

Don. To Ireland, I; our separated fortune
Shall keep us both the safer. Where we are,
There's daggers in men's smiles; the near in blood,
The nearer bloody.

Mal.

This murderous shaft that's shot,
Hath not yet lighted; and our safest way
Is, to avoid the aim. Therefore, to horse;

And let us not be dainty of leave-taking,
But shift away. There's warrant in that theft
Which steals itself, when there's no mercy left.

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE IV. *Without the Castle.*

Enter Rosse and an Old Man.

Old M. Threescore and ten I can remember well;
Within the volume of which time, I have seen
Hours dreadful, and things strange; but this sore night
Hath trifled former knowings.

Rosse. Ah, good father,
Thou sec'st, the heavens, as troubled with man's act,
Threaten his bloody stage. By the clock, 'tis day,
And yet dark night strangles the travelling lamp.
Is it night's predominance, or the day's shame,
That darkness does the face of earth entomb,
When living light should kiss it?

Old M. 'Tis unnatural,
Even like the deed that's done. On Tuesday last,
A falcon, tow'ring in her pride of place,
Was by a mousing owl hawked at, and killed.

Rosse. And Duncan's horses, (a thing most strange and
certain,)
Beauteous and swift, the minions of their race,
Turned wild in nature, broke their stalls, flung out,
Contending 'gainst obedience, as they would make
War with mankind.

Old M. 'Tis said, they ate each other.

Rosse. They did so; to the amazement of mine eyes,
That looked upon't. Here comes the good Macduff.—

Enter MACDUFF.

How goes the world, sir, now?

Macd. Why, see you not?

Rosse. Is't known who did this more than bloody deed?

Macd. Those that Macbeth hath slain.

Rosse. Alas, the day!
What good could they pretend?

Macd. They were suborned.
Malcolm and Donalbain, the king's two sons,
Are stol'n away and fled; which puts upon them
Suspicion of the deed.

Rosse. 'Gainst nature still.
Thrifless ambition, that will ravine up

Thine own life's means!—Then 'tis most like,
The sovereignty will fall upon Macbeth.

Macd. He is already named; and gone to Scone.
To be invested.

Rosse. Where is Duncan's body?

Macd. Carried to Colme-kill;
The sacred storehouse of his predecessors,
And guardian of their bones.

Rosse. Will you to Scone?

Macd. No, cousin, I'll to Fife.

Rosse. Well, I will thither.

Macd. Well, may you see things well done there;—
adieu!—

Lest our old robes sit easier than our new!

Rosse. Father, farewell.

Old M. God's benison go with you; and with those
That would make good of bad, and friends of foes!

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I. *Fores. A Room in the Palace.*

Enter BANQUO.

Ban. Thou hast it now—King, Cawdor, Glamis, all
As the weird women promised; and, I fear,
Thou play'st most foully for't; yet it was said,
It should not stand in thy posterity;
But that myself should be the root and father
Of many kings. If there come truth from them,
(As upon thee, Macbeth, their speeches shine,)
Why, by the verities on thee made good,
May they not be my oracles as well,
And set me up in hope? But hush; no more.

Senet sounded. Enter MACBETH, as king; LADY MACBETH, as queen; LENOX, ROSSE, Lords, Ladies, and Attendants.

Macb. Here's our chief guest.

Lady M. If he had been forgotten,
It had been as a gap in our great feast,
And all things unbecoming.

Macb. To-night we hold a solemn supper, sir,
And I'll request your presence.

Ban. Let your highness
Command upon me, to the which, my duties
Are with a most indissoluble tie
Forever knit.

Macb. Ride you this afternoon?

Ban. Ay, my good lord.

Macb. We should have else desired your good advice,
(Which still hath been both grave and prosperous,)
In this day's council; but we'll take to-morrow.
Is't far you ride?

Ban. As far, my lord, as will fill up the time
'Twixt this and supper; go not my horse the better,
I must become a borrower of the night,
For a dark hour, or twain.

Macb. Fail not our feast.

Ban. My lord, I will not.

Macb. We hear, our bloody cousins are bestowed
In England, and in Ireland; not confessing
Their cruel parricide, filling their hearers
With strange invention; but of that to-morrow;
When, therewithal, we shall have cause of state,
Craving us jointly. Hie you to horse; adieu,
Till you return at night. Goes Fleance with you?

Ban. Ay, my good lord; our time does call upon us.

Macb. I wish your horses swift and sure of foot;
And so I do commend you to their backs.
Farewell.—

[*Exit BANQUO.*]

Let every man be master of his time
Till seven at night; to make society
The sweeter welcome, we will keep ourself
Till supper-time alone: while then, God be with you.

[*Exeunt LADY MACBETH, Lords, Ladies, &c.*]

Sirrah, a word with you. Attend those men
Our pleasure?

Atten. They are, my lord, without the palace-gate.

Macb. Bring them before us.—

[*Exit Atten.*]

To be thus is nothing;

But to be safely thus.—Our fears in Banquo
Stick deep; and in his royalty of nature
Reigns that, which would be feared. 'Tis much he dares;
And, to that dauntless temper of his mind,
He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valor
To act in safety. There is none but he
Whose being I do fear; and, under him,

My genius is rebuked; as, it said,
Mark Antony's was by Cæsar. He chid the sisters,
When first they put the name of king upon me,
And bade them speak to him; then, prophet-like,
They hailed him father to a line of kings;
Upon my head they placed a fruitless crown,
And put a barren sceptre in my gripe,
Thence to be wrenched with an unlineal hand,
No son of mine succeeding. If it be so,
For Banquo's issue have I filed my mind;
For them the gracious Duncan have I murdered;
Put rancors in the vessel of my peace
Only for them; and mine eternal jewel
Given to the common enemy of man,
To make them kings; the seed of Banquo kings!
Rather than so, come, fate, into the list,
And champion me to the utterance!—Who's there?—

Re-enter Attendant, with two Murderers.

Now go to the door, and stay there till we call,
[*Exit Attendant.*

Was it not yesterday we spoke together?

1 *Mur.* It was, so please your highness.

Macb.

Well then, now

Have you considered of my speeches? Know,
That it was he, in the times past, which held you
So under fortune; which, you thought, had been
Our innocent self. This I made good to you
In our last conference, passed in probation with you,
How you were borne in hand; how crossed; the instruments;
Who wrought with them; and all things else, that might,
To half a soul, and to a notion crazed,
Say, Thus did Banquo.

1 *Mur.*

You made it known to us.

Macb. I did so; and went further, which is now
Our point of second meeting. Do you find
Your patience so predominant in your nature,
That you can let this go? Are you so gosselled
To pray for that good man, and for his issue,
Whose heavy hand has bowed you to the grave,
And beggared yours forever?

1 *Mur.*

We are men, my liege.

Macb. Ay, in the catalogue ye go for men;
As hounds, and greyhounds, mongrels, spaniels, curs,
Shoughs, water-rugs, and demi-wolves, are cleped
All by the name of dogs. The valued file

Distinguishes the swift, the slow, the subtle,
 The housekeeper, the hunter, every one
 According to the gift which bounteous nature
 Hath in him closed; whereby he does receive
 Particular addition, from the bill

That writes them all alike: and so of men.
 Now, if you have a station in the file,
 Not in the worst rank of manhood, say it;
 And I will put that business in your bosoms,
 Whose execution takes your enemy off;
 Grapples you to the heart and love of us,
 Who wear our health but sickly in his life,
 Which in his death were perfect.

2 *Mur.* I am one, my liege,
 Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world
 Have so incensed, that I am reckless what
 I do, to spite the world.

1 *Mur.* And I another,
 So weary with disasters, tugged with fortune,
 That I would set my life on any chance,
 To mend it, or be rid on't.

Macb. Both of you
 Know, Banquo was your enemy.

2 *Mur.* True, my lord.

Macb. So is he mine; and in such bloody distance,
 That every minute of his being thrusts
 Against my near'st of life. And though I could
 With barefaced power sweep him from my sight,
 And bid my will avouch it, yet I must not,
 For certain friends that are both his and mine,
 Whose loves I may not drop, but wail his fall
 Whom I myself struck down; and thence it is,
 That I to your assistance do make love;
 Masking the business from the common eye,
 For sundry weighty reasons.

2 *Mur.* We shall, my lord,
 Perform what you command us.

1 *Mur.* Though our lives—

Macb. Your spirits shine through you. Within this
 hour, at most,
 I will advise you where to plant yourselves;
 Acquaint you with the perfect spy o' the time,
 The moment on't: for't must be done to-night,
 And something from the palace; always thought,
 That I require a clearness. And with him
 (To leave no rubs, nor botches, in the work)

Fleance, his son, that keeps him company,
Whose absence is no less material to me
Than is his father's, must embrace the fate
Of that dark hour. Resolve yourselves apart;
I'll come to you anon.

2 *Mur.* We are resolved, my lord.

Macb. I'll call upon you straight; abide within.
It is concluded.—Banquo, thy soul's flight,
If it find heaven, must find it out to-night. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The same. Another Room.*

Enter LADY MACBETH and a Servant.

Lady M. Is Banquo gone from court?

Serv. Ay, madam, but returns again to-night.

Lady M. Say to the king, I would attend his leisure
For a few words.

Serv. Madam, I will. [*Exit.*]

Lady M. Nought's had, all's spent,
Where our desire is got without content.
'Tis safer to be that which we destroy,
Than, by destruction, dwell in doubtful joy.

Enter MACBETH.

How now, my lord! why do you keep alone,
Of sorriest fancies your companions making?
Using those thoughts which should indeed have died
With them they think on? Things without remedy
Should be without regard; what's done is done.

Macb. We have scotched the snake, not killed it;
She'll close, and be herself; whilst our poor malice
Remains in danger of her former tooth.
But let the frame of things disjoint,
Both the worlds suffer,
Ere we will eat our meal in fear, and sleep
In the affliction of these terrible dreams
That shake us nightly. Better be with the dead,
Whom we, to gain our place, have sent to peace,
Than on the torture of the mind to lie
In restless ecstasy. Duncan is in his grave;
After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well.
Treason has done his worst; nor steel, nor poison,
Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing,
Can touch him further!

Lady M. Come on, gentle my lord;

Sleek o'er your rugged looks; be bright and jovial
Among your guests to-night.

Macb. So shall I, love;
And so, I pray, be you. Let your remembrance
Apply to Banquo: present him eminence, both
With eye and tongue: unsafe, the while, that we
Must lave our honors in these flattering streams;
And make our faces vizards to our hearts,
Disguising what they are.

Lady M. You must leave this.

Macb. O, full of scorpions is my mind, dear wife!
Thou know'st that Banquo, and his Fleance, lives.

Lady M. But in them nature's copy's not eterne.

Macb. There's comfort yet; they are assailable;
Then be thou jocund. Ere the bat hath flown
His cloistered flight; ere, to black Hecate's summons,
The shard-borne beetle, with his drowsy hums,
Hath rung night's yawning peal, there shall be done
A deed of dreadful note.

Lady M. What's to be done?

Macb. Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck,
Till thou applaud the deed. Come, seeling night,
Skarf up the tender eye of pitiful day;
And, with thy bloody and invisible hand,
Cancel and tear to pieces that great bond
Which keeps me pale!—Light thickens; and the crow
Makes wing to the rooky wood:
Good things of day begin to droop and drowse;
Whiles night's black agents to their preys do rouse.
Thou marvell'st at my words; but hold thee still;
Things, bad begun, make strong themselves by ill.
So, pr'ythee, go with me. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The same. A Park or Lawn, with a Gate
leading to the Palace.*

Enter three Murderers.

1 *Mur.* But who did bid thee join with us?

3 *Mur.* Macbeth.

2 *Mur.* He needs not our mistrust; since he delivers
Our offices, and what we have to do,
To the direction just.

1 *Mur.* Then stand with us.
The west yet glimmers with some streaks of day;
Now spurs the lated traveller apace,

To gain the timely inn; and near approaches
The subject of our watch.

3 *Mur.* Hark! I hear horses.

Ban. [*Within.*] Give us a light there, ho!

2 *Mur.* Then it is he; the rest
That are within the note of expectation,
Already are i' the court.

1 *Mur.* His horses go about.

3 *Mur.* Almost a mile; but he does usually,
So all men do, from hence to the palace gate
Make it their walk.

*Enter BANQUO and FLEANCE, a Servant with a torch pre-
ceding them.*

2 *Mur.* A light, a light!

3 *Mur.* 'Tis he.

1 *Mur.* Stand to't.

Ban. It will be rain to-night.

1 *Mur.* Let it come down.

[*Assaults BANQUO.*

Ban. O, treachery! Fly, good Fleance, fly, fly, fly;
Thou mayst revenge. O slave!

[*Dies. FLEANCE and Servant escape.*

3 *Mur.* Who did strike out the light?

1 *Mur.* Was't not the way?

3 *Mur.* There's but one down; the son is fled.

2 *Mur.* We have lost best half of our affair.

1 *Mur.* Well, let's away, and say how much is done.

SCENE IV. *A Room of State in the Palace. A Ban-
quet prepared.*

*Enter MACBETH, LADY MACBETH, ROSSE, LENOX, Lords,
and Attendants.*

Macb. You know your own degrees; sit down: at first
And last, the hearty welcome.

Lords. Thanks to your majesty.

Macb. Ourselves will mingle with society,
And play the humble host.

Our hostess keeps her state; but, in best time,
We will require her welcome.

Lady M. Pronounce it for me, sir, to all our friends;
For my heart speaks, they are welcome.

Enter first Murderer, to the door.

Macb. See, they encounter thee with their hearts' thanks.—

Both sides are even: Here I'll sit i' the midst:
Be large in mirth; anon, we'll drink a measure
The table round.—There's blood upon thy face.

Mur. 'Tis Banquo's, then.

Macb. 'Tis better thee without, than he within.
Is he despatched?

Mur. My lord, his throat is cut; that I did for him.

Macb. Thou art the best o' the cut-throats. Yet he's good,
That did the like for Fleance: if thou didst it,
Thou art the nonpareil.

Mur. Most royal sir,
Fleance is 'scaped.

Macb. Then comes my fit again. I had else been perfect;
Whole as the marble, founded as the rock;
As broad and general as the casing air:
But now, I am cabined, cribbed, confined, bound in
To saucy doubts and fears. But Banquo's safe?

Mur. Ay, my good lord; safe in a ditch he bides,
With twenty trenched gashes on his head;
The least a death to nature.

Macb. Thanks for that.—
There the grown serpent lies; the worm, that's fled,
Hath nature that in time will venom breed,
No teeth for the present.—Get thee gone; to-morrow
We'll hear ourselves again. [*Exit Murderer.*]

Lady M. My royal lord,
You do not give the cheer: the feast is sold,
That is not often vouched while 'tis a making,
'Tis given with welcome. To feed were best at home;
From thence, the sauce to meat is ceremony;
Meeting were bare without it.

Macb. Sweet remembrancer!—
Now, good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both!

Len. May it please your highness, sit?
[*The ghost of BANQUO rises, and sits in
MACBETH'S place.*]

Macb. Here had we now our country's honor roofed,
Were the graced person of our Banquo present;
Who may I rather challenge for unkindness
Than pity for mischance!

Rosse. His absence, sir,

Lays blame upon his promise. Please it your highness
To grace us with your royal company?

Macb. The table's full.

Len.

Here's a place reserved, sir.

Macb.

Where?

Len. Here, my good lord. What is't that moves your
highness?

Macb. Which of you have done this?

Lords.

What, my good lord?

Macb. Thou canst not say, I did it: never shake
Thy gory locks at me.

Rosse. Gentlemen, rise; his highness is not well.

Lady M. Sit, worthy friends.—My lord is often thus,
And hath been from his youth: 'pray you, keep seat;
The fit is momentary; upon a thought
He will again be well. If much you note him,
You shall offend him and extend his passion;
Feed, and regard him not.—Are you a man?

Macb. Ay, and a bold one, that dare look on that
Which might appal the devil.

Lady M.

O proper stuff!

This is the very painting of your fear;
This is the air-drawn dagger, which, you said,
Led you to Duncan. O, these flaws and starts
(Impostors to true fear) would well become
A woman's story at a winter's fire, *from winter's fire*
Authorized by her grandam. Shame itself!
Why do you make such faces? When all's done,
You look but on a stool. *seat*

Macb. Pr'ythee, see there! behold! look! lo! how say
you?—

Why, what care I? If thou canst nod, speak too.—
If charnel-houses, and our graves, must send
Those that we bury, back, our monuments
Shall be the maws of kites. *[Ghost disappears.]*

Lady M.

What! quite unmanned in folly?

Macb. If I stand here, I saw him.

Lady M.

Fie, for shame!

Macb. Blood hath been shed ere now, i' the olden time,
Ere human statute purged the general weal; *ere human statute*
Ay, and since, too, murders have been performed
Too terrible for the ear. The times have been,
That, when the brains were out, the man would die,
And there an end: but now, they rise again,
With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,

And push us from our stools. This is more strange
Than such a murder is.

Lady M. My worthy lord,
Your noble friends do lack you.

Macb. I do forget.—
Do not muse at me, my most worthy friends;
I have a strange infirmity, which is nothing
To those that know me. Come, love and health to all;
Then I'll sit down.— Give me some wine; fill full:
I drink to the general joy of the whole table,

Ghost rises.

And to our dear friend Banquo, whom we miss;
'Would he were here! To all, and him, we thirst,
And all to all.

Lords. Our duties, and the pledge.

Macb. Awaunt! and quit my sight! Let the earth hide
thee!

Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold;
Thou hast no speculation in those eyes
Which thou dost glare with!

Lady M. Think of this, good peers,
But as a thing of custom. 'Tis no other;
Only it spoils the pleasure of the time.

Macb. What man dare, I dare:
Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,
The armed rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tiger,
Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves
Shall never tremble. Or, be alive again,
And dare me to the desert with thy sword:
If trembling I inhabit then, protest me
The baby of a girl. Hence, horrible shadow!

[*Ghost disappears.*
Unreal mockery, hence! — Why, so; — being gone,
I am a man again. — 'Pray you, sit still.

Lady M. You have displaced the mirth, broke the good
meeting,
With most admired disorder.

Macb. Can such things be,
And overcome us like a summer's cloud,
Without our special wonder? You make me strange
Even to the disposition that I owe,
When now I think you can behold such sights,
And keep the natural ruby of your cheeks,
When mine are blanched with fear.

Rosse. What sights, my lord?

Lady M. I pray you, speak not; he grows worse and worse;

Question enrages him. At once, good night.—
Stand not upon the order of your going,
But go at once.

Len. Good night, and better health
Attend his majesty!

Lady M. A kind good night to all!

[*Exeunt Lords and Attendants.*]

Macb. It will have blood; they say, blood will have blood;
Stones have been known to move, and trees to speak;
Augures and understood relations have,
By magot-pies, and choughs, and rooks, brought forth
The secret'st man of blood.—What is the night?

Lady M. Almost at odds with morning, which is which.

Macb. How say'st thou, that Macduff denies his person,
At our great bidding?

Lady M. Did you send to him, sir?

Macb. I hear it by the way; but I will send:
There's not a one of them, but in his house
I keep a servant feed. I will, to-morrow,
(And betimes I will,) to the weird sisters.
More shall they speak; for now I am bent to know,
By the worst means, the worst. For mine own good,
All causes shall give way: I am in blood
Stepped in so far, that, should I wade no more,
Returning were as tedious as go o'er.
Strange things I have in head, that will to hand;
Which must be acted, ere they may be scanned.

Lady M. You lack the season of all natures, sleep.

Macb. Come, we'll to sleep. My strange and self abuse
Is the initiate fear, that wants hard use.—
We are yet but young in deed.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *The Heath. Thunder.*

Enter HECATE, meeting the three Witches.

1 *Witch.* Why, how now, Hecate? you look angrily.

Hec. Have I not reason, beldames, as you are,
Saucy, and overbold? How did you dare
To trade and traffic with Macbeth,
In riddles and affairs of death;
And I, the mistress of your charms,
The close contriver of all harms,
Was never called to bear my part,

Or show the glory of our art?
 And, which is worse, all you have done
 Hath been but for a wayward son,
 Spiteful, and wrathful; who, as others do,
 Loves for his own ends, not for you.
 But make amends now. Get you gone,
 And at the pit of Acheron
 Meet me i' the morning; thither he
 Will come to know his destiny.
 Your vessels, and your spells, provide,
 Your charms and every thing beside;
 I am for the air; this night I'll spend
 Unto a dismal and a fatal end.
 Great business must be wrought ere noon:
 Upon the corner of the moon
 There hangs a vaporous drop profound;
 I'll catch it ere it come to ground:
 And that, distilled by magic sleights,
 Shall raise such artificial slights,
 As, by the strength of their illusion,
 Shall draw him on to his confusion.
 He shall spurn fate, scorn death, and bear
 His hopes 'bove wisdom, grace and fear:
 And you all know, security *when you're too*
 Is mortal's chiefest enemy. *confidence free from care, you*
will be ruined
 Song. [Within.] Come away, come away, &c.
 Hark, I am called; my little spirit, see,
 Sits in a foggy cloud, and stays for me. [Exit.]

1 Witch. Come, let's make haste; she'll soon be back
 again. [Exeunt.]

SCENE VI. Fores. A Room in the Palace.

Enter LENOX and another Lord.

Len. My former speeches have but lit your thoughts,
 Which can interpret further: only, I say,
 Things have been strangely borne. The gracious Duncan
 Was pitied of Macbeth:—marry, he was dead.—
 And the right-valiant Banquo walked too late;
 Whom you may say, if it please you, Fleance killed,
 For Fleance fled. Men must not walk too late.
 Who cannot want the thought, how monstrous
 It was for Malcolm and Donalbain,
 To kill their gracious father? Damned fact!
 How it did grieve Macbeth! Did he not straight,

In pious rage, the two delinquents tear,
 That were the slaves of drink, and thralls of sleep?
 Was not that nobly done? Ay, and wisely too;
 For, 'twould have angered any heart alive,
 To hear the men deny it. So that, I say,
 He has borne all things well; and I do think,
 That, had he Duncan's sons under his key,
 (As, an't please Heaven, he shall not,) they should find
 What 'twere to kill a father; so should Fleance.
 But peace!—for from broad words, and 'cause he failed
 His presence at the tyrant's feast, I hear,
 Macduff lives in disgrace. Sir, can you tell
 Where he bestows himself.

Lord. The son of Duncan,
 From whom this tyrant holds the due of birth,
 Lives in the English court; and is received
 Of the most pious Edward with such grace,
 That the malevolence of fortune nothing
 Takes from his high respect. Thither Macduff
 Is gone to pray the holy king, upon his aid
 To wake Northumberland, and warlike Siward;
 That, by the help of these, (with Him above
 To ratify the work,) we may again
 Give to our tables meat, sleep to our nights;
 Free from our feasts and banquets bloody knives;
 Do faithful homage, and receive free honors,
 All which we pine for now. And this report
 Hath so exasperate the king, that he
 Prepares for some attempt of war.

Len.

Sent he to Macduff?

Lord. He did; and with an absolute, *Sir, not I,*
 The cloudy messenger turns me his back,
 And hums; as who should say, *You'll rue the time*
That clogs me with this answer.

Len.

And that well might
 Advise him to a caution, to hold what distance
 His wisdom can provide. Some holy angel
 Fly to the court of England, and unfold
 His message ere he come; that a swift blessing
 May soon return to this our suffering country
 Under a hand accursed!

Lord. I'll send my prayers with him!

[*Exeunt.*



ACT IV.

SCENE I. *A dark Cave. In the middle, a Caldron, boiling. Thunder.*

Enter the three Witches.

- 1 *Witch.* Thrice the brinded cat hath mewed.
 2 *Witch.* Thrice; and once the hedge-pig whined.
 3 *Witch.* Harper cries:—'Tis time, 'tis time.
 1 *Witch.* Round about the caldron go;
 In the poisoned entrails throw.—
 Toad, that under coldest stone,
 Days and nights hast thirty-one
 Sweltered venom sleeping got,
 Boil thou first i' the charmed pot!
All. Double, double toil and trouble;
 Fire, burn; and, caldron, bubble.
 2 *Witch.* Fillet of a fenny snake,
 In the caldron boil and bake:
 Eye of newt, and toe of frog,
 Wool of bat, and tongue of dog,
 Adder's fork, and blind-worm's sting,
 Lizard's leg, and owlet's wing,
 For a charm of powerful trouble,
 Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.
All. Double, double toil and trouble;
 Fire, burn; and, caldron, bubble.
 3 *Witch.* Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf;
 Witch's mummy; maw and gulf
 Of the ravined salt-sea shark;
 Root of hemlock, digged i' the dark;
 Liver of blaspheming Jew;
 Gall of goat; and slips of yew,
 Slivered in the moon's eclipse;
 Nose of Turk, and Tartar's lips;
 Finger of birth-strangled babe,
 Ditch-delivered by a drab,—
 Make the gruel thick and slab:
 Add thereto a tiger's chawdron,
 For the ingredients of our caldron.
All. Double, double toil and trouble
 Fire, burn; and, caldron, bubble.
 2 *Witch.* Cool it with a baboon's blood,
 Then the charm is firm and good.

only plain
35

Enter HECATE and the other three Witches.

Hec. O, well done! I commend your pains;
And every one shall share i' the gains.
And now about the caldron sing,
Like elves and fairies in a ring,
Enchanting all that you put in.

SONG.

*Black spirits and white,
Red spirits and gray;
Mingle, mingle, mingle,
You that mingle may.*

2 *Witch.* By the pricking of my thumbs,
Something wicked this way comes.—
Open, locks, whoever knocks.

Enter MACBETH.

Macb. How now, you secret, black, and midnight hags?
What is't you do?

All. A deed without a name.

Macb. I conjure you, by that which you profess,
(Howe'er you come to know it,) answer me.
Though you untie the winds, and let them fight
Against the churches; though the yesty waves
Confound and swallow navigation up;
Though bladed corn be lodged, and trees blown down;
Though castles totter on their warders' heads;
Though palaces, and pyramids, do slope
Their heads to their foundations; though the treasure
Of nature's germins tumble all together,
Even till destruction sicken,—answer me
To what I ask you.

1 *Witch.* Speak.

2 *Witch.* Demand.

3 *Witch.* We'll answer.

1 *Witch.* Say, if thou'dst rather hear it from our mouths,
Or from our masters'?

Macb. Call them; let me see them.

1 *Witch.* Pour in sow's blood, that hath eaten
Her nine farrow; grease, that's sweaten
From the murderer's gibbet, throw
Into the flame.

All. Come, high, or low;
Thyself and office deftly show.

Thunder. An Apparition of an armed Head rises.

Macb. Tell me, thou unknown power,—

1 Witch. He knows thy thought;
Hear his speech, but say thou nought.

App. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth! beware Macduff;
Beware the thane of Fife.—Dismiss me.—Enough.

[*Descends.*

Macb. Whate'er thou art, for thy good caution, thanks;
Thou hast harped my fear aright.—But one word more;—

1 Witch. He will not be commanded. Here's another,
More potent than the first.

Thunder. An Apparition of a bloody Child rises.

App. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth!—

Macb. Had I three ears, I'd hear thee.

App. Be bloody, bold,
And resolute; laugh to scorn the power of man,
For none of woman born shall harm Macbeth. [*Descends.*

Macb. Then live, Macduff; what need I fear of thee?
But yet I'll make assurance double sure,
And take a bond of fate. Thou shalt not live,
That I may tell pale-hearted fear, it lies,
And sleep in spite of thunder.—What is this,

*Thunder. An Apparition of a Child crowned, with a Tree
in his Hand, rises.*

That rises like the issue of a king;
And wears upon his baby brow the round
And top of sovereignty.

All. Listen, but speak not to't.

App. Be lion-mettled, proud; and take no care
Who chafes, who frets, or where conspirers are;
Macbeth shall never vanquished be, until
Great Birnam wood to high Dunsinane hill
Shall come against him. [*Descends*

Macb. That will never be;
Who can impress the forest; bid the tree
Unfix his earth-bound root? Sweet bodements! good!
Rebellious head, rise never, till the wood
Of Birnam rise, and our high-placed Macbeth
Shall live the lease of nature, pay his breath
To time, and mortal custom.—Yet my heart
Throbs to know one thing: Tell me, (if your art
Can tell so much,) shall Banquo's issue ever
Reign in this kingdom?

All. Seek to know no more.

Macb. I will be satisfied. Deny me this,
And an eternal curse fall on you! Let me know:—
Why sinks that caldron? and what noise is this!

[*Hautboys.*

1 *Witch.* Show! 2 *Witch.* Show! 3 *Witch.* Show!

All. Show his eyes, and grieve his heart;
Come like shadows, so depart.

*Eight kings appear, and pass over the stage in order; the
last with a glass in his hand; BANQUO following.*

Macb. Thou art too like the spirit of Banquo; down!
Thy crown does sear mine eyeballs;—and thy hair,
Thou other gold-bound brow, is like the first.—
A third is like the former.—Filthy hags!
Why do you show me this?—A fourth?—Start, eyes!
What! will the line stretch out to the crack of doom?
Another yet?—A seventh?—I'll see no more.—
And yet the eighth appears, who bears a glass,
Which shows me many more; and some I see,
That twofold balls and treble sceptres carry;
Horrible sight!—Now, I see, 'tis true;
For the blood-boltered Banquo smiles upon me,
And points at them for his.—What, is this so?

1 *Witch.* Ay, sir, all this is so.—But why
Stands Macbeth thus amazedly?—
Come, sisters, cheer we up his sprights,
And show the best of our delights;
I'll charm the air to give a sound,
While you perform your antique round;
That this great king may kindly say,
Our duties did his welcome pay.

[*Music. The Witches dance, and vanish.*

Macb. Where are they? Gone?—Let this pernicious
hour
Stand aye accursed in the calendar!—
Come in, without there!

Enter LENOX.

Len. What's your grace's will?

Macb. Saw you the weird sisters?

Len. No, my lord.

Macb. Came they not by you?

Len. No, indeed, my lord.

Macb. Infected be the air whereon they ride;

And damned all those that trust them!— I did hear
The galloping of horse. Who was't came by?

Len. 'Tis two or three, my lord, that bring you word,
Macduff is fled to England.

Macb. Fled to England?

Len. Ay, my good lord.

Macb. Time, thou anticipat'st my dread exploits:
The flighty purpose never is o'ertook,
Unless the deed go with it. From this moment
The very firstlings of my heart shall be
The firstlings of my hand. And even now,
To crown my thoughts with acts, be it thought and done.
The castle of Macduff I will surprise;
Seize upon Fife; give to the edge o' the sword
His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate souls
That trace him in his line. No boasting like a fool:
This deed I'll do, before this purpose cool.
But no more sights!—Where are these gentlemen?
Come, bring me where they are. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. Fife. *A Room in Macduff's Castle.*

Enter LADY MACDUFF, *her* Son, *and* ROSSE.

L. Macd. What had he done, to make him fly the land?

Rosse. You must have patience, madam.

L. Macd. He had none;

His flight was madness. When our actions do not,
Our fears do make us traitors.

Rosse. You know not,
Whether it was his wisdom, or his fear.

L. Macd. Wisdom! to leave his wife, to leave his babes,
His mansion, and his titles, in a place
From whence himself does fly? He loves us not;
He wants the natural touch:—for the poor wren,
The most diminutive of birds, will fight,
Her young ones in her nest, against the owl.
All is the fear, and nothing is the love;
As little is the wisdom, where the flight
So runs against all reason.

Rosse. My dearest coz,
I pray you, school yourself: but, for your husband,
He is noble, wise, judicious, and best knows
The fits o' the season. I dare not speak much further:
But cruel are the times, when we are traitors,
And do not know ourselves; when we hold rumor

From what we fear, yet know not what we fear;
But float upon a wild and violent sea,
Each way, and move.—I take my leave of you:
Shall not be long but I'll be here again;
Things at the worst will cease, or else climb upward
To what they were before.—My pretty cousin,
Blessing upon you!

L. Macd. Fathered he is, and yet he's fatherless.

Rosse. I am so much a fool, should I stay longer,
It would be my disgrace, and your discomfort.

I take my leave at once. [*Exit Rosse.*]

L. Macd. Sirrah, your father's dead;
And what will you do now? How will you live?

Son. As birds do, mother.

L. Macd. What, with worms and flies?

Son. With what I get, I mean; and so do they.

L. Macd. Poor bird! thou'dst never fear the net, nor
lime,
The pit-fall, nor the gin.

Son. Why should I, mother? Poor birds they are not
set for.

My father is not dead, for all your saying.

L. Macd. Yes, he is dead; how wilt thou do for a father?

Son. Nay, how will you do for a husband?

L. Macd. Why, I can buy me twenty at any market.

Son. Then you'll buy 'em to sell again.

L. Macd. Thou speak'st with all thy wit; and yet i' faith,
With wit enough for thee.

Son. Was my father a traitor, mother?

L. Macd. Ay, that he was.

Son. What is a traitor?

L. Macd. Why, one that swears and lies.

Son. And be all traitors, that do so?

L. Macd. Every one that does so, is a traitor, and must
be hanged.

Son. And must they all be hanged, that swear and lie?

L. Macd. Every one.

Son. Who must hang them?

L. Macd. Why, the honest men.

Son. Then the liars and swearers are fools; for there
are liars and swearers enough to beat the honest men, and
hang up them.

L. Macd. Now, God help thee, poor monkey! But how
wilt thou do for a father?

Son. If he were dead, you'd weep for him; if you would not, it were a good sign that I should quickly have a new father.

L. Macd. Poor prattler! how thou talk'st!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Bless you, fair dame! I am not to you known,
Though in your state of honor I am perfect.
I doubt, some danger does approach you nearly:
If you will take a homely man's advice,
Be not found here; hence, with your little ones.
To fright you thus, methinks, I am too savage;
To do worse to you, were fell cruelty,
Which is too nigh your person. Heaven preserve you!
I dare abide no longer. *[Exit Messenger.]*

L. Macd. Whither should I fly?
I have done no harm. But I remember now
I am in this earthly world; where, to do harm,
Is often laudable; to do good, sometime,
Accounted dangerous folly. Why, then, alas!
Do I put up that womanly defence,
To say, I have done no harm? — What are these faces?

Enter Murderers.

Mur. Where is your husband?

L. Macd. I hope, in no place so unsanctified,
Where such as thou may'st find him.

Mur. He's a traitor.

Son. Thou ly'st, thou shag-eared villain.

Mur. What, you egg! *[Stabbing him.]*
Young fry of treachery!

Son. He has killed me, mother;
Run away, I pray you. *[Dies.]*

*[Exit LADY MACDUFF, crying murder,
and pursued by the Murderers.]*

SCENE III. England. *A Room in the King's Palace.*

Enter MALCOLM and MACDUFF.

Mal. Let us seek out some desolate shade, and there
Weep our sad bosoms empty.

Macd. Let us rather
Hold fast the mortal sword; and, like good men,
Bestride our downfallen birthdom. Each new morn,
New widows howl; new orphans cry; new sorrows
Strike heaven on the face, that it resounds.

As if it felt with Scotland, and yelled out
Like syllable of dolor.

Mal. What I believe, I'll wail;
What know, believe; and, what I can redress,
As I shall find the time to friend, I will.
What you have spoke, it may be so, perchance.
This tyrant, whose sole name blisters our tongues,
Was once thought honest; you have loved him well;
He hath not touched you yet. I am young; but something
You may deserve of him through me; and wisdom
To offer up a weak, poor, innocent lamb,
To appease an angry god.

Macd. I am not treacherous.

Mal. But Macbeth is.
A good and virtuous nature may recoil,
In an imperial charge. But I shall crave your pardon;
That which you are, my thoughts cannot transpose:
Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell:
Though all things foul would wear the brows of grace,
Yet grace must still look so.

Macd. I have lost my hopes.

Mal. Perchance, even there, where I did find my doubts.
Why in that rawness left you wife and child,
(Those precious motives, those strong knots of love,)
Without leave-taking?—I pray you,
Let not my jealousies be your dishonors,
But mine own safeties.—You may be rightly just,
Whatever I shall think.

Macd. Bleed, bleed, poor country!
Great tyranny, lay thou thy basis sure,
For goodness dares not check thee!—Wear thou thy
wrongs;—

Thy title is affected!—Fare thee well, lord.
I would not be the villain that thou think'st
For the whole space that's in the tyrant's grasp,
And the rich East to boot.

Mal. Be not offended;
I speak not as in absolute fear of you.
I think our country sinks beneath the yoke.
It weeps, it bleeds; and each new day a gash
Is added to her wounds. I think, withal,
There would be hands uplifted in my right;
And here, from gracious England, have I offer
Of goodly thousands. But, for all this,
When I shall tread upon the tyrant's head,
Or wear it on my sword, yet my poor country

Shall have more vices than it had before;
More suffer, and more sundry ways than ever,
By him that shall succeed.

Macd. What should he be?

Mal. It is myself I mean; in whom I know
All the particulars of vice so grafted,
That, when they shall be opened, black Macbeth
Will seem as pure as snow; and the poor state
Esteem him as a lamb, being compared
With my confineless harms.

Macd. Not in the legions
Of horrid hell, can come a devil more damned
In evils, to top Macbeth.

Mal. I grant him bloody,
Luxurious, avaricious, false, deceitful,
Sudden, malicious, smacking of every sin
That has a name. But there's no bottom, none,
In my voluptuousness; your wives, your daughters,
Your matrons, and your maids, could not fill up
The cistern of my lust; and my desire
All continent impediments would o'erbear,
That did oppose my will. Better Macbeth,
Than such a one to reign.

Macd. Boundless intemperance,
In nature is a tyranny; it hath been
The untimely emptying of the happy throne,
And fall of many kings. But fear not yet
To take upon you what is yours: you may
Convey your pleasures in a spacious plenty,
And yet seem cold, the time you may so hoodwink.
We have willing dames enough; there cannot be
That vulture in you, to devour so many
As will to greatness dedicate themselves,
Finding it so inclined.

Mal. With this, there grows,
In my most ill-composed affection, such
A stanchless avarice, that, were I king,
I should cut off the nobles for their lands;
Desire his jewels, and this other's house:
And my more-having would be as a sauce
To make me hunger more; that I should forge
Quarrels unjust against the good, and loyal,
Destroying them for wealth.

Macd. This avarice
Sticks deeper; grows with more pernicious root
Than summer-seeming lust: and it hath been

The sword of our slain kings. Yet do not fear;
Scotland hath foysons to fill up your will,
Of your mere own. All these are portable,
With other graces weighed.

Mal. But I have none. The king-becoming graces,
As justice, verity, temperance, stableness,
Bounty, perseverance, mercy, lowliness,
Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude,
I have no relish of them; but abound
In the division of each several crime,
Acting in many ways. Nay, had I power, I should
Pour the sweet milk of concord into hell,
Uproar the universal peace, confound
All unity on earth.

Macd. O Scotland! Scotland!

Mal. If such a one be fit to govern, speak.
I am as I have spoken.

Macd. Fit to govern!

No, not to live.—O nation miserable,
With an untitled tyrant bloody-sceptred,
When shalt thou see thy wholesome days again?
Since that the truest issue of thy throne
By his own interdiction stands accursed,
And does blaspheme his breed?—Thy royal father
Was a most sainted king; the queen, that bore thee,
 Oftener upon her knees than on her feet,
Died every day she lived. Fare thee well!
These evils, thou repeat'st upon thyself,
Have banished me from Scotland.—O, my breast,
That hope ends here!

Mal. Macduff, this noble passion,
Child of integrity, hath from my soul
Wiped the black scruples, reconciled my thoughts
To thy good truth and honor. Devilish Macbeth
By many of these trains hath sought to win me
Into his power; and modest wisdom plucks me
From over-credulous haste; but God above
Deal between thee and me! For even now
I put myself to thy direction, and
Unspeak mine own detraction; here abjure
The taints and blames I laid upon myself,
For strangers to my nature. I am yet
Unknown to woman; never was forsworn;
Scarcely have coveted what was mine own;
At no time broke my faith; would not betray
The devil to his fellow; and delight

No less in truth, than life: my first false speaking
 Was this upon myself. What I am truly,
 Is thine, and my poor country's to command;
 Whither, indeed, before thy here-approach,
 Old Siward, with ten thousand warlike men,
 All ready at a point, was setting forth.
 Now we'll together; and the chance of goodness,
 Be like our warranted quarrel! Why are you silent?

Macd. Such welcome and unwelcome things at once,
 'Tis hard to reconcile.

Enter a Doctor.

Mal. Well; more anon.— Comes the king forth, I pray
 you?

Doct. Ay, sir; there are a crew of wretched souls,
 That stay his cure. Their malady convinces
 The great assay of art; but at his touch,
 Such sanctity hath Heaven given his hand,
 They presently amend.

Mal. I thank you, doctor.

[*Exit Doctor.*

Macd. What's the disease he means?

Mal. 'Tis called the evil,
 A most miraculous work in this good king;
 Which often, since my here-remain in England,
 I have seen him do. How he solicits Heaven,
 Himself best knows: but strangely-visited people
 All swoln and ulcerous, pitiful to the eye,
 The mere despair of surgery, he cures;
 Hanging a golden stamp about their necks,
 Put on with holy prayers; and 'tis spoken,
 To the succeeding royalty he leaves
 The healing benediction. With this strange virtue,
 He hath a heavenly gift of prophecy;
 And sundry blessings hang about his throne,
 To speak him full of grace.

Enter ROSSE.

Macd. See, who comes here?

Mal. My countryman; but yet I know him not.

Macd. My ever-gentle cousin, welcome hither.

Mal. I know him now. Good God, betimes remove
 The means that make us strangers!

Rosse. Sir, Amen.

Macd. Stands Scotland where it did?

Rosse. Alas, poor country!

Almost afraid to know itself! It cannot
Be called our mother, but our grave; where nothing,
But who knows nothing, is once seen to smile;
Where sighs, and groans, and shrieks that rend the air,
Are made, not marked; where violent sorrow seems
A modern ecstasy: the dead man's knell
Is there scarce asked, for who; and good men's lives
Expire before the flowers in their caps,
Dying, or ere they sicken.

Macd.

O, relation,

Too nice, and yet too true!

Mal.

What is the newest grief?

Rosse. That of an hour's age doth hiss the speaker;
Each minute teems a new one.

Macd.

How does my wife?

Rosse. Why, well.

Macd.

And all my children?

Rosse.

Well too.

Macd. The tyrant has not battered at their peace?

Rosse. No; they were well at peace, when I did leave
them.

Macd. Be not a niggard of your speech. How goes it?

Rosse. When I came hither to transport the tidings
Which I have heavily borne, there ran a rumor
Of many worthy fellows that were out;
Which was to my belief witnessed the rather,
For that I saw the tyrant's power afoot.
Now is the time of help! Your eye in Scotland
Would create soldiers, make our women fight,
To doff their dire distresses.

Mal.

Be it their comfort,

We are coming thither. Gracious England hath
Lent us good Siward, and ten thousand men;
An older, and a better soldier, none
That Christendom gives out.

Rosse.

'Would I could answer

This comfort with the like! but I have words,
That would be howled out in the desert air,
Where hearing should not latch them.

Macd.

What concern they?

The general cause? or is it a fee-grief,
Due to some single breast?

Rosse.

No mind, that's honest,

But in it shares some woe; though the main part
Pertains to you alone.

Macd. If it be mine,
Keep it not from me; quickly let me have it.

Rosse. Let not your ears despise my tongue for ever,
Which shall possess them with the heaviest sound
That ever yet they heard.

Macd. Humph! I guess at it.

Rosse. Your castle is surprised; your wife, and babes,
Savagely slaughtered: to relate the manner,
Were, on the quarry of these murdered deer,
To add the death of you.

Mal. Merciful Heaven!—
What, man! ne'er pull your hat upon your brows;
Give sorrow words; the grief that does not speak,
Whispers the o'er-fraught heart, and bids it break.

Macd. My children, too?

Rosse. Wife, children, servants, all
That could be found.

Macd. And I must be from thence!
My wife killed too?

Rosse. I have said.

Mal. Be comforted.
Let's make us med'cines of our great revenge,
To cure this deadly grief.

Macd. He has no children.—All my pretty ones?
Did you say, all?—O, hell-kite!—All?
What, all my pretty chickens, and their dam,
At one fell swoop?

Mal. Dispute it like a man.

Macd. I shall do so;
But I must also feel it as a man.
I cannot but remember such things were,
That were most precious to me.—Did Heaven look on,
And would not take their part? Sinful Macduff,
They were all struck for thee! Naught that I am,
Not for their own demerits, but for mine,
Fell slaughter on their souls. Heaven rest them now!

Mal. Be this the whetstone of your sword: let grief
Convert to anger; blunt not the heart; enrage it.

Macd. O, I could play the woman with mine eyes,
And braggart with my tongue!—But, gentle Heavens,
Cut short all intermission: front to front,
Bring thou this fiend of Scotland, and myself;
Within my sword's length set him; if he 'scape,
Heaven forgive him too!

Mal. This tune goes manly.
Come, go we to the king: our power is ready;

Our lack is nothing but our leave: Macbeth
Is ripe for shaking, and the powers above
Put on their instruments. Receive what cheer you may;
The night is long that never finds the day. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. Dunsinane. *A Room in the Castle.*

Enter a Doctor of Physic, and a waiting Gentlewoman.

Doct. I have two nights watched with you, but can perceive no truth in your report. When was it she last walked?

Gent. Since his majesty went into the field, I have seen her rise from her bed, throw her nightgown upon her, unlock her closet, take forth paper, fold it, write upon it, read it, afterwards seal it, and again return to bed; yet all this while in a most fast sleep.

Doct. A great perturbation in nature! to receive at once the benefit of sleep, and do the effects of watching.—In this slumbry agitation, besides her walking, and other actual performances, what, at any time, have you heard her say?

Gent. That, sir, which I will not report after her.

Doct. You may, to me; and 'tis most meet you should.

Gent. Neither to you, nor any one; having no witness to confirm my speech.

Enter LADY MACBETH, with a taper.

Lo you, here she comes! this is her very guise; and, upon my life, fast asleep. Observe her; stand close.

Doct. How came she by that light?

Gent. Why, it stood by her; she has light by her continually; 'tis her command.

Doct. You see her eyes are open.

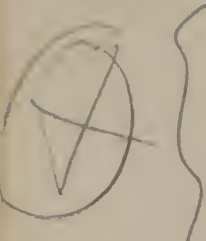
Gent. Ay, but their sense is shut.

Doct. What is it she does now? Look, how she rubs her hands.

Gent. It is an accustomed action with her, to seem thus washing her hands; I have known her continue in this a quarter of an hour.

Lady M. Yet here's a spot.

Doct. Hark, she speaks: I will set down what comes from her, to satisfy my remembrance the more strongly.



Lady M. Out, damned spot! Out, I say!—One, Two: Why, then 'tis time to do't:—Hell is murky!—Fie, my lord, fie! a soldier, and afeard? What need we fear who knows it, when none can call our power to account?—Yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him?

Doct. Do you mark that?

Lady M. The thane of Fife had a wife. Where is she now?—What, will these hands ne'er be clean?—No more o' that, my lord, no more o' that; you mar all with this starting.

Doct. Go to, go to; you have known what you should not.

Gent. She has spoke what she should not; I am sure of that. Heaven knows what she has known.

Lady M. Here's the smell of the blood still; all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. Oh! oh! oh!

Doct. What a sigh is there! The heart is sorely charged.

Gent. I would not have such a heart in my bosom, for the dignity of the whole body.

Doct. Well, well, well,—

Gent. 'Pray God, it be, sir.

Doct. This disease is beyond my practice. Yet I have known those which have walked in their sleep, who have died holily in their beds.

Lady M. Wash your hands, put on your nightgown; look not so pale.—I tell you yet again, Banquo's buried; he cannot come out of his grave.

Doct. Even so!

Lady M. To bed, to bed; there's knocking at the gate. Come, come, come, come, give me your hand. What's done, cannot be undone. To bed, to bed, to bed.

[Exit LADY MACBETH.]

Doct. Will she go now to bed?

Gent. Directly.

Doct. Foul whisperings are abroad; unnatural deeds
Do breed unnatural troubles; infected minds
To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets.
More needs she the divine, than the physician.—
God, God, forgive us all! Look after her;
Remove from her the means of all annoyance,
And still keep eyes upon her.—So, good night.
My mind she has mated, and amazed my sight:
I think, but dare not speak.

Gent.

Good night, good doctor.

[Exeunt]

SCENE II. *The Country near Dunsinane.*

Enter, with drum and colors, MENTETH, CATHNESS, ANGUS, LENOX, and Soldiers.

Ment. The English power is near, led on by Malcolm,
His uncle Siward, and the good Macduff.
Revenge burns in them; for their dear causes
Would, to the bleeding, and the grim alarm,
Excite the mortified man. *dead as a doornail*

Ang. Near Birnam wood
Shall we well meet them; that way are they coming.

Cath. Who knows if Donalbain be with his brother?

Len. For certain, sir, he is not. I have a file
Of all the gentry; there is Siward's son, *nobility*
And many unrough youths, that even now
Protest their first of manhood.

Ment. What does the tyrant?

Cath. Great Dunsinane he strongly fortifies.
Some say, he's mad; others, that lesser hate him,
Do call it valiant fury: but, for certain,
He cannot buckle his distempered cause
Within the belt of rule.

Ang. Now does he feel
His secret murders sticking on his hands;
Now minutely revolts upbraid his faith-breach;
Those he commands, move only in command,
Nothing in love: now does he feel his title
Hang loose about him, like a giant's robe
Upon a dwarfish thief.

Ment. Who then shall blame
His pestered senses to recoil, and start,
When all that is within him does condemn
Itself, for being there!

Cath. Well, march we on,
To give obedience where 'tis truly owed;
Meet we the medicin of the sickly weal;
And with him pour we, in our country's purge,
Each drop of us.

Len. Or so much as it needs,
To dew the sovereign flower, and drown the weeds.
Make we our march towards Birnam. [*Exeunt, marching.*]

SCENE III. Dunsinane. *A Room in the Castle.*

Enter MACBETH, Doctor, and Attendants.

Macb. Bring me no more reports; let them fly all,

Till Birnam wood remove to Dunsinane,
 I cannot taint with fear. What's the boy Malcolm?
 Was he not born of woman? The spirits that know
 All mortal consequence, have pronounced me thus: —
*Fear not, Macbeth; no man that's born of woman,
 Shall e'er have power upon thee.*—Then fly, false thanes,
 And mingle with the English epicures:
 The mind I sway by, and the heart I bear,
 Shall never sag with doubt, nor shake with fear.

Enter a Servant.

The devil damn thee black, thou cream-faced loon!
 Where gott'st thou that goose look?

Serv. There is ten thousand——

Macb. Geese, villain?

Serv. Soldiers, sir.

Macb. Go, prick thy face, and over-red thy fear,
 Thou lily-livered boy. What soldiers, patch?
 Death of thy soul! those linen cheeks of thine
 Are counsellors to fear. What soldiers, whey-face?

Serv. The English force, so please you.

Macb. Take thy face hence.—Seyton!—I am sick at
 heart,

When I behold—Seyton, I say!—This push
 Will cheer me ever, or disseat me now.
 I have lived long enough: my way of life
 Is fallen into the sear, the yellow leaf;
 And that which should accompany old age,
 As honor, love, obedience, troops of friends,
 I must not look to have; but, in their stead,
 Curses, not loud, but deep, mouth-honor, breath,
 Which the poor heart would fain deny, but dare not.
 Seyton!——

Enter SEYTON.

Sey. What is your gracious pleasure?

Macb. What news more?

Sey. All is confirmed, my lord, which was reported.

Macb. I'll fight till from my bones my flesh be hacked.
 Give me my armor.

Sey. 'Tis not needed yet.

Macb. I'll put it on.

Send out more horses, skirr the country round;
 Hang those that talk of fear.—Give me mine armor.
 How does your patient, doctor?

Doct. Not so sick, my lord,

As she is troubled with thick-coming fancies,
That keep her from her rest.

Macb.

Cure her of that.

Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased;
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow;
Raze out the written troubles of the brain;
And, with some sweet, oblivious antidote,
Cleanse the stuffed bosom of that perilous stuff,
Which weighs upon the heart?

Doct.

Therein the patient

Must minister to himself.

Macb. Throw physic to the dogs; I'll none of it.—
Come, put mine armor on; give me my staff;—
Seyton, send out.—Doctor, the thanes fly from me;
Come, sir, despatch.—If thou couldst, doctor, cast
The water of my land, find her disease,
And purge it to a sound and pristine health,
I would applaud thee to the very echo,
That should applaud again.—Pull't off, I say.—
What rhubarb, senna, or what purgative drug,
Would scour these English hence?—Hearest thou of them?

Doct. Ay, my good lord; your royal preparation
Makes us hear something.

Macb.

Bring it after me.—

I will not be afraid of death and bane,
Till Birnam forest come to Dunsinane. [*Exit.*

Doct. Were I from Dunsinane away and clear,
Profit again should hardly draw me here. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *Country near Dunsinane; a Wood in view.*

Enter, with drum and colors, MALCOLM, Old SIWARD and his Son, MACDUFF, MENTETH, CATHNESS, ANGUS, LENOX, ROSSE, and Soldiers, marching.

Mal. Cousins, I hope the days are near at hand
That chambers will be safe.

Ment.

We doubt it nothing.

Siw. What wood is this before us?

Ment.

The wood of Birnam.

Mal. Let every soldier hew him down a bough,
And bear't before him; thereby shall we shadow
The numbers of our host, and make discovery
Err in report of us.

Sold.

It shall be done.

Siw We learn no other, but the confident tyrant

Keeps still in Dunsinane, and will endure
Our setting down before't.

Mal. 'Tis his main hope;
For where there is advantage to be given,
Both more and less have given him the revolt;
And none serve with him but constrained things,
Whose hearts are absent too.

Macd. ~~Let our just censures~~
~~Attend the true event, and put we on~~
~~Industrious soldiership.~~

Siw. The time approaches,
That will with due decision make us know
What we shall say we have, and what we owe,
Thoughts speculative their unsure hopes relate;
But certain issue strokes must arbitrate;
Towards which, advance the war. [*Exeunt, marching*]

SCENE V. Dunsinane. *Within the Castle.*

Enter, with drums and colors, MACBETH, SEYTON, and Soldiers.

Macb. Hang out our banners on the outward walls;
The cry is still, *They come*. Our castle's strength
Will laugh a siege to scorn: here let them lie,
Till famine, and the ague, eat them up.
Were they not forced with those that should be ours,
We might have met them dareful, beard to beard,
And beat them backward home. What is that noise?

[*A cry within, of women*]

Sey. It is the cry of women, my good lord.

Macb. I have almost forgot the taste of fears.
The time has been, my senses would have cooled
To hear a night-shriek; and my fell of hair
Would at a dismal treatise rouse, and stir
As life were in't. I have supped full with horrors;
Direness, familiar to my slaughterous thoughts,
Cannot once start me.—Wherefore was that cry?

Sey. The queen, my lord, is dead.

Macb. She should have died hereafter;
There would have been a time for such a word.
To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
To the last syllable of recorded time;
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!

Life's but a walking shadow; a poor player,
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more; it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.—

Enter a Messenger.

Thou com'st to use thy tongue; thy story quickly.

Mess. Gracious my lord,
I shall report that which I say I saw,
But know not how to do it.

Macb. Well, say, sir.

Mess. As I did stand my watch upon the hill
I looked toward Birnam, and anon, methought,
The wood began to move.

Macb. Liar and slave!

Mess. Let me endure your wrath, if't be not so.
Within this three mile may you see it coming;
I say, a moving grove.

Macb. If thou speak'st false,
Upon the next tree shalt thou hang alive,
Till famine cling thee; if thy speech be sooth,
I care not if thou dost for me as much.
I pall in resolution; and begin
To doubt the equivocation of the fiend, *an ambiguity*
That lies like truth: *Fear not, till Birnam wood*
Do come to Dunsinane;—and now a wood
Comes toward Dunsinane.—Arm, arm, and out!—
If this, which he avouches, does appear,
There is nor flying hence, nor tarrying here.
I 'gin to be a weary of the sun,
And wish the estate o' the world were now undone.—
Ring the alarum-bell. Blow, wind! come, wrack!
At least we'll die with harness on our back. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI. *The same. A Plain before the Castle.*

*Enter, with drums and colors, MALCOLM, Old SIWARD,
MACDUFF, &c., and their Army, with boughs.*

Mal. Now near enough; your leavy screens throw down,
And show like those you are.—You, worthy uncle,
Shall, with my cousin, your right noble son,
Lead our first battle; worthy Macduff, and we,
Shall take upon us what else remains to do,
According to our order.

Siw. Fare you well.—
Do we but find the tyrant's power to-night,
Let us be beaten, if we cannot fight.

Macd. Make all our trumpets speak; give them all breath,
Those clamorous harbingers of blood and death.

[Exeunt. Alarums continued.]

SCENE VII. *The same. Another Part of the Plain.*

Enter MACBETH.

Macb. They have tied me to a stake; I cannot fly,
But, bearlike, I must fight the course.—What's he
That was not born of woman? Such a one
Am I to fear, or none.

Enter Young SIWARD.

Yo. Siw. What is thy name?

Macb. Thou'lt be afraid to hear it.

Yo. Siw. No; though thou call'st thyself a hotter name
Than any is in hell.

Macb. My name's Macbeth.

Yo. Siw. The devil himself could not pronounce a title
More hateful to mine ear.

Macb. No, nor more fearful.

Yo. Siw. Thou liest, abhorred tyrant; with my sword
I'll prove the lie thou speak'st.

[They fight, and Young Siward is slain.]

Macb. Thou wast born of woman.—
But swords I smile at, weapons laugh to scorn,
Brandished by man that's of a woman born. *[Exit.]*

Alarums. Enter MACDUFF.

Macd. That way the noise is.—Tyrant, show thy face.
If thou be'st slain, and with no stroke of mine,
My wife and children's ghosts will haunt me still.
I cannot strike at wretched kernes, whose arms
Are hired to bear their staves; either thou, Macbeth,
Or else my sword, with an unbattered edge,
I sheathe again unheeded. There thou shouldst be;
By this great clatter, one of greatest note
Seems bruited. Let me find him, fortune!
And more I beg not. *[Exit. Alarum.]*

Enter MALCOLM and Old SIWARD.

Siw. This way, my lord.—The castle's gently rendered:
The tyrant's people on both sides do fight;

The noble thanes do bravely in the war;
The day almost itself professes yours,
And little is to do.

Mal. We have met with foes
That strike beside us. *—*

Siw. Enter, sir, the castle

[*Exeunt. Alarum.*]

Re-enter MACBETH.

Macb. Why should I play the Roman fool, and die
On mine own sword? Whiles I see lives, the gashes
Do better upon them.

Re-enter MACDUFF.

Macd. Turn, hell-hound, turn.

Macb. Of all men else I have avoided thee;
But get thee back; my soul is too much charged
With blood of thine already.

Macd. I have no words;
My voice is in my sword; thou bloodier villain
Than terms can give thee out! [*They fight.*]

Macb. Thou lovest labor:
As easy may'st thou the intrenchant air *cannot be cut*
With thy keen sword impress, as make me bleed.
Let fall thy blade on vulnerable crests; *best thou can be*
I bear a charmed life, which must not yield *wounded*
To one of woman born.

Macd. Despair thy charm;
And let the angel, whom thou still hast served,
Tell thee, Macduff was from his mother's womb
Untimely ripped. *—*

Macb. Accursed be that tongue that tells me so,
For it hath cowed my better part of man: *reminded of cowardice*
And be these juggling fiends no more believed, *called a juggling fiend*
That palter with us in a double sense;
That keep the word of promise to our ear,
And break it to our hope.—I'll not fight with thee.

Macd. Then yield thee, coward,
And live to be the show and gaze o' the time.
We'll have thee, as our rarer monsters are, *very strange*
Painted upon a pole; and underwrit, *unusual*
Here may you see the tyrant.

Macb. I'll not yield
To kiss the ground before young Malcolm's feet,
And to be baited with the rabble's curse. *See our history*
Though Birnam wood be come to Dunsinane,

And thou opposed, being of no woman born,
 Yet I will try the last. Before my body
 I throw my warlike shield; lay on, Macduff;
 And damned be him that first cries, *Hold, enough.*

[*Exeunt, fighting*

Retreat. Flourish. Re-enter, with drum and colors, MALCOLM, Old SIWARD, ROSSE, LENOX, ANGUS, CATHNESS, MENTETH, and Soldiers.

Mal. I would the friends we miss were safe arrived.

Siw. Some must go off; and yet, by these I see,
 So great a day as this is cheaply bought.

Mal. Macduff is missing, and your noble son.

Rosse. Your son, my lord, has paid a soldier's debt.
 He only lived but till he was a man;
 The which no sooner had his prowess confirmed
 In the unshrinking station where he fought,
 But like a man he died.

Siw. Then he is dead?

Rosse. Ay, and brought off the field; your cause of
 sorrow
 Must not be measured by his worth, for then
 It hath no end.

Siw. Had he his hurts before?

Rosse. Ay, on the front.

Siw. Why, then, God's soldier be he!
 Had I as many sons as I have hairs,
 I would not wish them to a fairer death.
 And so his knell is knelled.

Mal. He's worth more sorrow,
 And that I'll spend for him.

Siw. He's worth no more;
 They say, he parted well, and paid his score;
 And so, God be with him!—Here comes newer comfort.

Re-enter MACDUFF, with MACBETH'S head on a pole.

Macd. Hail, king! for so thou art. Behold, where
 stands

The usurper's cursed head: the time is free:
 I see thee compassed with thy kingdom's pearl,
 That speak my salutation in their minds;
 Whose voices I desire aloud with mine,—
 Hail, king of Scotland!

All.

Hail, king of Scotland!

[*Flourish*

Mal. We shall not spend a large expense of time,
Before we reckon with your several loves, *several*
And make us even with you. My thanes and kinsmen, *earls*
Henceforth be earls, the first that ever Scotland
In such an honor named. What's more to do,
Which would be planted newly with the time,—
As calling home our exiled friends abroad,
That fled the snares of watchful tyranny;
Producing forth the cruel ministers
Of this dead butcher, and his fiendlike queen;
Who, as 'tis thought, by self and violent hands
Took off her life;—this, and what needful else
That calls upon us, by the grace of Grace, *from yond*
We will perform in measure, time, and place;
So thanks to all at once, and to each one,
Whom we invite to see us crowned at Scone.

for a [Flourish. Exeunt.

KING JOHN.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

KING JOHN.

PRINCE HENRY, *his Son; afterwards King Henry III.*

ARTHUR, *Duke of Bretagne, Son of Geffrey, late Duke of Bretagne, the elder Brother of King John.*

WILLIAM MARESHALL, *Earl of Pembroke.*

GEFFREY FITZ-PETER, *Earl of Essex, chief Justiciary of England.*

WILLIAM LONGSWORD, *Earl of Salisbury.*

ROBERT BIGOT, *Earl of Norfolk.*

HUBERT DE BURGH, *Chamberlain to the King*

ROBERT FAULCONBRIDGE, *Son of Sir Robert Faulconbridge.*

PHILIP FAULCONBRIDGE, *his Half-brother, Bastard Son to King Richard the First.*

JAMES GURNEY, *Servant to Lady Faulconbridge.*

PETER of Pomfret, *a Prophet.*

PHILIP, *King of France.*

LEWIS, *the Dauphin.*

Archduke of Austria.

CARDINAL PANDULPH, *the Pope's Legate.*

MELUN, *a French Lord.*

CHATILLON, *Ambassador from France to King John*

ELINOR, *the Widow of King Henry II. and Mother of King John.*

CONSTANCE, *Mother to Arthur.*

BLANCH, *Daughter to Alphonso, King of Castile, and Niece to King John.*

LADY FAULCONBRIDGE, *Mother to the Bastard, and Robert Faulconbridge.*

Lords, Ladies, Citizens of Angiers, Sheriff, Heralds, Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.

SCENE, *sometimes in England, and sometimes in France.*

KING JOHN.

ACT I.

SCENE I. Northampton. *A Room of State in the Palace.*

Enter KING JOHN, QUEEN ELINOR, PEMBROKE, ESSEX,
SALISBURY, *and others, with* CHATILLON.

King John. Now, say, Chatillon, what would France
with us?

Chat. Thus, after greeting, speaks the king of France,
In my behavior, to the majesty,
The borrowed majesty of England here.

Eli. A strange beginning;—borrowed majesty!

K. John. Silence, good mother; hear the embassy.

Chat. Philip of France, in right and true behalf
Of thy deceased brother Geffrey's son,
Arthur Plantagenet, lays most lawful claim
To this fair island, and the territories;
To Ireland, Poitiers, Anjou, Touraine, Maine;
Desiring thee to lay aside the sword,
Which sways usurpingly these several titles,
And put the same into young Arthur's hand,
Thy nephew, and right royal sovereign.

K. John. What follows, if we disallow of this?

Chat. The proud control of fierce and bloody war,
To enforce these rights so forcibly withheld.

K. John. Here have we war for war, and blood for blood,
Controlment for controlment; so answer France.

Chat. Then take my king's defiance from my mouth,
The furthest limit of my embassy.

K. John. Bear mine to him, and so depart in peace.
Be thou as lightning in the eyes of France;
For ere thou canst report I will be there,
The thunder of my cannon shall be heard.
So, hence! be thou the trumpet of our wrath,

And sullen presage of your own decay.—
An honorable conduct let him have;—
Pembroke, look to't. Farewell, Chatillon.

[*Exeunt* CHATILLON and PEMBROKE.]

Eli. What now, my son? have I not ever said
How that ambitious Constance would not cease,
Till she had kindled France, and all the world,
Upon the right and party of her son?
This might have been prevented and made whole,
With very easy arguments of love!
Which now the manage of two kingdoms must
With fearful, bloody issue arbitrate.

K. John. Our strong possession, and our right, for us.

Eli. Your strong possession, much more than your right;
Or else it must go wrong with you, and me.
So much my conscience whispers in your ear;
Which none but Heaven, and you, and I, shall hear.

Enter the Sheriff of Northamptonshire, who whispers ESSEX.

Essex. My liege, here is the strangest controversy,
Come from the country to be judged by you,
That e'er I heard. Shall I produce the men?

K. John. Let them approach.— [Exit Sheriff.]
Our abbeyes, and our priories, shall pay

Re-enter Sheriff, with ROBERT FAULCONBRIDGE, *and* PHILIP,
his bastard Brother.

This expedition's charge.— What men are you?

Bast. Your faithful subject, I, a gentleman,
Born in Northamptonshire; and eldest son,
As I suppose, to Robert Faulconbridge;
A soldier, by the honor-giving hand
Of Cœur-de-lion knighted in the field.

K. John. What art thou?

Rob. The son and heir to that same Faulconbridge.

K. John. Is that the elder, and art thou the heir?
You came not of one mother then, it seems.

Bast. Most certain of one mother, mighty king;
That is well known; and, as I think, one father:
But, for the certain knowledge of that truth,
I put you o'er to Heaven, and to my mother;
Of that I doubt, as all men's children may.

Eli. Out on thee, rude man! thou dost shame thy mother,
And wound her honor with this diffidence.

Bast. I, madam? no, I have no reason for it;
That is my brother's plea, and none of mine.

The which if he can prove, 'a pops me out
At least from fair five hundred pound a year.
Heaven guard my mother's honor, and my land!

K. John. A good blunt fellow.—Why, being younger
born,
Doth he lay claim to thine inheritance?

Bast. I know not why, except to get the land.
But once he slandered me with bastardy:
But whe'r I be as true begot, or no,
That still I lay upon my mother's head;
But, that I am as well begot, my liege,
(Fair fall the bones that took the pains for me!)
Compare our faces, and be judge yourself.
If old sir Robert did beget us both,
And were our father, and this son like him;—
O, old sir Robert, father, on my knee
I give Heaven thanks, I was not like to thee.

K. John. Why, what a madcap hath Heaven lent us here!

Eli. He hath a trick of Cœur-de-lion's face:
The accent of his tongue affecteth him.
Do you not read some tokens of my son
In the large composition of this man?

K. John. Mine eye hath well examined his parts,
And finds them perfect Richard.—Sirrah, speak,
What doth move you to claim your brother's land?

Bast. Because he hath a half-face, like my father:
With that half-face would he have all my land.
A half-faced groat five hundred pound a year!

Rob. My gracious liege, when that my father lived,
Your brother did employ my father much;—

Bast. Well, sir, by this you cannot get my land;
Your tale must be how he employed my mother.

Rob. And once despatched him in an embassy
To Germany, there, with the emperor,
To treat of high affairs touching that time.
The advantage of his absence took the king,
And in the mean time sojourned at my father's;
Where how he did prevail, I shame to speak.
But truth is truth; large lengths of seas and shores
Between my father and my mother lay,
(As I have heard my father speak himself.)
When this same lusty gentleman was got.
Upon his death-bed he by will bequeathed
His lands to me; and took it, on his death,
That this, my mother's son, was none of his;
And, if he were, he came into the world

Full fourteen weeks before the course of time.
Then, good my liege, let me have what is mine,
My father's land, as was my father's will.

K. John. Sirrah, your brother is legitimate;
Your father's wife did after wedlock bear him:
And, if she did play false, the fault was hers;
Which fault lies on the hazard of all husbands
That marry wives. Tell me, how if my brother,
Who, as you say, took pains to get this son,
Had of your father claimed this son for his?
In sooth, good friend, your father might have kept
This calf, bred from his cow, from all the world.
In sooth, he might; then, if he were my brother's,
My brother might not claim him; nor your father,
Being none of his, refuse him. This concludes,—
My mother's son did get your father's heir;
Your father's heir must have your father's land.

Rob. Shall then my father's will be of no force,
To dispossess that child which is not his?

Bast. Of no more force to dispossess me, sir,
Than was his will to get me, as I think.

Eli. Whether hadst thou rather,—be a Faulconbridge,
And like thy brother, to enjoy thy land;
Or the reputed son of Cœur-de-lion,
Lord of thy presence, and no land beside?

Bast. Madam, an if my brother had my shape,
And I had his, sir Robert his, like him;
And if my legs were two such riding-rods;
My arms such eel-skins stuffed; my face so thin,
That in mine ear I durst not stick a rose,
Lest men should say, Look, where three-farthings goes!
And, to his shape, were heir to all this land,
'Would, I might never stir from off this place,
I'd give it every foot to have this face;
I would not be sir Nob in any case.

Eli. I like thee well. Wilt thou forsake thy fortune,
Bequeath thy land to him, and follow me?
I am a soldier, and now bound to France.

Bast. Brother, take you my land; I'll take my chance.
Your face hath got five hundred pounds a year;
Yet sell your face for five pence, and 'tis dear.—
Madam, I'll follow you unto the death.

Eli. Nay, I would have you go before me thither.

Bast. Our country manners give our betters way.

K. John. What is thy name?

Bast. Philip, my liege; so is my name begun;
Philip, good old sir Robert's wife's eldest son.

K. John. From henceforth bear his name whose form
thou bear'st.

Kneel thou down, Philip, but arise more great:

Arise, sir Richard, and Plantagenet.

Bast. Brother, by the mother's side, give me your hand;
My father gave me honor, yours gave land.

Now blessed be the hour by night or day,

When I was got, sir Robert was away.

Eli. The very spirit of Plantagenet!—

I am thy grandame, Richard; call me so.

Bast. Madam, by chance, but not by truth. What though?
Something about, a little from the right,

In at the window, or else o'er the hatch:

Who dares not stir by day, must walk by night;

And have is have, however men do catch.

Near or far off, well won is still well shot;

And I am I, howe'er I was begot.

K. John. Go, Faulconbridge; now hast thou thy desire;
A landless knight makes thee a landed squire.—

Come, madam, and come, Richard; we must speed

For France, for France; for it is more than need.

Bast. Brother, adieu. Good fortune come to thee!

For thou wast got i' the way of honesty.

[*Exeunt all but the Bastard.*]

A foot of honor better than I was;

But many a many foot of land the worse.

Well, now can I make any Joan a lady.—

Good den, sir Richard,—God-a-mercy, fellow;—

And if his name be George, I'll call him Peter:

For new-made honor doth forget men's names;

'Tis too respective, and too sociable,

For your conversion. Now your traveller,—

He and his toothpick at my worship's mess;

And when my knightly stomach is sufficed,

Why then I suck my teeth, and catechize

My picked man of countries.—*My dear sir,*

(Thus, leaning on my elbow, I begin,)

I shall beseech you—That is question now;

And then comes answer like an A B C-book.—

O, sir, says answer, *at your best command;*

At your employment; at your service, sir.—

No, sir, says question, *I, sweet sir, at yours;*

And, so, ere answer knows what question would,

(Saving in dialogue of compliment;

And talking of the Alps, and Apennines,
 The Pyrenean, and the river Po,)
 It draws towards supper in conclusion so.
 But this is worshipful society,
 And fits the mounting spirit, like myself.
 For he is but a bastard to the time,
 That doth not smack of observation;
 (And so am I, whether I smack, or no;)
 And not alone in habit and device,
 Exterior form, outward accoutrement;
 But from the inward motion to deliver
 Sweet, sweet, sweet poison for the age's tooth:
 Which, though I will not practise to deceive,
 Yet, to avoid deceit, I mean to learn;
 For it shall strew the footsteps of my rising.—
 But who comes in such haste, in riding robes?
 What woman-post is this? Hath she no husband,
 That will take pains to blow a horn before her?

Enter LADY FAULCONBRIDGE *and* JAMES GURNEY.

O me! it is my mother.—How now, good lady?
 What brings you here to court so hastily?

Lady F. Where is that slave, thy brother? Where is he,
 That holds in chase mine honor up and down?

Bast. My brother Robert? old sir Robert's son?
 Colbrand the giant, that same mighty man?
 Is it sir Robert's son, that you seek so?

Lady F. Sir Robert's son! ay, thou unreverend boy,
 Sir Robert's son! Why scorn'st thou at sir Robert?
 He is sir Robert's son; and so art thou.

Bast. James Gurney, wilt thou give us leave awhile?

Gur. Good leave, good Philip.

Bast. Philip? — sparrow! — James,
 There's toys abroad; anon I'll tell thee more.

[*Exit* GURNEY.]

Madam, I was not old sir Robert's son;
 Sir Robert might have eat his part in me
 Upon Good Friday, and ne'er broke his fast.
 Sir Robert could do well; marry, (to confess!)
 Could he get me? Sir Robert could not do it;
 We know his handy-work.—Therefore, good mother,
 To whom am I beholden for these limbs?
 Sir Robert never help to make this leg.

Lady F. Hast thou conspired with thy brother too,
 That for thine own gain should'st defend mine honor?
 What means this scorn, thou most untoward knave?

Bast. Knight, knight, good mother,— Basilisco-like.
What! I am dubbed; I have it on my shoulder.
But, mother, I am not sir Robert's son,
I have disclaimed sir Robert, and my land;
Legitimation, name, and all is gone:
Then, good my mother, let me know my father.
Some proper man, I hope; who was it, mother?

Lady F. Hast thou denied thyself a Faulconbridge?

Bast. As faithfully as I deny the devil.

Lady F. King Richard Cœur-de-lion was thy father;
By long and vehement suit I was seduced
To make room for him in my husband's bed.—
Heaven, lay not my transgression to my charge!
Thou art the issue of my dear offence,
Which was so strongly urged, past my defence.

Bast. Now, by this light, were I to get again,
Madam, I would not wish a better father.
Some sins do bear their privilege on earth,
And so doth yours; your fault was not your folly:
Needs must you lay your heart at his dispose,—
Subjected tribute to commanding love,—
Against whose fury and unmatched force
The aweless lion could not wage the fight,
Nor keep his princely heart from Richard's hand.
He, that perforce robs lions of their hearts,
May easily win a woman's. Ay, my mother,
With all my heart I thank thee for my father!
Who lives and dares but say, thou didst not well
When I was got, I'll send his soul to hell.
Come, lady, I will show thee to my kin;

And they shall say, when Richard me begot,
If thou hadst said him nay, it had been sin.

Who says it was, he lies; I say, 'twas not. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I. France. *Before the Walls of Angiers.*

*Enter, on one side, the Archduke of Austria, and Forces;
on the other, PHILIP, King of France, and Forces; LEWIS,
CONSTANCE, ARTHUR, and Attendants.*

Lew. Before Angiers well met, brave Austria.—
Arthur, that great forerunner of thy blood,

Richard, that robbed the lion of his heart,
 And fought the holy wars in Palestine,
 By this brave duke came early to his grave;
 And, for amends to his posterity,
 At our importance, hither is he come,
 To spread his colors, boy, in thy behalf;
 And to rebuke the usurpation
 Of thy unnatural uncle, English John.
 Embrace him, love him, give him welcome hither.

Arth. God shall forgive you Cœur-de-lion's death,
 The rather, that you give his offspring life,
 Shadowing their right under your wings of war.
 I give you welcome with a powerless hand,
 But with a heart full of unstained love.
 Welcome before the gates of Angiers, duke.

Lew. A noble boy! who would not do thee right

Aust. Upon thy cheek lay I this zealous kiss,
 As seal to this indenture of my love;
 That to my home I will no more return,
 Till Angiers, and the right thou hast in France,
 Together with that pale, that white-faced shore,
 Whose foot spurns back the ocean's roaring tides,
 And coops from other lands her islanders,—
 Even till that England, hedged in with the main,
 That water-walled bulwark, still secure
 And confident from foreign purposes,—
 Even till that utmost corner of the west
 Salute thee for her king. Till then, fair boy,
 Will I not think of home, but follow arms.

Const. O, take his mother's thanks, a widow's thanks,
 Till your strong hand shall help to give him strength,
 To make a more requital to your love.

Aust. The peace of heaven is theirs, that lift their
 swords

In such a just and charitable war.

K. Phi. Well, then, to work; our cannon shall be bent
 Against the brows of this resisting town.—
 Call for our chiefest men of discipline,
 To cull the plots of best advantages.—
 We'll lay before this town our royal bones,
 Wade to the market-place in Frenchmen's blood,
 But we will make it subject to this boy.

Const. Stay for an answer to your embassy,
 Lest unadvised you stain your swords with blood.
 My lord Chatillon may from England bring
 That right in peace, which here we urge in war;

And then we shall repent each drop of blood,
That hot, rash haste so indirectly shed.

Enter CHATILLON.

K. Phi. A wonder, lady!—lo, upon thy wish,
Our messenger Chatillon is arrived.—

What England says, say briefly, gentle lord;
We coldly pause for thee. Chatillon, speak.

Chat. Then turn your forces from this paltry siege,
And stir them up against a mightier task.

England, impatient of your just demands,
Hath put himself in arms; the adverse winds,
Whose leisure I have staid, have given him time
To land his legions all as soon as I;

His marches are expedient to this town,

His forces strong, his soldiers confident.

With him along is come the mother-queen,

An Ate, stirring him to blood and strife;

With her her niece, the lady Blanch of Spain;

With them a bastard of the king's deceased;

And all the unsettled humors of the land,—

Rash, inconsiderate, fiery voluntaries,

With ladies' faces, and fierce dragons' spleens,—

Have sold their fortunes at their native homes,

Bearing their birthrights proudly on their backs,

To make a hazard of new fortunes here.

In brief, a braver choice of dauntless spirits,

Than now the English bottoms have waft o'er,

Did never float upon the swelling tide,

To do offence and scath in Christendom.

The interruption of their churlish drums [Drums beat.

Cuts off more circumstance; they are at hand,

To parley, or to fight; therefore, prepare.

K. Phi. How much unlooked-for is this expedition!

Aust. By how much unexpected, by so much

We must awake endeavor for defence;

For courage mounteth with occasion.

Let them be welcome then; we are prepared.

Enter KING JOHN, ELINOR, BLANCH, the Bastard, PEMBROKE, and Forces.

K. John. Peace be to France; if France in peace permit
Our just and lineal entrance to our own!

If not, bleed France, and peace ascend to heaven!

Whiles we, God's wrathful agent, do correct

Their proud contempt that beat his peace to heaven.

K. Phi. Peace be to England; if that war return
From France to England, there to live in peace!
England we love; and, for that England's sake,
With burden of our armor here we sweat.
This toil of ours should be a work of thine;
But thou from loving England art so far,
That thou hast under-wrought his lawful king,
Cut off the sequence of posterity,
Outfaced infant state, and done a rape
Upon the maiden virtue of the crown.
Look here upon thy brother Geoffrey's face,—
These eyes, these brows, were moulded out of his;
This little abstract doth contain that large,
Which died in Geoffrey; and the hand of time
Shall draw this brief into as huge a volume.
That Geoffrey was thy elder brother born,
And this his son; England was Geoffrey's right,
And this is Geoffrey's. In the name of God,
How comes it, then, that thou art called a king,
When living blood doth in these temples beat,
Which owe the crown that thou o'ermasterest?

K. John. From whom hast thou this great commission,
France,
To draw my answer from thy articles?

K. Phi. From that supernal Judge, that stirs good
thoughts
In any breast of strong authority,
To look into the blots and stains of right—
That Judge hath made me guardian to this boy;
Under whose warrant I impeach thy wrong;
And by whose help I mean to chastise it.

K. John. Alack, thou dost usurp authority.

K. Phi. Excuse; it is to beat usurping down.

Eli. Who is it thou dost call usurper, France?

Const. Let me make answer;—thy usurping son.

Eli. Out, insolent! thy bastard shall be king;
That thou mayst be a queen, and check the world.

Const. My bed was ever to thy son as true,
As thine was to thy husband; and this boy
Liker in feature to his father Geoffrey,
Than thou and John in manners; being as like,
As rain to water, or devil to his dam.
My boy a bastard! by my soul, I think,
His father never was so true begot;
It cannot be, an if thou wert his mother.

Eli. There's a good mother, boy, that blots thy father.

Const. There's a good grandam, boy, that would blot thee.

Aust. Peace!

Bast. Hear the crier.

Aust. What the devil art thou?

Bast. One that will play the devil, sir, with you,
An 'a may catch your hide and you alone.

You are the hare of whom the proverb goes,
Whose valor plucks dead lions by the beard;
I'll smoke your skin-coat, an I catch you right.
Sirrah, look to't; i' faith, I will, i' faith.

Blanch. O, well did he become that lion's robe,
That did disrobe the lion of that robe!

Bast. It lies as sightly on the back of him,
As great Alcides' shoes upon an ass.—
But, ass, I'll take that burden from your back;
Or lay on that shall make your shoulders crack.

Aust. What cracker is this same, that deafs our ears
With this abundance of superfluous breath?

K. Phi. Lewis, determine what we shall do straight.

Lew. Women and fools, break off your conference.—
King John, this is the very sum of all,—
England, and Ireland, Anjou, Touraine, Maine,
In right of Arthur do I claim of thee.

Wilt thou resign them, and lay down thy arms?

K. John. My life as soon.—I do defy thee, France.
Arthur of Bretagne, yield thee to my hand;
And, out of my dear love, I'll give thee more
Than e'er the coward hand of France can win.
Submit thee, boy.

Eli. Come to thy grandam, child.

Const. Do, child, go to it' grandam, child;
Give grandam kingdom, and it' grandam will
Give it a plum, a cherry, and a fig.
There's a good grandam.

Arth. Good my mother, peace!
I would that I were low laid in my grave;
I am not worth this coil that's made for me.

Eli. His mother shames him so, poor boy, he weeps.

Const. Now shame upon you, wh'er she does or no!
His grandam's wrongs, and not his mother's shames,
Draw those Heaven-moving pearls from his poor eyes,
Which Heaven shall take in nature of a fee;
Ay, with these crystal beads Heaven shall be bribed
To do him justice, and revenge on you.

Eli. Thou monstrous slanderer of heaven and earth!

Const. Thou monstrous injurer of heaven and earth;

Call not me slanderer; thou, and thine, usurp
 The dominations, royalties, and rights,
 Of this oppressed boy. This is thy eldest son's son,
 Infortunate in nothing but in thee.
 Thy sins are visited in this poor child;
 The canon of the law is laid on him,
 Being but the second generation
 Removed from thy sin-conceiving womb.

K. John. Beldam, have done.

Const. I have but this to say,—
 That he's not only plagued for her sin,
 But God hath made her sin and her the plague
 On this removed issue, plagued for her,
 And with her plague, her sin; his injury
 Her injury, the beadle to her sin;
 All punished in the person of this child,
 And all for her; a plague upon her!

Eli. Thou unadvised scold, I can produce
 A will, that bars the title of thy son.

Const. Ay, who doubts that? A will! a wicked will;
 A woman's will; a cankered grandam's will!

K. Phi. Peace, lady; pause, or be more temperate.
 It ill beseems this presence, to cry aim
 To these ill-tuned repetitions.—

Some trumpet summon hither to the walls
 These men of Angiers; let us hear them speak,
 Whose title they admit, Arthur's or John's.

Trumpets sound. Enter Citizens upon the Walls.

1 *Cit.* Who is it that hath warned us to the walls.

K. Phi. 'Tis France, for England.

K. John. England, for itself.
 You men of Angiers, and my loving subjects,—

K. Phi. You loving men of Angiers, Arthur's subjects,
 Our trumpet called you to this gentle parle.

K. John. For our advantage;—therefore, hear us first.—
 These flags of France, that are advanced here
 Before the eye and prospect of your town,
 Have hither marched to your endamagement.
 The cannons have their bowels full of wrath;
 And ready mounted are they, to spit forth
 Their iron indignation 'gainst your walls.
 All preparation for a bloody siege,
 And merciless proceeding by these French,
 Confront your city's eyes, your winking gates;
 And but for our approach those sleeping stones,

That as a waist do girdle you about,
By the compulsion of their ordnance
By this time from their fixed beds of lime
Had been dishabited, and wide havoc made
For bloody power to rush upon your peace.
But, on the sight of us, your lawful king,—
Who painfully, with much expedient march,
Have brought a countercheck before your gates,
To save unscratched your city's threatened cheeks,—
Behold, the French, amazed, vouchsafe a parole;
And now, instead of bullets wrapped in fire,
To make a shaking fever in your walls,
They shoot but calm words, folded up in smoke,
To make a faithless error in your ears;
Which trust accordingly, kind citizens,
And let us in, your king; whose labored spirits,
Forewearied in this action of swift speed,
Crave harborage within your city walls.

K. Phi. When I have said, make answer to us both.
Lo, in this right hand, whose protection
Is most divinely vowed upon the right
Of him it holds, stands young Plantagenet;
Son to the elder brother of this man,
And king o'er him, and all that he enjoys.
For this down-trodden equity, we tread
In warlike march these greens before your town;
Being no further enemy to you,
Than the constraint of hospitable zeal,
In the relief of this oppressed child,
Religiously provokes. Be pleased then
To pay that duty, which you truly owe,
To him that owes it; namely, this young prince;
And then our arms, like to a muzzled bear,
Save in aspect, have all offence sealed up.
Our cannons' malice vainly shall be spent
Against the invulnerable clouds of heaven,
And, with a blessed and unvexed retire,
With unhacked swords, and helmets all unbruised,
We will bear home that lusty blood again,
Which here we came to spout against your town,
And leave your children, wives, and you, in peace.
But if you fondly pass our proffered offer,
'Tis not the roundure of your old-faced walls
Can hide you from our messengers of war;
Though all these English, and their discipline,
Were harbored in their rude circumference.

Then, tell us, shall your city call us lord,
In that behalf which we have challenged it?
Or shall we give the signal to our rage,
And stalk in blood to our possession?

1 *Cit.* In brief, we are the king of England's subjects;
For him, and in his right, we hold this town.

K. John. Acknowledge then the king, and let me in.

1 *Cit.* That can we not: but he that proves the king
To him will we prove loyal; till that time,
Have we rammed up our gates against the world.

K. John. Doth not the crown of England prove the king?
And, if not that, I bring you witnesses,
Twice fifteen thousand hearts of England's breed,—

Bast. Bastards, and else.

K. John. To verify our title with their lives.

K. Phi. As many, and as well-born bloods as those,—

Bast. Some bastards too.

K. Phi. Stand in his face, to contradict his claim.

1 *Cit.* Till you compound whose right is worthiest,
We, for the worthiest, hold the right from both.

K. John. Then God forgive the sin of all those souls,
That to their everlasting residence,
Before the dew of evening fall, shall fleet,
In dreadful trial of our kingdom's king!

K. Phi. Amen, Amen!—mount, chevaliers! to arms!

Bast. St. George,—that swung the dragon, and e'er
since,

Sits on his horseback at mine hostess' door,
Teach us some fence.—Sirrah, were I at home,
At your den, sirrah, [*To AUSTRIA.*] with your lioness,
I'd set an ox-head to your lion's hide,
And make a monster of you.

Aust. Peace; no more.

Bast. O, tremble; for you hear the lion roar.

K. John. Up higher to the plain; where we'll set forth,
In best appointment, all our regiments.

Bast. Speed, then, to take advantage of the field.

K. Phi. It shall be so;—[*To LEWIS.*] and at the other hill
Command the rest to stand.—God, and our right!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The same. Alarums and Excursions; then
a Retreat.*

Enter a French Herald, with trumpets, to the gates.

F. Her. You men of Angiers, open wide your gates,
And let young Arthur, duke of Bretagne, in;

Who, by the hand of France, this day hath made
Much work for tears in many an English mother,
Whose sons lie scattered on the bleeding ground.
Many a widow's husband grovelling lies,
Coldly embracing the discolored earth;
And victory, with little loss, doth play
Upon the dancing banners of the French;
Who are at hand, triumphantly displayed,
To enter conquerors, and to proclaim
Arthur of Bretagne, England's king, and yours.

Enter an English Herald, with trumpets.

E. Her. Rejoice, you men of Angiers, ring your bells;
King John, your king and England's, doth approach,
Commander of this hot, malicious day!
Their armors, that marched hence so silver-bright,
Hither return all gilt with Frenchmen's blood.
There stuck no plume in any English crest,
That is removed by a staff of France;
Our colors do return in those same hands
That did display them when we first marched forth;
And, like a jolly troop of huntsmen, come
Our lusty English, all with purpled hands,
Dyed in the dying slaughter of their foes.
Open your gates, and give the victors way.

Cit. Heralds, from off our towers we might behold,
From first to last, the onset and retire
Of both your armies; whose equality
By our best eyes cannot be censured.
Blood hath bought blood, and blows have answered blows,
Strength matched with strength, and power confronted
power:

Both are alike; and both alike we like.
One must prove greatest; while they weigh so even,
We hold our town for neither; yet for both.

*Enter, at one side, KING JOHN, with his Power; ELINOR,
BLANCH, and the Bastard; at the other, KING PHILIP,
LEWIS, AUSTRIA, and Forces.*

K. John. France, hast thou yet more blood to cast away?
Say, shall the current of our right run on?
Whose passage, vexed with thy impediment,
Shall leave his native channel, and o'erswell,
With course disturbed, even thy confining shores;
Unless thou let his silver water keep
A peaceful progress to the ocean.

K. Phi. England, thou hast not saved one drop of blood,
 In this hot trial, more than we of France;
 Rather, lost more. And by this hand I swear,
 That sways the earth this climate overlooks,—
 Before we will lay down our just-borne arms,
 We'll put thee down, 'gainst whom these arms we bear
 Or add a royal number to the dead;
 Gracing the scroll, that tells of this war's loss,
 With slaughter coupled to the name of kings.

Bast. Ha, majesty! how high thy glory towers,
 When the rich blood of kings is set on fire!
 O, now doth death line his dead chaps with steel;
 The swords of soldiers are his teeth, his fangs;
 And now he feasts, mousing the flesh of men,
 In undetermined differences of kings.—

Why stand these royal fronts amazed thus?
 Cry, havoc, kings! back to the stained field,
 You equal potents, fiery-kindled spirits!
 Then let confusion of one part confirm

The other's peace; till then, blows, blood, and death!

K. John. Whose party do the townsmen yet admit?

K. Phi. Speak, citizens, for England; who's your king?

1 Cit. The king of England, when we know the king.

K. Phi. Know him in us, that here hold up his right.

K. John. In us, that are our own great deputy,
 And bear possession of our person here;
 Lord of our presence, Angiers, and of you.

1 Cit. A greater power than we, denies all this;
 And, till it be undoubted, we do lock
 Our former scruple in our strong-barred gates;
 Kinged of our fears; until our fears, resolved,
 Be by some certain king purged and deposed.

Bast. By Heaven, these scroyles of Angiers flout you,
 kings;

And stand securely on their battlements,
 As in a theatre, whence they gape and point
 At your industrious scenes and acts of death.
 Your royal presences, be ruled by me;
 Do like the mutines of Jerusalem,
 Be friends a while, and both conjointly bend
 Your sharpest deeds of malice on this town.
 By east and west let France and England mount
 Their battering cannon, charged to the mouths;
 Till their soul-fearing clamors have brawled down
 The flinty ribs of this contemptuous city;
 I'd play incessantly upon these jades,

Even till unfenced desolation
Leave them as naked as the vulgar air.
That done, dissever your united strength,
And part your mingled colors once again;
Turn face to face, and bloody point to point:
Then, in a moment, fortune shall cull forth
Out of one side her happy minion;
To whom in favor she shall give the day,
And kiss him with a glorious victory.
How like you this wild counsel, mighty states?
Smacks it not something of the policy?

K. John. Now, by the sky that hangs above our heads,
I like it well.—France, shall we knit our powers,
And lay this Angiers even with the ground;
Then, after, fight who shall be king of it?

Bast. An if thou hast the mettle of a king,—
Being wronged, as we are, by this peevish town,—
Turn thou the mouth of thy artillery,
As we will ours, against these saucy wall;
And when that we have dashed them to the ground,
Why, then defy each other; and, pell-mell,
Make work upon ourselves, for heaven, or hell.

K. Phi. Let it be so.—Say, where will you assault?

K. John. We from the west will send destruction
Into this city's bosom.

Aust. I from the north.

K. Phi. Our thunder, from the south,
Shall rain their drift of bullets on this town.

Bast. O prudent discipline! from north to south,
Austria and France shoot in each other's mouth. [*Aside.*
I'll stir them to't.—Come, away, away!

1 Cit. Hear us, great kings! vouchsafe a while to stay,
And I shall show you peace, and fair-faced league;
Win you this city without stroke or wound;
Rescue those breathing lives to die in beds,
That here come sacrifices for the field.
Persever not, but hear me, mighty kings.

K. John. Speak on, with favor; we are bent to hear.

1 Cit. That daughter there of Spain, the lady Blanch,
Is near to England; look upon the years
Of Lewis the dauphin, and that lovely maid.
If lusty love should go in quest of beauty,
Where should he find it fairer than in Blanch?
If zealous love should go in search of virtue,
Where should he find it purer than in Blanch?
If love ambitious sought a match of birth.

Whose veins bound richer blood than lady Blanch?
Such as she is, in beauty, virtue, birth,
Is the young dauphin every way complete.
If not complete, O say, he is not she;
And she again wants nothing, to name want,
If want it be not, that she is not he.
He is the half part of a blessed man,
Left to be finished by such a she;
And she a fair, divided excellence,
Whose fulness of perfection lies in him.
O, two such silver currents, when they join,
Do glorify the banks that bound them in;
And two such shores to two such streams made one,
Two such controlling bounds shall you be, kings,
To these two princes, if you marry them.
This union shall do more than battery can,
To our fast-closed gates; for, at this match,
With swifter spleen than powder can enforce,
The mouth of passage shall we fling wide ope,
And give you entrance; but, without this match,
The sea enraged is not half so deaf,
Lions more confident, mountains and rocks
More free from motion; no, not death himself
In mortal fury half so peremptory,
As we to keep this city.

Bast. Here's a stay,
That shakes the rotten carcass of old death
Out of his rags! here's a large mouth, indeed,
That spits forth death, and mountains, rocks, and seas!
Talks as familiarly of roaring lions
As maids of thirteen do of puppy-dogs!
What cannonier begot this lusty blood?
He speaks plain cannon, fire, and smoke, and bounce;
He gives the bastinado with his tongue;
Our ears are cudgelled; not a word of his,
But buffets better than a fist of France.
Zounds! I was never so bethumped with words,
Since I first called my brother's father, dad.

Eli. Son, list to this conjunction; make this match.
Give with our niece a dowry large enough;
For by this knot thou shalt so surely tie
Thy now unsured assurance to the crown,
That yon green boy shall have no sun to ripe
The bloom that promiseth a mighty fruit.
I see a yielding in the looks of France;
Mark, how they whisper. Urge them, while their souls

Are capable of this ambition!
 Lest zeal, now melted by the windy breath
 Of soft petitions, pity, and remorse,
 Cool and congeal again to what it was.

1 *Cit.* Why answer not the double majesties
 This friendly treaty of our threatened town?

K. Phi. Speak England first, that hath been forward
 first

To speak unto this city. What say you?

K. John. If that the dauphin there, thy princely son,
 Can in this book of beauty read, I love,
 Her dowry shall weigh equal with a queen;
 For Anjou, and fair Touraine, Maine, Poitiers,
 And all that we upon this side the sea
 (Except this city now by us besieged)
 Find liable to our crown and dignity,
 Shall gild her bridal bed, and make her rich
 In titles, honors, and promotions,
 As she in beauty, education, blood,
 Holds hand with any princess of the world.

K. Phi. What say'st thou, boy? Look in the lady's
 face.

Lew. I do, my lord, and in her eye I find
 A wonder, or a wondrous miracle,
 The shadow of myself formed in her eye;
 Which, being but the shadow of your son,
 Becomes a sun, and makes your son a shadow.
 I do protest, I never loved myself,
 Till now infixed I beheld myself
 Drawn in the flattering table of her eye.

[*Whispers with* BLANCHE

Bast. Drawn in the flattering table of her eye!—
 Hanged in the frowning wrinkle of her brow!—
 And quartered in her heart!—He doth espy
 Himself love's traitor. This is pity now,
 That hanged, and drawn, and quartered, there should be,
 In such a love, so vile a lout as he.

Blanch. My uncle's will, in this respect, is mine.
 If he see aught in you, that makes him like,
 That any thing he sees, which moves his liking,
 I can with ease translate it to my will;
 Or, if you will, (to speak more properly,)
 I will enforce it easily to my love.
 Further I will not flatter you, my lord,
 That all I see in you is worthy love,

Than this,— that nothing do I see in you,
(Though churlish thoughts themselves should be your judge,)
That I can find should merit any hate.

K. John. What say these young ones? What say you,
my niece?

Blanch. That she is bound in honor still to do
What you in wisdom shall vouchsafe to say.

K. John. Speak, then, prince Dauphin; can you love
this lady?

Lew. Nay, ask me if I can refrain from love;
For I do love her most unfeignedly.

K. John. Then do I give Volquessen, Touraine, Maine
Poitiers, and Anjou, these five provinces,
With her to thee; and this addition more,
Full thirty thousand marks of English coin.—
Philip of France, if thou be pleased withal,
Command thy son and daughter to join hands.

K. Phi. It likes us well. — Young princes, close your
hands.

Aust. And your lips, too; for I am well assured
That I did so, when I was first assured.

K. Phi. Now, citizens of Angiers, ope your gates;
Let in that amity which you have made;
For, at Saint Mary's chapel, presently,
The rites of marriage shall be solemnized.—
Is not the lady Constance in this troop?—
I know she is not; for this match, made up,
Her presence would have interrupted much.—
Where is she and her son? Tell me, who knows.

Lew. She is sad and passionate at your highness' tent.

K. Phi. And, by my faith, this league, that we have
made,
Will give her sadness very little cure.—
Brother of England, how may we content
This widow lady? In her right we came;
Which we, God knows, have turned another way,
To our own vantage.

K. John. We will heal up all;
For we'll create young Arthur duke of Bretagne,
And earl of Richmond; and this rich, fair town
We make him lord of.— Call the lady Constance;
Some speedy messenger bid her repair
To our solemnity.— I trust we shall,
If not fill up the measure of her will,

Yet in some measure satisfy her so,
That we shall stop her exclamation.
Go we, as well as haste will suffer us,
To this unlooked-for, unprepared pomp.

[*Exeunt all but the Bastard.— The Citizens
retire from the walls.*]

Bast. Mad world! mad kings! mad composition!
John, to stop Arthur's title in the whole,
Hath willingly departed with a part;
And France, whose armor conscience buckled on;
Whom zeal and charity brought to the field,
As God's own soldier,) rounded in the ear
With that same purpose-changer, that sly devil;
That broker, that still breaks the pate of faith;
That daily break-vow; he that wins of all,
Of kings, of beggars, old men, young men, maids,—
Who having no external thing to lose
But the word maid,—cheats the poor maid of that;
That smooth-faced gentleman, tickling commodity,—
Commodity, the bias of the world;
The world, who of itself is peised well,
Made to run even, upon even ground;
Till this advantage, this vile drawing bias,
This sway of motion, this commodity,
Makes it take head from all indifferency,
From all direction, purpose, course, intent;—
And this same bias, this commodity,
This bawd, this broker, this all-changing word,
Clapped on the outward eye of fickle France,
Hath drawn him from his own determined aid,
From a resolved and honorable war,
To a most base and vile-concluded peace.—
And why rail I on this commodity?
But for because he hath not wooed me yet.
Not that I have the power to clutch my hand,
When his fair angels would salute my palm;
But for my hand, as unattempted yet,
Like a poor beggar, raieth on the rich.
Well, whiles I am a beggar, I will rail,
And say,—there is no sin, but to be rich;
And being rich, my virtue then shall be,
To say,—there is no vice, but beggary.
Since kings break faith upon commodity,
Gain, be my lord! for I will worship thee.

[*Erit.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I. *The same. The French King's Tent.**Enter* CONSTANCE, ARTHUR, and SALISBURY.

Const. Gone to be married! gone to swear a peace!
False blood to false blood joined! gone to be friends!
Shall Lewis have Blanch? and Blanch those provinces!
It is not so; thou hast misspoke, misheard;
Be well advised, tell o'er thy tale again.
It cannot be; thou dost but say, 'tis so.
I trust I may not trust thee; for thy word
Is but the vain breath of a common man;
Believe me, I do not believe thee, man;
I have a king's oath to the contrary.
Thou shalt be punished for thus frightening me,
For I am sick, and capable of fears;
Oppressed with wrongs, and therefore full of fears,
A widow, husbandless, subject to fears;
A woman, naturally born to fears;
And though thou now confess, thou didst but jest,
With my vexed spirits, I cannot take a truce,
But they will quake and tremble all this day.
What dost thou mean by shaking of thy head?
Why dost thou look so sadly on my son?
What means that hand upon that breast of thine?
Why holds thine eye that lamentable rheum,
Like a proud river peering o'er his bounds?
Be these sad signs confirmers of thy words?
Then speak again; not all thy former tale,
But this one word, whether thy tale be true.

Sal. As true, as, I believe, you think them false,
That give you cause to prove my saying true.

Const. O, if thou teach me to believe this sorrow,
Teach thou this sorrow how to make me die;
And let belief and life encounter so,
As doth the fury of two desperate men,
Which, in the very meeting, fall, and die.—
Lewis marry Blanch! O, boy, then where art thou!
France friend with England! what becomes of me?
Fellow, be gone; I cannot brook thy sight;
This news hath made thee a most ugly man.

Sal. What other harm have I, good lady, done,
But spoke the harm that is by others done?

Const. Which harm within itself so heinous is,
As it makes harmful all that speak of it.

Arth. I do beseech you, madam, be content.

Const. If thou that bidd'st me be content, wert grim,
Ugly, and slanderous to thy mother's womb,
Full of unpleasing blots, and sightless stains,
Lame, foolish, crooked, swart, prodigious,
Patched with foul moles, and eye-offending marks,
I would not care; I then would be content;
For then I should not love thee; no, nor thou
Become thy great birth, nor deserve a crown.
But thou art fair; and at thy birth, dear boy!
Nature and fortune joined to make thee great.
Of nature's gifts thou mayst with lilies boast,
And with the half-blown rose; but fortune, O!
She is corrupted, changed, and won from thee;
She adulterates hourly with thine uncle John;
And with her golden hand hath plucked on France
To tread down fair respect of sovereignty,
And made his majesty the bawd to theirs.
France is a bawd to fortune, and king John;
That strumpet fortune, that usurping John.—
Tell me, thou fellow, is not France forsworn?
Envenom him with words; or get thee gone,
And leave those woes alone, which I alone
Am bound to underbear.

Sal. Pardon me, madam,
I may not go without you to the kings.

Const. Thou mayst, thou shalt; I will not go with thee.
I will instruct my sorrows to be proud;
For grief is proud, and makes his owner stout.
To me, and to the state of my great grief,
Let kings assemble; for my grief's so great,
That no supporter but the huge, firm earth
Can hold it up. Here I and sorrow sit;
Here is my throne; bid kings come bow to it.

[*She throws herself on the ground.*]

Enter KING JOHN, KING PHILIP, LEWIS, BLANCH, ELINOR.
Bastard, AUSTRIA, and Attendants.

K. Phi. 'Tis true, fair daughter; and this blessed day,
Ever in France shall be kept festival.
To solemnize this day, the glorious sun
Stays in his course, and plays the alchemist;
Turning, with splendour of his precious eye,
The meagre, cloddy earth to glittering gold.

The yearly course, that brings this day about,
Shall never see it but a holyday.

Const. A wicked day, and not a holyday!— [*Rising.*
What hath this day deserved? What hath it done;
That it in golden letters should be set
Among the high tides in the calendar?
Nay, rather, turn this day out of the week;
This day of shame, oppression, perjury:
Or, if it must stand still, let wives with child
Pray, that their burdens may not fall this day,
Lest that their hopes prodigiously be crossed;
But on this day, let seamen fear no wreck;
No bargains break, that are not this day made:
This day, all things begun, come to ill end;
Yea, faith itself to hollow falsehood change!

K. Phi. By Heaven, lady, you shall have no cause
To curse the fair proceedings of this day.
Have I not pawned to you my majesty?

Const. You have beguiled me with a counterfeit,
Resembling majesty; which, being touched, and tried,
Proves valueless. You are forsworn, forsworn;
You came in arms to spill mine enemies' blood,
But now in arms you strengthen it with yours.
The grappling vigor and rough frown of war
Is cold in amity and painted peace,
And our oppression hath made up this league.—
Arm, arm, you Heavens, against these perjured kings!
A widow cries; be husband to me, Heavens!
Let not the hours of this ungodly day
Wear out the day in peace; but, ere sunset,
Set armed discord 'twixt these perjured kings!
Hear me, O, hear me!

Aust. Lady Constance, peace.

Const. War! war! no peace! peace is to me a war.
O Lymoges! O Austria! thou dost shame
That bloody spoil. Thou slave, thou wretch, thou coward,
Thou little valiant, great in villany!
Thou ever strong upon the stronger side!
Thou fortune's champion, that dost never fight
But when her humorous ladyship is by
To teach thee safety! Thou art perjured, too,
And sooth'st up greatness. What a fool art thou
A ramping fool; to brag, and stamp, and swear,
Upon my party! Thou cold-blooded slave,
Hast thou not spoke like thunder on my side?
Been sworn my soldier? bidding me depend

Upon thy stars, thy fortune, and thy strength?
And dost thou now fall over to my foes?
Thou wear a lion's hide! Doff it for shame,
And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.

Aust. O, that a man should speak those words to me.

Bast. And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.

Aust. Thou dar's not say so, villain, for thy life.

Bast. And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.

K. John. We like not this; thou dost forget thyself.

Enter PANDULPH.

K. Phi. Here comes the holy legate of the pope.

Pand. Hail, you anointed deputies of Heaven.—
To thee, king John, my holy errand is.
I Pandulph, of fair Milan cardinal,
And from pope Innocent the legate here,
Do, in his name, religiously demand,
Why thou against the church, our holy mother,
So wilfully dost spurn; and, force perforce,
Keep Stephen Langton, chosen archbishop
Of Canterbury, from that holy see?
This, in our 'foresaid holy father's name,
Pope Innocent, I do demand of thee.

K. John. What earthly name to interrogatories,
Can task the free breath of a sacred king?
Thou canst not, cardinal, devise a name
So slight, unworthy, and ridiculous,
To charge me to an answer, as the pope.
Tell him this tale; and from the mouth of England,
Add this much more,—that no Italian priest
Shall tithe or toll in our dominions;
But as we under Heaven are supreme head,
So under him, that great supremacy,
Where we do reign, we will alone uphold,
Without the assistance of a mortal hand.
So tell the pope: all reverence set apart,
To him and his usurped authority.

K. Phi. Brother of England, you blaspheme in this.

K. John. Though you, and all the kings of Christendom,
Are led so grossly by this meddling priest,
Dreading the curse that money may buy out;
And, by the merit of vile gold, dross, dust,
Purchase corrupted pardon of a man,
Who, in that sale, sells pardon from himself;
Though you, and all the rest, so grossly led,
This juggling witchcraft with revénue cherish;

Yet I, alone, alone do me oppose
Against the pope, and count his friends my foes.

Pand. Then, by the lawful power that I have,
Thou shalt stand cursed, and excommunicate;
And blessed shall he be, that doth revolt
From his allegiance to an heretic;
And meritorious shall that hand be called,
Canonized, and worshipped as a saint,
That takes away by any secret course
Thy hateful life.

Const. O, lawful let it be,
That I have room with Rome to curse a while!
Good father cardinal, cry thou, amen,
To my keen curses; for, without my wrong,
There is no tongue hath power to curse him right.

Pand. There's law and warrant, lady, for my curse.

Const. And for mine too; when law can do no right,
Let it be lawful, that law bar no wrong.
Law cannot give my child his kingdom here;
For he that holds his kingdom, holds the law:
Therefore, since law itself is perfect wrong,
How can the law forbid my tongue to curse?

Pand. Philip of France, on peril of a curse,
Let go the hand of that arch-heretic;
And raise the power of France upon his head,
Unless he do submit himself to Rome.

Eli. Look'st thou pale, France? Do not let go thy hand.

Const. Look to that, devil! lest that France repent,
And, by disjoining hands, hell lose a soul.

Aust. King Philip, listen to the cardinal.

Bast. And hang a calf's-skin on his recreant limbs.

Aust. Well, ruffian, I must pocket up these wrongs,
Because——

Bast. Your breeches best may carry them.

K. John. Philip, what say'st thou to the cardinal?

Const. What should he say, but as the cardinal?

Lew. Bethink you, father; for the difference
Is, purchase of a heavy curse from Rome,
Or the light loss of England for a friend.
Forego the easier

Blanch. That's the curse of Rome.

Const. O Lewis, stand fast; the devil tempts thee here,
In likeness of a new, untrimmed bride.

Blanch. The lady Constance speaks not from her faith,
But from her need.

Const. O, if thou grant my need,

Which only lives but by the death of faith,
That need must needs infer this principle,—
That faith would live again by death of need.
O, then, tread down my need, and faith mounts up;
Keep my need up, and faith is trodden down.

K. John. The king is moved, and answers not to this.

Const. O, be removed from him, and answer well.

Aust. Do so, king Philip; hang no more in doubt.

Bast. Hang nothing but a calf's-skin, most sweet lout.

K. Phi. I am perplexed, and know not what to say.

Pand. What canst thou say, but will perplex thee more,
If thou stand excommunicate, and cursed?

K. Phi. Good, reverend father, make my person yours,
And tell me how you would bestow yourself.
This royal hand and mine are newly knit;
And the conjunction of our inward souls
Married in league, coupled and linked together
With all religious strength of sacred vows;
The latest breath that gave the sound of words,
Was deep-sworn faith, peace, amity, true love,
Between our kingdoms, and our royal selves;
And even before this truce, but new before,—
No longer than we well could wash our hands,
To clap this royal bargain up of peace,
Heaven knows, they were besmeared and overstained
With slaughter's pencil; where revenge did paint
The fearful difference of incensed kings:—
And shall these hands, so lately purged of blood,
So newly joined in love, so strong in both,
Unyoke this seizure, and this kind regret?
Play fast and loose with faith? so jest with Heaven,
Make such unconstant children of ourselves,
As now again to snatch our palm from palm,
Unswear faith sworn, and on the marriage-bed
Of smiling peace to march a bloody host,
And make a riot on the gentle brow
Of true sincerity? O, holy sir,
My reverend father, let it not be so.
Out of your grace, devise, ordain, impose
Some gentle order; and then we shall be blessed
To do your pleasure, and continue friends.

Pand. All form is formless, order orderless,
Save what is opposite to England's love.
Therefore, to arms! be champion of our church!
Or let the church, our mother, breathe her curse,
A mother's curse, on her revolting son.

France, thou mayst hold a serpent by the tongue,
A cased lion by the mortal paw,
A fasting tiger safer by the tooth,
Than keep in peace that hand which thou dost hold.

K. Phi. I may disjoin my hand, but not my faith.

Pand. So mak'st thou faith an enemy to faith;
And, like a civil war, sett'st oath to oath,
Thy tongue against thy tongue. O, let thy vow
First made to Heaven, first be to Heaven performed;
That is, to be the champion of our church!
What since thou swor'st, is sworn against thyself,
And may not be performed by thyself.
For that which thou hast sworn to do amiss,
Is not amiss when it is truly done;
And being not done, where doing tends to ill,
The truth is then most done not doing it.
The better act of purposes mistook
Is, to mistake again; though indirect,
Yet indirection thereby grows direct,
And falsehood falsehood cures; as fire cools fire,
Within the scorched veins of one new burned.
It is religion, that doth make vows kept;
But thou hast sworn against religion;
By what thou swear'st, against the thing thou swear'st;
And mak'st an oath the surety for thy truth
Against an oath. The truth thou art unsure
To swear, swear only not to be forsworn;
Else, what a mockery should it be to swear?
But thou dost swear only to be forsworn;
And most forsworn, to keep what thou dost swear.
Therefore, thy latter vows, against thy first,
Is in thyself rebellion to thyself;
And better conquest never canst thou make,
Than arm thy constant and thy nobler parts
Against those giddy, loose suggestions;
Upon which better part our prayers come in,
If thou vouchsafe them: but, if not, then know,
The peril of our curses light on thee;
So heavy, as thou shalt not shake them off,
But, in despair, die under their black weight.

Aust. Rebellion, flat rebellion!

Bast.

Will't not be?

Will not a calf-skin stop that mouth of thine?

Lew. Father, to arms!

Blanch.

Upon thy wedding day?

Against the blood that thou hast married?

What, shall our feast be kept with slaughtered men?
 Shall braying trumpets, and loud, churlish drums,—
 Clamors of hell,—be measures to our pomp?
 O, husband, hear me!—Ah, alack! how new
 Is husband in my mouth! Even for that name,
 Which till this time my tongue did ne'er pronounce,
 Upon my knee I beg, go not to arms
 Against mine uncle.

Const. O, upon my knee,
 Made hard with kneeling, I do pray to thee,
 Thou virtuous dauphin, alter not the doom
 Forethought by Heaven.

Blanch. Now shall I see thy love. What motive may
 Be stronger with thee than the name of wife?

Const. That which upholdeth him that thee upholds,
 His honor. O, thine honor, Lewis, thine honor!

Lew. I muse, your majesty doth seem so cold,
 When such profound respects do pull you on.

Pand. I will denounce a curse upon his head.

K. Phi. Thou shalt not need.—England, I'll fall from thee.

Const. O fair return of banished majesty!

Eli. O foul revolt of French inconstancy!

K. John. France, thou shalt rue this hour within this hour.

Bast. Old time, the clock-setter, that bald sexton time,
 Is it as he will? Well, then, France shall rue.

Blanch. The sun's o'ercast with blood. Fair day, adieu!
 Which is the side that I must go withal?

I am with both: each army hath a hand;
 And in their rage, I having hold of both,
 They whirl asunder, and dismember me.

Husband, I cannot pray that thou mayst win;
 Uncle, I needs must pray that thou mayst lose;
 Father, I may not wish the fortune thine;
 Grandam, I will not wish thy wishes thrive.
 Whoever wins, on that side shall I lose;
 Assured loss, before the match be played.

Lew. Lady, with me; with me thy fortune lies.

Blanch. There where my fortune lives, there my life dies.

K. John. Cousin, go draw our puissance together.—

[*Exit Bastard.*]

France, I am burned up with inflaming wrath;
 A rage, whose heat hath this condition,
 That nothing can allay, nothing but blood,
 The blood, and dearest valued blood, of France.

K. Phi. Thy rage shall burn thee up, and thou shalt turn

To ashes, ere our blood shall quench that fire.
Look to thyself; thou art in jeopardy.

K. John. No more than he that threatens.—To arms let's
hie! [Exeunt.]

SCENE II. *The same. Plains near Angiers. Alarums, Excursions.*

Enter the Bastard, with AUSTRIA'S head.

Bast. Now, by my life, this day grows wondrous hot;
Some airy devil hovers in the sky,
And pours down mischief. Austria's head, lie there,
While Philip breathes.

Enter KING JOHN, ARTHUR, and HUBERT.

K. John. Hubert, keep this boy.—Philip, make up;
My mother is assailed in our tent,
And ta'en, I fear.

Bast. My lord, I rescued her;
Her highness is in safety; fear you not.
But on, my liege; for very little pains
Will bring this labor to a happy end. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III. *The same. Alarums; Excursions; Retreat.*

Enter KING JOHN, ELINOR, ARTHUR, the Bastard, HUBERT, and Lords.

K. John. So shall it be; your grace shall stay behind,
So strongly guarded.—Cousin, look not sad; [To ELINOR
Thy grandam loves thee, and thy uncle will
As dear be to thee as thy father was.] [To ARTHUR]

Arth. O, this will make my mother die with grief.

K. John. Cousin, [To the Bastard.] away for England
Haste before;

And, ere our coming, see thou shake the bags
Of hoarding abbots; imprisoned angels
Set thou at liberty; the fat ribs of peace
Must by the hungry now be fed upon.
Use our commission in his utmost force.

Bast. Bell, book, and candle, shall not drive me back,
When gold and silver becks me to come on.
I leave your highness.—Grandam, I will pray
(If ever I remember to be holy)
For your fair safety; so I kiss your hand

Eli. Farewell, my gentle cousin.

K. John.

Coz, farewell.

[*Exit Bastard.*

Eli. Come hither, little kinsman; hark, a word.

[*She takes ARTHUR aside.*

K. John. Come hither, Hubert. O my gentle Hubert,
We owe thee much; within this wall of flesh
There is a soul counts thee her creditor,
And with advantage means to pay thy love;
And, my good friend, thy voluntary oath
Lives in this bosom, dearly cherished.
Give me thy hand. I had a thing to say,—
But I will fit it with some better time.
By Heaven, Hubert, I am almost ashamed
To say what good respect I have of thee.

Hub. I am much bounden to your majesty.

K. John. Good friend, thou hast no cause to say so yet
But thou shalt have; and creep time ne'er so slow,
Yet it shall come, for me to do thee good.
I had a thing to say,—but let it go;
The sun is in the heaven, and the proud day,
Attended with the pleasures of the world,
Is all too wanton, and too full of gawds,
To give me audience.—If the midnight-bell
Did, with his iron tongue and brazen mouth,
Sound one unto the drowsy race of night;
If this same were a churchyard where we stand,
And thou possessed with a thousand wrongs;
Or if that surly spirit, melancholy,
Had baked thy blood, and made it heavy, thick,
(Which, else, runs tickling up and down the veins,
Making that idiot, laughter, keep men's eyes,
And strain their cheeks to idle merriment,
A passion hateful to my purposes;) Or if that thou couldst see me without eyes,
Hear me without thine ears, and make reply
Without a tongue, using conceit alone,
Without eyes, ears, and harmful sound of words;—
Then, in despite of brooded, watchful day,
I would into thy bosom pour my thoughts.
But ah, I will not:—yet I love thee well;
And, by my troth, I think thou lov'st me well.

Hub. So well, that what you bid me undertake,
Though that my death were adjunct to my act,
By Heaven, I'd do't.

K. John.

Do not I know, thou would'st?

Good Hubert, Hubert, Hubert, throw thine eye
 On yon young boy. I'll tell thee what, my friend,
 He is a very serpent in my way;
 And wheresoe'er this foot of mine doth tread,
 He lies before me. Dost thou understand me?
 Thou art his keeper.

Hub. And I will keep him so,
 That he shall not offend your majesty.

K. John. Death.

Hub. My lord?

K. John. A grave.

Hub. He shall not live.

K. John. Enough.

I could be merry now. Hubert, I love thee;
 Well, I'll not say what I intend for thee;
 Remember.—Madam, fare you well.
 I'll send those powers o'er to your majesty.

Eli. My blessing go with thee!

K. John. For England, cousin,
 Hubert shall be your man, attend on you
 With all true duty.—On toward Calais, ho! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *The same. The French King's Tent.*

Enter KING PHILIP, LEWIS, PANDULPH, and Attendants.

K. Phi. So, by a roaring tempest on the flood,
 A whole Armado of convicted sail
 Is scattered and disjoined from fellowship.

Pand. Courage and comfort! all shall yet go well.

K. Phi. What can go well, when we have run so ill?
 Are we not beaten? Is not Angiers lost?
 Arthur ta'en prisoner? divers dear friends slain?
 And bloody England into England gone,
 O'erbearing interruption, spite of France?

Lew. What he hath won, that hath he fortified.
 So hot a speed, with such advice disposed,
 Such temperate order in so fierce a cause,
 Doth want example. Who hath read, or heard,
 Of any kindred action like to this?

K. Phi. Well could I bear that England had this praise,
 So we could find some pattern of our shame.

Enter CONSTANCE.

Look, who comes here! a grave unto a soul;
 Holding the eternal spirit, against her will,

In the vile prison of afflicted breath.—

I pr'ythee, lady, go away with me.

Const. Lo, now! now see the issue of your peace!

K. Phi. Patience, good lady! comfort, gentle Constance!

Const. No, I defy all counsel, all redress,

But that which ends all counsel, true redress,

Death, death.—O amiable, lovely death!

Thou odoriferous stench! sound rottenness!

Arise forth from the couch of lasting night,

Thou hate and terror to prosperity,

And I will kiss thy détestable bones;

And put my eyeballs in thy vaulty brows;

And ring these fingers with thy household worms;

And stop this gap of breath with fulsome dust,

And be a carrion monster like thyself.

Come, grin on me; and I will think thou smil'st,

And buss thee as thy wife! Misery's love,

O, come to me!

K. Phi. O, fair affliction, peace.

Const. No, no, I will not, having breath to cry.—

O that my tongue were in the thunder's mouth!

Then with a passion would I shake the world;

And rouse from sleep that fell anatomy,

Which cannot hear a lady's feeble voice,

Which scorns a modern invocation.

Pand. Lady, you utter madness, and not sorrow.

Const. Thou art not holy to belie me so.

I am not mad: this hair I tear is mine;

My name is Constance: I was Geffrey's wife;

Young Arthur is my son, and he is lost.

I am not mad;—I would to Heaven I were!

For then, 'tis like I should forget myself.

O, if I could, what grief should I forget!—

Preach some philosophy to make me mad,

And thou shalt be canonized, cardinal;

For, being not mad, but sensible of grief,

My reasonable part produces reason

How I may be delivered of these woes,

And teaches me to kill or hang myself.

If I were mad, I should forget my son;

Or madly think a babe of clouts were he.

I am not mad; too well, too well I feel

The different plague of each calamity.

K. Phi. Bind up those tresses; O, what love I note

In the fair multitude of those her hairs!

Where but by chance a silver drop hath fallen,

Even to that drop ten thousand wiry friends
Do glue themselves in sociable grief;
Like true, inseparable, faithful loves,
Sticking together in calamity.

Const. To England, if you will.

K. Phi.

Bind up your hairs.

Const. Yes, that I will; and wherefore will I do it?
I tore them from their bonds; and cried aloud,
*O that these hands could so redeem my son,
As they have given these hairs their liberty!*
But now I envy at their liberty,
And will again commit them to their bonds,
Because my poor child is a prisoner.—
And, father cardinal, I have heard you say,
That we shall see and know our friends in heaven.
If that be true, I shall see my boy again;
For, since the birth of Cain, the first male child,
To him that did but yesterday suspire,
There was not such a gracious creature born.
But now will canker sorrow eat my bud,
And chase the native beauty from his cheek,
And he will look as hollow as a ghost;
As dim and meagre as an ague's fit;
And so he'll die; and, rising so again,
When I shall meet him in the court of heaven
I shall not know him. Therefore never, never
Must I behold my pretty Arthur more.

Pand. You hold too heinous a respect of grief.

Const. He talks to me, that never had a son.

K. Phi. You are as fond of grief, as of your child.

Const. Grief fills the room up of my absent child,
Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me,
Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,
Remembers me of all his gracious parts,
Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form;
Then, have I reason to be fond of grief.
Fare you well; had you such a loss as I,
I could give better comfort than you do.—
I will not keep this form upon my head,

[*Tearing off her head-dress.*]

When there is such disorder in my wit.
O lord, my boy, my Arthur, my fair son!
My life, my joy, my food, my all the world!
My widow-comfort, and my sorrow's cure!

[*Exit.*]

K. Phi. I fear some outrage, and I'll follow her.

[*Exit.*]

Lew. There's nothing in this world can make me joy;
Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale,
Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man;
And bitter shame hath spoiled the sweet world's taste,
That it yields nought, but shame and bitterness.

Pand. Before the curing of a strong disease,
Even in the instant of repair and health,
The fit is strongest; evils that take leave,
On their departure most of all show evil.
What have you lost by losing of this day?

Lew. All days of glory, joy, and happiness.

Pand. If you had won it, certainly, you had.
No, no; when fortune means to men most good,
She looks upon them with a threatening eye.
'Tis strange, to think how much King John hath lost
In this which he accounts so clearly won.
Are not you grieved that Arthur is his prisoner?

Lew. As heartily as he is glad he hath him.

Pand. Your mind is all as youthful as your blood.
Now hear me speak, with a prophetic spirit;
For even the breath of what I mean to speak
Shall blow each dust, each straw, each little rub,
Out of the path which shall directly lead
Thy foot to England's throne; and, therefore, mark.
John hath seized Arthur; and it cannot be,
That, whiles warm life plays in that infant's veins,
The misplaced John should entertain an hour,
One minute, nay, one quiet breath of rest.
A sceptre, snatched with an unruly hand,
Must be as boisterously maintained as gained;
And he that stands upon a slippery place,
Makes nice of no vile hold to stay him up.
That John may stand, then Arthur needs must fall;
So be it, for it cannot be but so.

Lew. But what shall I gain by young Arthur's fall?

Pand. You, in the right of lady Blanch, your wife,
May then make all the claim that Arthur did.

Lew. And lose it, life and all, as Arthur did.

Pand. How green are you, and fresh in this old world!
John lays you plots; the times conspire with you;
For he that steeps his safety in true blood,
Shall find but bloody safety, and untrue.
This act, so evilly born, shall cool the hearts
Of all his people, and freeze up their zeal;
That none so small advantage shall step forth,
To check his reign, but they will cherish it;

No natural exhalation in the sky,
No scape of nature, no distempered day,
No common wind, no custom'd event,
But they will pluck away his natural cause,
And call them meteors, prodigies, and signs,
Abortives, presages, and tongues of Heaven,
Plainly denouncing vengeance upon John.

Lew. May be, he will not touch young Arthur's life,
But hold himself safe in his prisonment.

Pand. O, sir, when he shall hear of your approach
If that young Arthur be not gone already,
Even at that news he dies; and then the hearts
Of all his people shall revolt from him,
And kiss the lips of unacquainted change;
And pick strong matter of revolt, and wrath,
Out of the bloody fingers' ends of John.
Methinks I see this hurly all on foot;
And, O, what better matter breeds for you,
Than I have named!—The bastard Fauleconbridge
Is now in England, ransacking the church,
Offending charity. If but a dozen French
Were there in arms, they would be as a call
To train ten thousand English to their side;
Or, as a little snow, tumbled about,
Anon becomes a mountain. O, noble dauphin,
Go with me to the king. 'Tis wonderful,
What may be wrought out of their discontent.
Now that their souls are topfull of offence,
For England go; I will whet on the king.

Lew. Strong reasons make strong actions. Let us go,
If you say, ay, the king will not say, no. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I. Northampton. *A Room in the Castle.*

Enter HUBERT and two Attendants.

Hub. Heat me these irons hot; and, look thou stand
Within the arras. When I strike my foot
Upon the bosom of the ground, rush forth,
And bind the boy, which you shall find with me,
Fast to the chair. Be heedful: hence, and watch.

1 Atten. I hope your warrant will bear out the deed.

Hub. Uncleanly scruples! Fear not you; look to't.—

[*Exeunt Attendants.*]

Young lad, come forth; I have to say with you.

Enter ARTHUR.

Arth. Good morrow, Hubert.

Hub. Good morrow, little prince.

Arth. As little prince (having so great a title
To be more prince) as may be.—You are sad.

Hub. Indeed, I have been merrier.

Arth. Mercy on me!

Methinks nobody should be sad but I;
Yet I remember, when I was in France,
Young gentlemen would be as sad as night,
Only for wantonness. By my christendom,
So I were out of prison, and kept sheep,
I should be as merry as the day is long;
And so I would be here, but that I doubt
My uncle practises more harm to me:
He is afraid of me, and I of him.

Is it my fault that I was Geoffrey's son?

No, indeed, is't not; and I would to Heaven

I were your son, so you would love me, Hubert.

Hub. If I talk to him, with his innocent prate
He will awake my mercy, which lies dead.

Therefore I will be sudden, and despatch. [*Aside.*]

Arth. Are you sick, Hubert? You look pale to-day:

In sooth, I would you were a little sick;
That I might sit all night, and watch with you.
I warrant I love you more than you do me.

Hub. His words do take possession of my bosom.—
Read here, young Arthur. [*Showing a paper.*] How now,
foolish rheum! [*Aside.*]

Turning despiteous torture out of door!

I must be brief, lest resolution drop

Out at mine eyes, in tender, womanish tears.—

Can you not read it? Is it not fair writ?

Arth. Too fairly, Hubert, for so foul effect.

Must you with hot irons burn out both mine eyes?

Hub. Young boy, I must.

Arth. And will you?

Hub. And I will.

Arth. Have you the heart? When your head did but ache,
I knit my handkerchief about your brows,
(The best I had; a princess wrought it me,)
And I did never ask it you again;

And with my hand at midnight held your head;
 And, like the watchful minutes to the hour,
 Still and anon cheered up the heavy time;
 Saying, *What lack you?* and, *Where lies your grief?*
 Or, *What good love may I perform for you?*
 Many a poor man's son would have lain still,
 And ne'er have spoke a loving word to you;
 But you at your sick service had a prince.
 Nay, you may think my love was crafty love,
 And call it cunning; do, an if you will;
 If Heaven be pleased that you must use me ill,
 Why, then you must.—Will you put out mine eyes?
 These eyes, that never did, nor never shall,
 So much as frown on you?

Hub. I have sworn to do it;
 And with hot irons must I burn them out.

Arth. Ah, none, but in this iron age, would do it!
 The iron of itself, though heat red-hot,
 Approaching near these eyes, would drink my tears,
 And quench his fiery indignation
 Even in the matter of mine innocence;
 Nay, after that, consume away in rust,
 But for containing fire to harm mine eye.
 Are you more stubborn-hard than hammered iron?
 An if an angel should have come to me,
 And told me, Hubert should put out mine eyes,
 I would not have believed him; no tongue, but Hubert's.

Hub. Come forth. [*Stamps.*]

Re-enter Attendants, with cords, irons, &c.

Do as I bid you do.

Arth. O, save me, Hubert, save me; my eyes are out,
 Even with the fierce looks of these bloody men.

Hub. Give me the iron, I say, and bind him here.

Arth. Alas! what need you be so boisterous-rough?
 I will not struggle, I will stand stone-still.
 For Heaven's sake, Hubert, let me not be bound!
 Nay, hear me, Hubert! drive these men away,
 And I will sit as quiet as a lamb.
 I will not stir, nor wince, nor speak a word;
 Nor look upon the iron angrily:
 Thrust but these men away, and I'll forgive you,
 Whatever torment you do put me to.

Hub. Go, stand within; let me alone with him.

1 *Atten.* I am best pleased to be from such a deed.

[*Exeunt Attendants.*]



KING HOHEN
Prince Arthur and Hubert

Arth. Alas! I then have chid away my friend;
He hath a stern look, but a gentle heart.—
Let him come back, that his compassion may
Give life to yours.

Hub. Come, boy, prepare yourself.

Arth. Is there no remedy?

Hub. None, but to lose your eyes.

Arth. O Heaven!—that there were but a mote in yours,
A grain, a dust, a gnat, a wandering hair,
Any annoyance in that precious sense!
Then, feeling what small things are boisterous there,
Your vile intent must needs seem horrible.

Hub. Is this your promise? Go to, hold your tongue.

Arth. Hubert, the utterance of a brace of tongues
Must needs want pleading for a pair of eyes.
Let me not hold my tongue; let me not, Hubert!
Or, Hubert, if you will, cut out my tongue,
So I may keep mine eyes. O, spare mine eyes,
Though to no use, but still to look on you!
Lo, by my troth, the instrument is cold,
And would not harm me.

Hub. I can heat it, boy.

Arth. No, in good sooth; the fire is dead with grief;
Being create for comfort, to be used
In undeserved extremes. See else yourself;
There is no malice in this burning coal;
The breath of heaven hath blown his spirit out,
And strewed repentant ashes on his head.

Hub. But with my breath I can revive it, boy.

Arth. And if you do, you will but make it blush,
And glow with shame of your proceedings, Hubert.
Nay, it, perchance, will sparkle in your eyes;
And, like a dog that is compelled to fight,
Snatch at his master that doth tarre him on.
All things, that you should use to do me wrong,
Deny their office; only you do lack
That mercy, which fierce fire, and iron, extends,
Creatures of note for mercy-lacking uses.

Hub. Well, see to live; I will not touch thine eyes
For all the treasure that thine uncle owes;
Yet am I sworn, and I did purpose, boy,
With this same very iron to burn them out.

Arth. O, now you look like Hubert! all this while
You were disguised.

Hub. Peace; no more. Adieu;
Your uncle must not know but you are dead:

I'll fill these dogged spies with false reports.
And, pretty child, sleep doubtless, and secure,
That Hubert, for the wealth of all the world,
Will not offend thee.

Arth. O Heaven!—I thank you, Hubert.

Hub. Silence; no more. Go closely in with me;
Much danger do I undergo for thee. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The same. A Room of State in the Palace.*

Enter KING JOHN, crowned; PEMBROKE, SALISBURY, and other Lords. The king takes his state.

K. John. Here once again we sit, once again crowned,
And looked upon, I hope, with cheerful eyes.

Pem. This once again, but that your highness pleased,
Was once superfluous. You were crowned before,
And that high royalty was ne'er plucked off;
The faiths of men ne'er stained with revolt;
Fresh expectation troubled not the land,
With any longed-for change, or better state.

Sal. Therefore, to be possessed with double pomp,
To guard a title that was rich before,
To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
To throw a perfume on the violet,
To smoothe the ice, or add another hue
Unto the rainbow, or with taper-light
To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to garnish,
Is wasteful, and ridiculous excess.

Pem. But that your royal pleasure must be done,
This act is as an ancient tale new told;
And, in the last repeating, troublesome,
Being urged at a time unseasonable.

Sal. In this, the antique and well-noted face
Of plain, old form is much disfigured;
And, like a shifted wind unto a sail,
It makes the course of thoughts to fetch about;
Startles and frights consideration;
Makes sound opinion sick, and truth suspected,
For putting on so new a fashioned robe.

Pem. When workmen strive to do better than well,
They do confound their skill in covetousness;
And, oftentimes, excusing of a fault,
Doth make the fault the worse by the excuse;
As patches, set upon a little breach,
Discredit more in hiding of the fault,
Than did the fault before it was so patched.

Sal. To this effect, before you were new-crowned,
We breathed our counsel: but it pleased your highness
To overbear it; and we are all well pleased;
Since all and every part of what we would,
Doth make a stand at what your highness will.

K. John. Some reasons of this double coronation
I have possessed you with, and think them strong;
And more, more strong (when lesser is my fear)
I shall endue you with. Mean time, but ask
What you would have reformed, that is not well;
And well shall you perceive, how willingly
I will both hear and grant you your requests.

Pem. Then I, (as one that am the tongue of these,
To sound the purposes of all their hearts,)
Both for myself and them (but, chief of all,
Your safety, for the which myself and them
Bend their best studies,) heartily request
The enfranchisement of Arthur; whose restraint
Doth move the murmuring lips of discontent
To break into this dangerous argument,—
If what in rest you have, in right you hold,
Why then your fears (which, as they say, attend
The steps of wrong) should move you to mew up
Your tender kinsman, and to choke his days
With barbarous ignorance, and deny his youth
The rich advantage of good exercise?
That the time's enemies may not have this
To grace occasions, let it be our suit,
That you have bid us ask his liberty;
Which for our goods we do no further ask,
Than whereupon our weal, on you depending,
Counts it your weal, he have his liberty.

K. John. Let it be so; I do commit this youth

Enter HUBERT.

To your direction.—Hubert, what news with you.

Pem. This is the man should do the bloody deed;
He showed his warrant to a friend of mine.
The image of a wicked, heinous fault
Lives in his eye, that close aspect of his
Does show the mood of a much-troubled breast;
And I do fearfully believe, 'tis done,
What we so feared he had a charge to do.

Sal. The color of the king doth come and go,
Between his purpose and his conscience,

Like heralds 'twixt two dreadful battles set.

His passion is so ripe it needs must break.

Pem. And when it breaks, I fear, will issue thence
The foul corruption of a sweet child's death.

K. John. We cannot hold mortality's strong hand.—
Good lords, although my will to give is living,
The suit which you demand is gone and dead.
He tells us, Arthur is deceased to-night.

Sal. Indeed, we feared his sickness was past cure.

Pem. Indeed, we heard how near his death he was,
Before the child himself felt he was sick.
This must be answered, either here or hence.

K. John. Why do you bend such solemn brows on me?
Think you, I bear the shears of destiny?
Have I commandment on the pulse of life?

Sal. It is apparent foul-play; and 'tis shame,
That greatness should so grossly offer it.
So thrive it in your game! and so farewell.

Pem. Stay yet, lord Salisbury; I'll go with thee,
And find the inheritance of this poor child,
His little kingdom of a forced grave.
That blood, which owed the breadth of all this isle,
Three foot of it doth hold. Bad world the while!
This must not be thus borne; this will break out
To all our sorrows, and ere long, I doubt. [*Exeunt* Lords]

K. John. They burn in indignation; I repent;
There is no sure foundation set on blood;
No certain life achieved by others' death.—

Enter a Messenger.

A fearful eye thou hast; where is that blood,
That I have seen inhabit in those cheeks?
So foul a sky clears not without a storm.
Pour down thy weather;—how goes all in France?

Mess. From France to England.—Never such a power
For any foreign preparation,
Was levied in the body of a land!
The copy of your speed is learned by them;
For, when you should be told they do prepare,
The tidings come that they are all arrived.

K. John. O, where hath our intelligence been drunk?
Where hath it slept? Where is my mother's care?
That such an army could be drawn in France,
And she not hear of it?

Mess. My liege, her ear
Is stopped with dust; the first of April, died

Your noble mother; and, as I hear, my lord,
The lady Constance in a frenzy died
Three days before: but this from rumor's tongue
I idly heard; if true, or false, I know not.

K. John. Withhold thy speed, dreadful occasion!
O, make a league with me, till I have pleased
My discontented peers!—What! mother dead?
How wildly then walks my estate in France!—
Under whose conduct came those powers of France,
That thou for truth giv'st out, are landed here?

Mess. Under the dauphin.

Enter the Bastard and PETER of Pomfret.

K. John. Thou hast made me giddy
With these ill tidings.—Now, what says the world
To your proceedings? Do not seek to stuff
My head with more ill news, for it is full.

Bast. But if you be afeard to hear the worst,
Then let the worst, unheard, fall on your head.

K. John. Bear with me, cousin; for I was amazed
Under the tide; but now I breathe again
Aloft the flood; and can give audience
To any tongue, speak it of what it will.

Bast. How I have sped among the clergymen,
The sums I have collected shall express.
But, as I travelled hither through the land,
I find the people strangely fantasied;
Possessed with rumors, full of idle dreams;
Not knowing what they fear, but full of fear.
And here's a prophet, that I brought with me
From forth the streets of Pomfret, whom I found
With many hundreds treading on his heels:
To whom he sung, in rude, harsh-sounding rhymes,
That, ere the next Ascension-day at noon,
Your highness should deliver up your crown.

K. John. Thou idle dreamer, wherefore didst thou so?

Peter. Foreknowing that the truth will fall out so.

K. John. Hubert, away with him; imprison him;
And on that day at noon, whereon, he says,
I shall yield up my crown, let him be hanged.
Deliver him to safety, and return,
For I must use thee.—O, my gentle cousin,

[*Exit HUBERT, with PETER.*

Hear'st thou the news abroad, who are arrived?

Bast. The French, my lord; men's mouths are full of it.
Besides, I met lord Bigot, and lord Salisbury,

(With eyes as red as new-enkindled fire,) And others more, going to seek the grave Of Arthur, who, they say, is killed to-night On your suggestion.

K. John. Gentle kinsman, go,
And thrust thyself into their companies.
I have a way to win their loves again;
Bring them before me.

Bast. I will seek them out.

K. John. Nay, but make haste; the better foot before.—
O, let me have no subject enemies,
When adverse foreigners affright my towns
With dreadful pomp of stout invasion!—
Be Mercury; set feathers to thy heels;
And fly, like thought, from them to me again.

Bast. The spirit of the time shall teach me speed.

[*Exit.*]

K. John. Spoke like a spritful, noble gentleman.—
Go after him; for he, perhaps, shall need
Some messenger betwixt me and the peers;
And be thou he.

Mess. With all my heart, my liege. [*Exit.*]

K. John. My mother dead!

Re-enter HUBERT.

Hub. My lord, they say, five moons were seen to-night;
Four fixed; and the fifth did whirl about
The other four, in wondrous motion.

K. John. Five moons?

Hub. Old men, and beldams, in the streets
Do prophesy upon it dangerously.
Young Arthur's death is common in their mouths;
And when they talk of him, they shake their heads,
And whisper one another in the ear;
And he that speaks doth gripe the hearer's wrist;
Whilst he that hears makes fearful action,
With wrinkled brows, with nods, with rolling eyes.
I saw a smith stand with his hammer, thus,
The whilst his iron did on the anvil cool,
With open mouth swallowing a tailor's news;
Who, with his shears and measure in his hand,
Standing on slippers, (which his nimble haste
Had falsely thrust upon contráry feet,)
Told of a many thousand warlike French,
That were embattailed and ranked in Kent.

Another lean, unwashed artificer
Cuts off his tale, and talks of Arthur's death.

K. John. Why seek'st thou to possess me with these fears?
Why urgest thou so oft young Arthur's death.
Thy hand hath murdered him; I had a mighty cause
To wish him dead, but thou hadst none to kill him.

Hub. Had none, my lord! why, did you not provoke me?

K. John. It is the curse of kings to be attended
By slaves, that take their humors for a warrant
To break within the bloody house of life;
And, on the winking of authority,
To understand a law; to know the meaning
Of dangerous majesty, when, perchance, it frowns
More upon humor than advised respect.

Hub. Here is your hand and seal for what I did.

K. John. O, when the last account 'twixt Heaven and
earth

Is to be made, then shall this hand and seal
Witness against us to damnation!
How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds,
Make deeds ill done! Hadst not thou been by,
A fellow by the hand of nature marked,
Quoted, and signed, to do a deed of shame,
This murder had not come into my mind;
But, taking note of thy abhorred aspect,
Finding thee fit for bloody villany,
Apt, liable, to be employed in danger,
I faintly broke with thee of Arthur's death;
And thou, to be endeared to a king,
Made it no conscience to destroy a prince.

Hub. My lord,——

K. John. Hadst thou but shook thy head, or made a
pause,

When I spake darkly what I purposed;
Or turned an eye of doubt upon my face,
And bid me tell my tale in express words;
Deep shame had struck me dumb, made me break off,
And those thy fears might have wrought fears in me.
But thou didst understand me by my signs,
And didst in signs again parley with sin;
Yea, without stop, didst let thy heart consent,
And, consequently, thy rude hand to act
The deed, which both our tongues held vile to name.—
Out of my sight, and never see me more!
My nobles leave me; and my state is braved,
Even at my gates, with ranks of foreign powers;

Nay, in the body of this fleshly land,
 This kingdom, this confine of blood and breath,
 Hostility and civil tumult reigns
 Between my conscience, and my cousin's death.

Hub. Arm you against your other enemies;
 I'll make a peace between your soul and you.
 Young Arthur is alive. This hand of mine
 Is yet a maiden and an innocent hand,
 Not painted with the crimson spots of blood.
 Within this bosom never entered yet
 The dreadful motion of a murderous thought,
 And you have slandered nature in my form;
 Which, howsoever rude exteriorly,
 Is yet the cover of a fairer mind
 Than to be butcher of an innocent child.

K. John. Doth Arthur live? O, haste thee to the peers,
 Throw this report on their incensed rage,
 And make them tame to their obedience!
 Forgive the comment that my passion made
 Upon thy feature; for my rage was blind,
 And foul, imaginary eyes of blood
 Presented thee more hideous than thou art.
 O, answer not; but to my closet bring
 The angry lords, with all expedient haste:
 I conjure thee but slowly; run more fast.

SCENE III. *The same. Before the Castle.*

Enter ARTHUR, on the walls.

Arth. The wall is high; and yet will I leap down.—
 Good ground, be pitiful, and hurt me not!—
 There's few, or none, do know me; if they did,
 This ship-boy's semblance hath disguised me quite.
 I am afraid; and yet I'll venture it.
 If I get down, and do not break my limbs,
 I'll find a thousand shifts to get away:
 As good to die, and go, as die, and stay. [*Leaps down*
 O me! my uncle's spirit is in these stones.—
 Heaven take my soul, and England keep my bones! [*Dies.*

Enter PEMBROKE, SALISBURY, and BIGOT.

Sal. Lords, I will meet him at Saint Edmund's Bury;
 It is our safety, and we must embrace
 This gentle offer of the perilous time.

Pem. Who brought that letter from the cardinal?

Sal. The count Melun, a noble lord of France;
Whose private with me, of the dauphin's love,
Is much more general than these lines import.

Big. To-morrow morning let us meet him then.

Sal. Or, rather, then set forward; for twill be
Two long days' journey, lords, or e'er we meet.

Enter the Bastard.

Bast. Once more to-day well met, distempered lords!
The king, by me, requests your presence straight.

Sal. The king hath dispossessed himself of us;
We will not line his thin, bestained cloak
With our pure honors, nor attend the foot
That leaves the print of blood where'er it walks.
Return and tell him so; we know the worst.

Bast. Whate'er you think, good words, I think, were best.

Sal. Our griefs, and not our manners, reason now.

Bast. But there is little reason in your grief;
Therefore, 'twere reason, you had manners now.

Pem. Sir, sir, impatience hath his privilege.

Bast. 'Tis true; to hurt his master, no man else.

Sal. This is the prison: What is he lies here!

[*Seeing ARTHUR.*

Pem. O death, made proud with pure and princely beauty!
The earth had not a hole to hide this deed.

Sal. Murder, as hating what himself hath done,
Doth lay it open, to urge on revenge.

Big. Or, when he doomed this beauty to a grave,
Found it too precious-princely for a grave.

Sal. Sir Richard, what think you? Have you beheld,
Or have you read, or heard? or could you think?
Or do you almost think, although you see,
That you do see? Could thought, without this object,
Form such another? This is the very top,
The height, the crest, or crest unto the crest,
Of murder's arms; this is the bloodiest shame,
The wildest savagery, the vilest stroke,
That ever wall-eyed wrath, or staring rage,
Presented to the tears of soft remorse.

Pem. All murders past do stand excused in this;
And this, so sole, and so unmatchable,
Shall give a holiness, a purity,
To the yet unbegotten sins of time,
And prove a deadly bloodshed but a jest,
Exemplified by this heinous spectacle.

Bast. It is a damned and a bloody work;

The graceless action of a heavy hand,
If that it be the work of any hand.

Sal. If that it be the work of any hand?—
We had a kind of light, what would ensue.
It is the shameful work of Hubert's hand;
The practice, and the purpose, of the king;—
From whose obedience I forbid my soul,
Kneeling before this ruin of sweet life,
And breathing to his breathless excellence
The incense of a vow, a holy vow;
Never to taste the pleasures of the world,
Never to be infected with delight,
Nor conversant with ease and idleness,
Till I have set a glory to this head,
By giving it the worship of revenge.

Pem. Big. Our souls religiously confirm thy words.

Enter HUBERT.

Hub. Lords, I am hot with haste in seeking you.
Arthur doth live; the king hath sent for you.

Sal. O, he is bold, and blushes not at death.—
Avaunt, thou hateful villain; get thee gone!

Hub. I am no villain.

Sal. Must I rob the law?

[Drawing his sword.]

Bast. Your sword is bright, sir; put it up again.

Sal. Not till I sheath it in a murderer's skin.

Hub. Stand back, lord Salisbury, stand back, I say;
By Heaven, I think my sword's as sharp as yours.
I would not have you, lord, forget yourself,
Nor tempt the danger of my true defence;
Lest I, by marking of your rage, forget
Your worth, your greatness, and nobility.

Big. Out, dunghill! dar'st thou brave a nobleman?

Hub. Not for my life; but yet I dare defend
My innocent life against an emperor.

Sal. Thou art a murderer.

Hub. Do not prove me so;
Yet I am none: Whose tongue soe'er speaks false,
Not truly speaks; who speaks not truly, lies.

Pem. Cut him to pieces.

Bast. Keep the peace, I say.

Sal. Stand by, or I shall gall you, Faulconbridge.

Bast. Thou wert better gall the devil, Salisbury.
If thou but frown on me, or stir thy foot,
Or teach thy hasty spleen to do me shame,

I'll strike thee dead. Put up thy sword betime;
Or I'll so maul you and your toasting-iron,
That you shall think the devil is come from hell.

Big. What wilt thou do, renowned Faulconbridge?
Second a villain, and a murderer?

Hub. Lord Bigot, I am none.

Big. Who killed this prince?

Hub. 'Tis not an hour since I left him well.
I honored him, I loved him; and will weep
My date of life out, for his sweet life's loss.

Sal. Trust not those cunning waters of his eyes,
For villany is not without such rheum;
And he, long traded in it, makes it seem
Like rivers of remorse and innocency.
Away, with me, all you, whose souls abhor
The uncleanly savors of a slaughter-house,
For I am stifled with this smell of sin.

Big. Away, toward Bury, to the dauphin there!

Pem. There, tell the king, he may inquire us out.

[*Exeunt Lords.*]

Bast. Here's a good world!—Knew you of this fair work?
Beyond the infinite and boundless reach
Of mercy, if thou didst this deed of death,
Art thou damned, Hubert.

Hub. Do but hear me, sir.

Bust. Ha! I'll tell thee what;
Thou art damned as black—nay, nothing is so black;
Thou art more deep damned than prince Lucifer:
There is not yet so ugly a fiend of hell
As thou shalt be, if thou didst kill this child.

Hub. Upon my soul,—

Bast. If thou didst but consent
To this most cruel act, do but despair;
And, if thou want'st a cord, the smallest thread
That ever spider twisted from her womb,
Will serve to strangle thee; a rush will be
A beam to hang thee on; or would'st thou drown thyself
Put but a little water in a spoon,
And it shall be as all the ocean,
Enough to stifle such a villain up.—
I do suspect thee very grievously.

Hub. If I in act, consent, or sin of thought,
Be guilty of the stealing that sweet breath
Which was imbounded in this beauteous clay,
Let hell want pains enough to torture me!
I left him well.

Bast. Go, bear him in thine arms.—
 I am amazed, methinks, and lose my way
 Among the thorns and dangers of this world.—
 How easy dost thou take all England up:
 From forth this morsel of dead royalty,
 The life, the right, and truth of all this realm,
 Is fled to heaven; and England now is left
 To tug and scramble, and to part by the teeth
 The unowed interest of proud-swelling state.
 Now, for the bare-picked bone of majesty,
 Doth dogged war bristle his angry crest,
 And snarleth in the gentle eyes of peace;
 Now powers from home, and discontents at home,
 Meet in one line; and vast confusion waits
 (As doth a raven on a sick-fallen beast)
 The imminent decay of wrested pomp.
 Now happy he, whose cloak and cincture can
 Hold out this tempest. Bear away that child,
 And follow me with speed; I'll to the king.
 A thousand businesses are brief in hand,
 And Heaven itself doth frown upon the land. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter KING JOHN, PANDULPH, *with the crown, and*
 Attendants.

K. John. Thus have I yielded up into your hand
 The circle of my glory.

Pand.

Take again

[*Giving* JOHN *the crown.*]

From this my hand, as holding of the pope,
 Your sovereign greatness and authority.

K. John. Now keep your holy word. Go meet the French;
 And from his holiness use all your power
 To stop their marches, 'fore we are inflamed.
 Our discontented counties do revolt;
 Our people quarrel with obedience;
 Swearing allegiance, and the love of soul,
 To stranger blood, to foreign royalty.
 This inundation of mistempered humor
 Rests by you only to be qualified.

Then pause not; for the present time's so sick,
That present medicine must be ministered,
Or overthrow incurable ensues.

Pand. It was my breath that blew this tempest up,
Upon your stubborn usage of the pope;
But, since you are a gentle convertite,
My tongue shall hush again this storm of war,
And make fair weather in your blustering land.
On this Ascension-day, remember well,
Upon your oath of service to the pope,
Go I to make the French lay down their arms. [*Exit.*]

K. John. Is this Ascension-day? Did not the prophet
Say, that, before Ascension-day at noon,
My crown I should give off? Even so I have.
I did suppose, it should be on constraint;
But Heaven be thanked, it is but voluntary.

Enter the Bastard.

Bast. All Kent hath yielded; nothing there holds out,
But Dover castle. London hath received,
Like a kind host, the dauphin and his powers.
Your nobles will not hear you, but are gone
To offer service to your enemy;
And wild amazement hurries up and down
The little number of your doubtful friends.

K. John. Would not my lords return to me again,
After they heard young Arthur was alive?

Bast. They found him dead, and cast into the streets;
An empty casket, where the jewel of life
By some damned hand was robbed and ta'en away.

K. John. That villain Hubert told me he did live.

Bast. So, on my soul, he did, for aught he knew.
But wherefore do you droop? Why look you sad?
Be great in act, as you have been in thought;
Let not the world see fear, and sad distrust,
Govern the motion of a kingly eye.
Be stirring as the time; be fire with fire;
Threaten the threatener, and outface the brow
Of bragging horror; so shall inferior eyes,
That borrow their behaviors from the great,
Grow great by your example, and put on
The dauntless spirit of resolution.
Away; and glister like the god of war,
When he intendeth to become the field:
Show boldness, and aspiring confidence.
What, shall they seek the lion in his den,

And fright him there? and make him tremble there?
 O, let it not be said!—Forage, and run
 To meet displeasure farther from the doors;
 And grapple with him, ere he come so nigh.

K. John. The legate of the pope hath been with me,
 And I have made a happy peace with him;
 And he hath promised to dismiss the powers
 Led by the dauphin.

Bast. O inglorious league!
 Shall we, upon the footing of our land,
 Send fair-play orders, and make compromise,
 Insinuation, parley, and base truce,
 To arms invasive? Shall a beardless boy,
 A cockered, silken wanton brave our fields,
 And flesh his spirit in a warlike soil,
 Mocking the air with colors idly spread,
 And find no check? Let us, my liege, to arms.
 Perchance, the cardinal cannot make your peace;
 Or if he do, let it at least be said,
 They saw we had a purpose of defence.

K. John. Have thou the ordering of this present time.

Bast. Away then, with good courage; yet, I know,
 Our party may well meet a prouder foe. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II. *A Plain, near St. Edmund's-Bury.*

*Enter, in arms, LEWIS, SALISBURY, MELUN, PEMBROKE,
 BIGOT, and Soldiers.*

Lew. My lord Melun, let this be copied out,
 And keep it safe for our remembrance.
 Return the precedent to these lords again;
 That having our fair order written down,
 Both they, and we, perusing o'er these notes,
 May know wherefore we took the sacrament,
 And keep our faiths firm and inviolable.

Sal. Upon our sides it never shall be broken.
 And, noble dauphin, albeit we swear
 A voluntary zeal, and unurged faith,
 To your proceedings; yet, believe me, prince,
 I am not glad that such a sore of time
 Should seek a plaster by contemned revolt,
 And heal the inveterate canker of one wound,
 By making many. O, it grieves my soul,
 That I must draw this metal from my side,
 To be a widow-maker; O, and there,

Where honorable rescue and defence,
Cries out upon the name of Salisbury;
But such is the infection of the time,
That, for the health and physic of our right,
We cannot deal but with the very hand
Of stern injustice and confused wrong.—
And is't not pity, O my grieved friends!
That we, the sons and children of this isle,
Were born to see so sad an hour as this;
Wherein we step after a stranger march
Upon her gentle bosom, and fill up
Her enemies' ranks (I must withdraw and weep
Upon the spot of this enforced cause,)
To grace the gentry of a land remote,
And follow unacquainted colors here?
What, here?—O nation, that thou couldst remove!
That Neptune's arms, who clippeth thee about,
Would bear thee from the knowledge of thyself,
And grapple thee unto a pagan shore;
Where these two Christian armies might combine
The blood of malice in a vein of league,
And not to spend it so unneighborly!

Lew. A noble temper dost thou show in this;
And great affections, wrestling in thy bosom,
Do make an earthquake of nobility.
O, what a noble combat hast thou fought.
Between compulsion and a brave respect!
Let me wipe off this honorable dew,
'That silverly doth progress on thy cheeks.
My heart hath melted at a lady's tears,
Being an ordinary inundation;
But this effusion of such manly drops,
This shower, blown up by tempest of the soul,
Startles mine eyes, and makes me more amazed
Than had I seen the vaulty top of heaven
Figured quite o'er with burning meteors.
Lift up thy brow, renowned Salisbury,
And with a great heart heave away this storm:
Commend these waters to those baby-eyes,
That never saw the giant world enraged;
Nor met with fortune other than at feasts,
Full warm of blood, of mirth, of gossiping.
Come, come; for thou shalt thrust thy hand as deep
Into the purse of rich prosperity,
As Lewis himself.—So, nobles, shall you all,
That knit your sinews to the strength of mine.

Enter PANDULPH, attended.

And even there, methinks, an angel spake.
Look, where the holy legate comes apace,
To give us warrant from the hand of Heaven;
And on our actions set the name of right
With holy breath.

Pand. Hail, noble prince of France;
The next is this,—King John hath reconciled
Himself to Rome; his spirit is come in,
That so stood out against the holy church,
The great metropolis and see of Rome;
Therefore thy threatening colors now wind up,
And tame the savage spirit of wild war;
That, like a lion fostered up at hand,
It may lie gently at the foot of peace,
And be no further harmful than in show.

Lew. Your grace shall pardon me, I will not back;
I am too high-born to be propertied,
To be a secondary at control,
Or useful serving-man, and instrument,
To any sovereign state throughout the world.
Your breath first kindled the dead coal of wars,
Between this chástised kingdom and myself,
And brought in matter that should feed this fire;
And now 'tis far too huge to be blown out
With that same weak wind which enkindled it.
You taught me how to know the face of right,
Acquainted me with interest to this land,
Yea, thrust this enterprise into my heart;
And come you now to tell me, John hath made
His peace with Rome? What is that peace to me?
I, by the honor of my marriage-bed,
After young Arthur, claim this land for mine;
And, now it is half conquered, must I back,
Because that John hath made his peace with Rome?
Am I Rome's slave? What penny hath Rome borne,
What men provided, what munition sent,
To underprop this action? Is't not I,
That undergo this charge? Who else but I,
And such as to my claim are liable,
Sweat in this business, and maintain this war?
Have I not heard these islanders shout out,
Vive le roy! as I have banked their towns?
Have I not here the best cards for the game
To win this easy match played for a crown?

And shall I now give o'er the yielded set?

No, no, on my soul, it never shall be said.

Pand. You look but on the outside of this work.

Lew. Outside or inside, I will not return
Till my attempt so much be glorified
As to my ample hope was promised
Before I drew this gallant head of war,
And culled these fiery spirits from the world,
To outlook conquest, and to win renown
Even in the jaws of danger and of death.—

[*Trumpet sounds.*]

What lusty trumpet thus doth summon us?

Enter the Bastard, attended.

Bast. According to the fair play of the world,
Let me have audience; I am sent to speak.—
My holy lord of Milan, from the king
I come to learn how you have dealt for him;
And, as you answer, I do know the scope
And warrant limited unto my tongue.

Pand. The dauphin is too wilful-opposite,
And will not temporize with my entreaties;
He flatly says, he'll not lay down his arms.

Bast. By all the blood that ever fury breathed,
The youth says well.—Now hear our English king;
For thus his royalty doth speak in me.
He is prepared; and reason too, he should.
This apish and unmannerly approach,
This harnessed mask, and unadvised revel,
This unhaired sauciness, and boyish troops,
The king doth smile at; and is well prepared
To whip this dwarfish war, these pigmy arms,
From out the circle of his territories.
That hand, which had the strength, even at your door,
To cudgel you, and make you take the hatch;
To dive, like buckets, in concealed wells;
To crouch in litter of your stable planks;
To lie, like pawns, locked up in chests and trunks;
To hug with swine; to seek sweet safety out
In vaults and prisons; and to thrill, and shake,
Even at the crying of your nation's crow,
Thinking his voice an armed Englishman;—
Shall that victorious hand be feeble here,
That in your chambers gave you chastisement?
No;—know, the gallant monarch is in arms;
And like an eagle o'er his eyry towers,

To souse annoyance that comes near his nest.—
 And you degenerate, you ingrate revolts,
 You bloody Neroes, ripping up the wound
 Of your dear mother England, blush for shame;
 For your own ladies, and pale-visaged maids,
 Like Amazons, come tripping after drums;
 Their thimbles into armed gauntlets change,
 Their needls to lances, and their gentle hearts
 To fierce and bloody inclination.

Lew. There end thy brave, and turn thy face in peace.
 We grant, thou canst outscold us; fare thee well;
 We hold our time too precious to be spent
 With such a brabblor.

Pand. Give me leave to speak.

Bast. No, I will speak.

Lew. We will attend to neither.—
 Strike up the drums; and let the tongue of war
 Plead for our interest, and our being here.

Bast. Indeed, your drums, being beaten, will cry out;
 And so shall you, being beaten. Do but start
 An echo with the clamor of thy drum,
 And even at hand a drum is ready braced,
 That shall reverberate all as loud as thine;
 Sound but another, and another shall,
 As loud as thine, rattle the welkin's ear,
 And mock the deep-mouthed thunder; for at hand
 (Not trusting to this halting legate here,
 Whom he hath used rather for sport than need)
 Is warlike John; and in his forehead sits
 A bare-ribbed death, whose office is this day
 To feast upon whole thousands of the French.

Lew. Strike up our drums, to find this danger out.

Bast. And thou shalt find it, dauphin, do not doubt.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The same. A Field of Battle. Alarums.*

Enter KING JOHN and HUBERT.

K. John. How goes the day with us? O, tell me,
 Hubert.

Hub. Badly, I fear. How fares your majesty?

K. John. This fever, that hath troubled me so long,
 Lies heavy on me. O, my heart is sick!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, your valiant kinsman, Faulconbridge,

Desires your majesty to leave the field;
And send him word by me, which way you go.

K. John. Tell him, toward Swinstead, to the abbey there.

Mess. Be of good comfort; for the great supply,
That was expected by the dauphin here,
Are wrecked three nights ago on Goodwin Sands.
This news was brought to Richard but even now.
The French fight coldly, and retire themselves.

K. John. Ah me! this tyrant fever burns me up,
And will not let me welcome this good news.—
Set on toward Swinstead. To my litter straight;
Weakness possesseth me, and I am faint. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *The same. Another part of the same.*

Enter SALISBURY, PEMBROKE, BIGOT, and others.

Sal. I did not think the king so stored with friends.

Pem. Up once again; put spirit in the French;
If they miscarry, we miscarry too.

Sal. That misbegotten devil, Faulconbridge,
In spite of spite, alone upholds the day.

Pem. They say, king John, sore sick, hath left the field.

Enter MELUN, wounded, and led by Soldiers.

Mel. Lead me to the revolts of England here.

Sal. When we were happy, we had other names.

Pem. It is the count Melun.

Sal. Wounded to death.

Mel. Fly, noble English; you are bought and sold;
Unthread the rude eye of rebellion,
And welcome home again discarded faith.
Seek out king John, and fall before his feet
For, if the French be lords of this loud day,
He means to recompense the pains you take,
By cutting off your heads. Thus hath he sworn,
And I with him, and many more with me,
Upon the altar of Saint Edmund's-Bury;
Even on that altar, where we swore to you
Dear amity and everlasting love.

Sal. May this be possible? may this be true?

Mel. Have I not hideous death within my view,
Retaining but a quantity of life;
Which bleeds away, even as a form of wax
Resolveth from his figure 'gainst the fire?
What in the world should make me now deceive,

Since I must lose the use of all deceit?
Why should I then be false, since it is true
That I must die here, and live hence by truth?
I say again, if Lewis do win the day,
He is forsworn, if e'er those eyes of yours
Behold another day break in the east;
But even this night,—whose black, contagious breath
Already smokes about the burning crest
Of the old, feeble, and day-wearied sun,—
Even this ill night, your breathing shall expire;
Paying the fine of rated treachery,
Even with a treacherous fine of all your lives,
If Lewis by your assistance win the day.
Commend me to one Hubert, with your king;
The love of him—and this respect besides,
For that my grandsire was an Englishman—
Awakes my conscience to confess all this.
In lieu whereof, I pray you, bear me hence
From forth the noise and rumor of the field;
Where I may think the remnant of my thoughts
In peace, and part this body and my soul
With contemplation and devout desires.

Sal. We do believe thee,—and beshrew my soul
But I do love the favor and the form
Of this most fair occasion, by the which
We will untread the steps of damned flight;
And, like a bated and retired flood,
Leaving our rankness and irregular course,
Stoop low within those bounds we have o'erlooked,
And calmly run on in obedience,
Even to our ocean, to our great king John.—
My arm shall give thee help to bear thee hence;
For I do see the cruel pangs of death
Right in thine eye.—Away, my friends! New flight!
And happy newness, that intends old right.
[*Exeunt, leading off* MELUN.]

SCENE V. *The same. The French Camp.*

Enter LEWIS *and his Train.*

Lew. The sun of heaven, methought, was loath to set;
But staid, and made the western welkin blush,
When the English measured backward their own ground
In faint retire. O, bravely came we off,
When with a volley of our needless shot.

After such bloody toil, we bid good night;
And wound our tottering colors clearly up,
Last in the field, and almost lords of it!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Where is my prince, the dauphin?

Lew. Here:—What news!

Mess. The count Melun is slain; the English lords,
By his persuasion, are again fallen off;
And your supply, which you have wished so long,
Are cast away, and sunk, on Goodwin Sands.

Lew. Ah, foul, shrewd news!—Beshrew thy very heart!
I did not think to be so sad to-night,
As this hath made me.—Who was he, that said,
King John did fly, an hour or two before
The stumbling night did part our weary powers?

Mess. Whoever spoke it, it is true, my lord.

Lew. Well; keep good quarter, and good care to-night;
The day shall not be up so soon as I,
To try the fair adventure of to-morrow. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE VI. *An open place in the Neighborhood of
Swinstead Abbey.*

Enter the Bastard and HUBERT, meeting.

Hub. Who's there? speak, ho! speak quickly or I shoot.

Bast. A friend.—What art thou?

Hub. Of the part of England.

Bast. Whither dost thou go?

Hub. What's that to thee? Why may not I demand
Of thine affairs, as well as thou of mine?

Bast. Hubert, I think.

Hub. Thou hast a perfect thought!
I will, upon all hazards, well believe,
Thou art my friend, that know'st my tongue so well.
Who art thou?

Bast. Who thou wilt: an if thou please,
Thou mayst befriend me so much, as to think
I come one way of the Plantagenets.

Hub. Unkind remembrance! thou and eyeless night
Have done me shame:—Brave soldier, pardon me,
That any accent, breaking from thy tongue,
Should 'scape the true acquaintance of mine ear.

Bast. Come, come; sans compliment, what news abroad?

Hub. Why, here walk I, in the black brow of night,
To find you out.

Bast. Brief, then; and what's the news?

Hub. O, my sweet sir, news fitting to the night,
Black, fearful, comfortless, and horrible.

Bast. Show me the very wound of this ill news;
I am no woman; I'll not swoon at it.

Hub. The king, I fear, is poisoned by a monk.
I left him almost speechless, and broke out
To acquaint you with this evil; that you might
The better arm you to the sudden time,
Than if you had at leisure known of this.

Bast. How did he take it? Who did taste to him?

Hub. A monk, I tell you; a resolved villain,
Whose bowels suddenly burst out. The king
Yet speaks, and, peradventure, may recover.

Bast. Who didst thou leave to tend his majesty?

Hub. Why, know you not? The lords are all come back,
And brought prince Henry in their company;
At whose request the king hath pardoned them,
And they are all about his majesty.

Bast. Withhold thine indignation, mighty Heaven,
And tempt us not to bear above our power!——
I'll tell thee, Hubert, half my power this night,
Passing these flats, are taken by the tide;
These Lincoln washes have devoured them;
Myself, well mounted, hardly have escaped.
Away, before! conduct me to the king;
I doubt he will be dead, or ere I come. [Exeunt.]

SCENE VII. *The Orchard of Swinstead Abbey.*

Enter PRINCE HENRY, SALISBURY, and BIGOT.

P. Hen. It is too late; the life of all his blood
Is touched corruptibly; and his pure brain
(Which some suppose the soul's frail dwelling-house)
Doth, by the idle comments that it makes,
Foretell the ending of mortality.

Enter PEMBROKE.

Pem. His highness yet doth speak; and holds belief,
That, being brought into the open air,
It would allay the burning quality
Of that fell poison which assaileth him.

P. Hen. Let him be brought into the orchard here.
Doth he still rage? [Exit BIGOT.]

Pem. He is more patient
Than when you left him; even now he sung.

P. Hen. O vanity of sickness! fierce extremes
In their continuance, will not feel themselves.
Death, having preyed upon the outward parts,
Leaves them insensible; and his siege is now
Against the mind, the which he pricks and wounds
With many legions of strange fantasies;
Which, in their throng and press to that last hold,
Confound themselves. 'Tis strange, that death should
sing.—

I am the cygnet to this pale, faint swan,
Who chants a doleful hymn to his own death;
And, from the organ-pipe of frailty, sings
His soul and body to their lasting rest.

Sal. Be of good comfort, prince; for you are born
To set a form upon that indigest
Which he hath left so shapeless and so rude.

*Re-enter BIGOT and Attendants, who bring in KING JOHN
in a chair.*

K. John. Ay, marry, now my soul hath elbow-room;
It would not out at windows, nor at doors.
There is so hot a summer in my bosom,
That all my bowels crumble up to dust.
I am a scribbled form, drawn with a pen
Upon a parchment; and against this fire
Do I shrink up.

P. Hen. How fares your majesty?

K. John. Poisoned,—ill fare; dead, forsook, cast off;
And none of you will bid the winter come,
To thrust his icy fingers in my maw;
Nor let my kingdom's rivers take their course
Through my burned bosom; nor entreat the north
To make his bleak winds kiss my parched lips,
And comfort me with cold.—I do not ask you much;
I beg cold comfort: and you are so strait,
And so ingrateful, you deny me that.

P. Hen. O that there were some virtue in my tears,
That might relieve you.

K. John. The salt in them is hot.—
Within me is a hell; and there the poison
Is, as a fiend, confined to tyrannize
On unreprievable, condemned blood.

Enter the Bastard.

Bast. O, I am scalded with my violent emotion,
And spleen of speed to see your majesty.

K. John. O, cousin, thou art come to set mine eye.
The tackle of my heart is cracked and burned;
And all the shrouds, wherewith my life should sail,
Are turned to one thread, one little hair:
My heart hath one poor string to stay it by,
Which holds but till thy news be uttered;
And then all this thou seest, is but a clod
And module of confounded royalty.

Bast. The dauphin is preparing hitherward;
Where, Heaven he knows, how we shall answer him;
For, in a night, the best part of my power,
As I upon advantage did remove,
Were in the washes, all unwarily,
Devoured by the unexpected flood. [*The King dies*]

Sal. You breathe these dead news in as dead an ear.—
My liege! my lord!—But now a king,—now thus.

P. Hen. Even so must I run on, and even so stop.
What surety of the world, what hope, what stay,
When this was now a king, and now is clay!

Bast. Art thou gone so? I do but stay behind,
To do the office for thee of revenge;
And then my soul shall wait on thee to heaven,
As it on earth hath been thy servant still.—
Now, now, you stars, that move in your right spheres,
Where be your powers? Show now your mended faiths;
And instantly return with me again,
To push destruction and perpetual shame
Out of the weak door of our fainting land.
Straight let us seek, or straight we shall be sought;
The dauphin rages at our very heels.

Sal. It seems you know not then so much as we.
The cardinal Pandolph is within at rest,
Who half an hour since came from the dauphin;
And brings from him such offers of our peace
As we with honor and respect may take,
With purpose presently to leave this war.

Bast. He will the rather do it, when he sees
Ourselves well sinewed to our defence.

Sal. Nay, it is in a manner done already;
For many carriages he hath despatched
To the seaside, and put his cause and quarrel
To the disposing of the cardinal;
With whom yourself, myself, and other lords,
If you think meet, this afternoon will post
To consummate this business happily.

Bast. Let it be so;—and you, my noble prince,
With other princes that may best be spared,
Shall wait upon your father's funeral.

P. Hen. At Worcester must his body be interred;
For so he willed it.

Bast. Thither shall it then.
And happily may your sweet self put on
The lineal state and glory of the land!
To whom, with all submission, on my knee,
I do bequeath my faithful services
And true subjection everlastingly.

Sal. And the like tender of our love we make,
To rest without a spot for evermore.

P. Hen. I have a kind soul, that would give you thanks,
And knows not how to do it, but with tears.

Bast. O, let us pay the time but needful woe,
Since it hath been beforehand with our griefs.—
This England never did (nor never shall)
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,
But when it first did help to wound itself.
Now these her princes are come home again,
Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them. Nought shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true. [*Exeunt.*

EXPLANATORY NOTES.

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TAMING OF THE SHREW.

"Take them to the buttery."—Induction.

"The top of the profession were then mere players, not gentlemen of the stage: they were led into the *buttery* by the steward; not placed at the lord's table, or the lady's toilette."—Rowe.

"Marian Hacket, the fat ale-wife of Wincot."—Induction.

Wilnecotte is a village in Warwickshire, near Stratford, with which Shakspeare was well acquainted. The house kept by our genial hostess still remains, but is at present a mill.—WARTON.

"Be she as foul as was Florentius' love."—Act I. Sc. 2.

"A *Florentine* young gentleman was so deceived by the lustre and orientness of her jewels, pearles, rings, lawns, scarfes, laces, gold, spangles, and other devices, that he was ravished overnight, and was mad till the marriage was solemnized. But next morning by light viewing her before she was gorgeously trimmed up, she was such a leane, yellow, riveled, deformed creature, that he never lay with her, nor lived with her afterwards; and would say that he had married himself to a stinking house of office, painted over, and set out with fine garments: and so for grief consumed away in melancholy, and at last poysoned himself." *Gomesius, lib. III. de Sal. Gen. cap. 22.*—FARMER.

"And for your love to her, lead apes in hell."—Act II. Sc. 1.

To lead apes was anciently, as at present, one of the bearward's employments, who often carries one of those animals about with his bear; but it does not appear how this phrase came to be applied to old maids. There is a similar passage in *Much Ado about Nothing*. "Therefore (says Beatrice), I will even take sixpence in earnest of the *bearward*, and lead his *apes* in hell."—MALONE.

"This small packet of Greek and Latin books."—Act II. Sc. 1.

A strange present from a lover! It might be thought so now, but in Elizabeth's time the young ladies of quality were usually instructed in the learned languages, if any attention was paid to their minds at all. Lady Jane Grey and her sisters, Queen Elizabeth, &c., are trite instances.—PERCY.

"Counterpoints."—Act II. Sc. 1.

Counterpoints, or, as we now say, *Counterpanes*, were in ancient times extremely costly. In Wat Tyler's rebellion, Stowe informs us, when the insurgents broke into the wardrobe in the Savoy, they destroyed a coverlet worth a thousand marks —MALONE.

"*Pewter.*"—Act II. Sc. 1.

We may suppose that *pewter* was, even in the reign of Elizabeth, too costly to be used in common. It appears from the regulations and establishment of the household of Henry Algeruon Percy, the fifth earl of Northumberland; that vessels of *pewter* were hired by the year. This household book was begun in the year 1512.—STEEVENS.

"*Quaffed off the muscadel.*"—Act III. Sc. 2.

The fashion of introducing a bowl of wine at church at a wedding, to be drunk by the bride and bridegroom and persons present, was very anciently a constant ceremony; nor was it abolished in the poet's time. We find it practised at the magnificent marriage of Queen Mary and Philip, in Winchester Cathedral, 1554. "The trumpets sounded, and they both returned to their traverses in the quire, and there remayned untill masse was done, at which tyme, *wyne* and *sopes* were hallowed and delyvered to them both."—T. WARTON.

"*An old hat, and the humour of forty fancies prick'd in't for a feather.*"—Act III. Sc. 2.

Fancy appears to have been some ornament worn formerly in the hat. So, Peacham, in his *Worth of a Penny*, describing "an indigent and discontented soldat," says, "he walks with his arms folded, his belt without a sword or rapier, that perhaps being somewhere in trouble; a *hat* without a band, hanging over his eyes, only it wears a weather-beaten *fancy* for fashion sake."—MALONE.

"*Their blue coats brush'd.*"—Act IV. Sc. 1.

Blue was commonly worn by servants at the time. So in Decker's *Bellman*:—"The other act their parts in *blew coates*, as they were their *serving men*, though indeed they be all fellows;" and in *The Curtain Drawer of the World*:—"Not a *serving man* dare appeare in a *blew coat*, not because it is the livery of charity, but lest he should be thought a retainer to their enemy."—REED.

"*The carpet's laid.*"—Act IV. Sc. 1.

In our author's time, it was customary to cover *tables* with *carpets*. Floors were commonly strewn with rushes.—MALONE.

"*Ay, but the mustard is too hot, a little.*"—Act IV. Sc. 3.

This is agreeable to the doctrine of the times. In *The Glass of Humours*, it is said:—"But note here, that the first diet is not only in avoiding superfluity of meats, and surfeits of drinks, but also in eschewing such as are most obnoxious, and least agreeable with our happy temperate state; as for a cholerick man to abstain from all salt, scorched, dry meats, from *mustard*, and such like things as will aggravate his malignant humours."—REED.

"*Come, tailor, let us see these ornaments.*"—Act IV. Sc. 3.

Formerly *women's gowns* were made by men. So in *The Epistle to the Ladies*, prefixed to *Euphues and his England*, by John Lyly, 1580:—"If a *taylor* make your gown too little, you cover his fault with a broad stomacher: if too great, with a number of pleights: if too short, with a fair guard: if too long, with a false gathering."—MALONE.

"*Custard-coffin*."—Act IV. Sc. 3.

A *coffin* was the ancient culinary term for the raised crust of a *pie* or *custard*.—STEEVENS.

"*Censer*."—Act IV. Sc. 3.

We learn from an old print that these *censers* resembled in shape our modern *brasieres*. They had pierced convex covers, and stood on feet. They not only served to sweeten a barber's shop, but to keep his water warm, and dry his clothes on.—STEEVENS.

"*My banquet*."—Act V. Sc. 2.

A *banquet*, or an *afterpast*, was a slight refection, like our modern *desert*, consisting of cakes, sweetmeats, and fruit.—STEEVENS.

WINTER'S TALE.

"*Happy man be his dole*."—Act I. Sc. 2.

The *alms* immemorially given to the poor by the archbishops of *Canterbury*, is still called the *dole*.—NICHOLS.

"*Lower messes*."—Act I. Sc. 2.

Formerly, at the tables of the great, a large salt-cellar was placed in the middle, the noble guests sat above it; the retainers and persons of low rank, below it. At the upper end of the board, the viands were delicate and costly; at the lower, plain and substantial. Wine was drank above the salt; beer only, below it. An allusion is made to this custom in *The Honest Whore*, by Decker, 1604. "Plague him, set him *beneath the salt*, and let him not touch a bit till every one has had his full cut."

"*Still virginalling*."—Act I. Sc. 2.

A *virginal* is a very small kind of *spinnet*. Queen Elizabeth's *virginal book* is still in being, and many of the lessons in it have proved so difficult, as to baffle our most expert players on the harpsichord.

STEEVENS.

"*Like his medal*."—Act I. Sc. 2.

It should be remembered, that it was customary for *gentlemen*, in our author's age, to wear jewels appended to a ribbon round the neck. So in *Honour in Perfection*, or a *Treatise in Commendation of Henrie, Earl of Oxenforde*, Henrie, Earl of Southampton, &c., by Gervais Nashham 1624:—"He hath *hung about the neck* of his noble kinsman, Sir Horace Vere, like a *rich jewel*." The knights of the garter wore the George, in this manner, till the time of Charles I.—MALONE.

"——— *There may be in the cup*

A spider steep'd, and one may drink."—Act II. Sc. 1.

'That *spiders* were thought *venomous* appears by the evidence of a person who was examined in Sir Thomas Overbury's affair. "The Countesse wished me to get the *strongest poyson* I could; accordingly, I bought *seven great spiders*, and *cantharides*."—HENDERSON.

"*A boy, or a child.*"—Act III. Sc. 3.

In some of our inland counties, a *female infant*, in contradistinction to a *male one*, is still termed, among the peasantry, a *child*.—STEEVENS.

"*With trol-my-dames.*"—Act IV. Sc. 2.

In Dr. Jones's old treatise on *Buckstone Bathes*, he says, "The ladies, gentle-women, wyves, maydes, if the weather be not agreeable, may have in the ende of a benche, eleven holes made, intoo the which to trouble pummits, either wyolent or softe, after their own discretion; the pastime trouble in madame is termed."—FARMER.

"*Fadings.*"—Act IV. Sc. 3.

A rural Irish dance. This dance is still practised on rejoicing occasions in many parts of Ireland. A king and queen are chosen from amongst the young persons who dance best; the queen carries a garland, composed of two hoops placed at right angles, and fastened to a handle; the hoops are covered with flowers and ribbons. Frequently, in the course of the dance, the king and queen lift up their joined hands as high as they can, she still holding the garland in the other. The most remote couple from the king and queen first pass under; all the rest of the line, linked together, follow in succession; when the last has passed, the king and queen suddenly face about and front their companions; this is often repeated in the course of the dance, and the various undulations are pretty enough, resembling the movements of a serpent. The dancers, on the first of May, visit such newly-wedded pairs of a certain rank, as have been married since last May-day in the neighbourhood, who commonly bestow on them a stuffed ball, richly decked with gold and silver lace, and accompanied with a present of money to regale themselves after the dance. This dance is practised when the bonfires are lighted up, the queen hailing the return of summer, in a popular Irish song, beginning:—

"We lead on Summer—see! she follows in our train."

BOSWELL.

"*Lawn as white as driven snow, &c.*"—Act IV. Sc. 3.

Autolycus here enumerates, in his assumed character of a pedlar, such articles as being on sale as were likely to attract customers. What these were we can only guess at. He has "unbraided wares." This probably means of the best manufacture undamaged. "Points more than all the lawyers in Bohemia, can learnedly handle." These were laces with metal tags to them. "Caddises:" Caddis, according to Malone, is a narrow worsted ferret. "Inkle:" Inkle, as we learn from the same authority, is a kind of tape. "Poking sticks of steel:"—Stowe informs us, that "about the sixteenth yeare of the Queen Elizabeth, began the making of steel poking sticks, and until that time all laundresses used setting sticks made of wood or bone." These poking sticks were heated in the fire, and made use of to adjust the plaits of ruffs. "Pomander:" a Pomander was a little ball made of perfumes, and worn in the pocket, or about the neck, to prevent infection when the plague was prevalent.

"*A pair of sweet gloves.*"—Act IV. Sc. 3.

Stowes' continuator, Edmund Howes, informs us, that the English could not "make any costly washe or perfume, until aboute the fourteenth or fifteenth of the Queene Elizabeth, the Right Honourable Edward Vere,

Earl of Oxforde, came from Italy, and brought with him gloves, sweet bagges, a perfumed leather jerkin, and other pleasant things; and that the Queene had *a payre of perfumed gloves* trimmed onlie with foure tufts or roses of cullered silke. The Queene tooke such pleasure in those gloves, that she was pictured with those gloves upon her hands; and for many years after it was called the *Erle of Oxfordes perfume*."

WARTON.

"*Here's another ballad; Of a fish.*"—Act IV. Sc. 3.

Whoever was hanged or burnt, a merry or lamentable ballad was immediately entered on the books of the Stationers' Company; among the entries for 1604, we find the following, to which, no doubt, Autolycus alludes:—"A strange reporte of a monstrous fish that appeared in the shape of a woman, from her waiste upward, scene in the sea."

"*All men of hair.*"—Act IV. Sc. 3.

Men of hair, are hairy men, or satyrs. A dance of satyrs was no unusual entertainment in the middle ages. At a great festival celebrated in France, the king and some of the nobles personated satyrs dressed in close habits, tufted or shagged all over, to imitate hair. They began a wild dance; and in the tumult of their merriment, one of them went too near a candle and set fire to his satyr's garb, the flame ran instantly over the loose tufts, and spread itself to the dress of those who were next to him; a great number of the dancers were cruelly scorched, being neither able to throw off their coats, nor extinguish them. The king had set himself in the lap of the duchess of Burgundy, who threw her robe over him and saved him.—JOHNSON.

COMEDY OF ERRORS.

"*Carikanet.*"—Act III. Sc. 1.

A *carikanet* seems to have been a necklace set with stones, or strung with pearls. Thus, in *Partheneia Sacra*, 1633: "Seeke not vermillion or ceruse in the face, bracelets of oriental pearls on the wrists, rubie *carikanets* on the neck, and a most exquisite fan of feathers in the hand."

"*An everlasting garment.*"—Act IV. Sc. 2.

The serjeants' or sheriffs' officers, in Shakspeare's time, were clad in buff. Buff is also a cant expression for a man's skin, a covering which lasts him as long as his life.—MASON.

"*One that before the judgment carries poor souls to hell.*"—Act IV. Sc. 2

Before judgment; that is, on what is called *mesne process*: when a man is arrested *after judgment*, he is said to be taken in execution. *Hell* was the cant name for an obscure dungeon in any of our prisons.

MALONE.

"*What, have you got the picture of old Adam new apparell'd?*"—Act IV. Sc. 3.

Here seems to be an allusion to some well-known contemporary painting, perhaps of a sign. "Adam, whom God dyd fyrst create, made the

fyrs *lether coates* for himselfe and his wyfe Eve, our old mother ; leavyng thereby a patron to al his posteritie of that crafte." *Polydore Virgil*, translated by Langley.—DOUCE.

" *Thou peevish officer.*"—Act IV. Sc. 4.

Peevish, as here used, is synonymous to *foolish*, and the word was frequently so employed by our old writers ; so in *The Curse of Corn-Holders*, by Charles Fitz-Geoffrey, 1633 : "The Egyptians relieved the Israelites in the famine, though it were an abomination to the Egyptians, in their *peevish* superstition, to eate breade with the Hebrewes."

" *His man with scissors nicks him like a fool.*"—Act V. Sc. 1.

There is a penalty of ten shillings in one of King Alfred's ecclesiastical laws if one opprobriously *shave* a common man like a *fool*. Fools were certainly shaved or nicked in a peculiar manner in Shakspeare's time, as we learn from *The Choice of Change*, 1598. "Three things used by monks, which provoke other men to laugh at their follies : 1. They are *shaven* and notched on the head like *fooles*."—TOLLET, and MALONE.



MACBETH.

" *Kernes and Gallowglasses.*"—Act I. Sc. 2.

We have the following account of *Kernes and Gallowglasses*, in *Bar-naby Riche's* new Irish Prognostication :—"The *Galloglas* succeedeth the horseman, and he is commonly armed with a scull ; a shirt of maile, and a *Galloglas axe*. His service in the field is neither good against horsemen, nor able to endure an encounter of pikes ; yet the Irish do make great account of them. The *Kerne* of Ireland are next in request, the very dross and scum of the country, a generation of villaines not fit to live : these be they that live by robbing and spoyling the poor countreyman, that maketh him many times to buye bread to give unto them, though he want for himselfe and his poore children. These are they that are ready to run out with everie rebell, and these are the verie hags of hell, fit for nothing but for the gallows."—BOSWELL.

" *Saint Colmes' Inch.*"—Act I. Sc. 2.

Colines' Inch, now called *Inchcomb*, is a small island in the Firth of Edinburgh, with an abbey upon it, dedicated to *Saint Colomb*, called by Camden *Inch Colm*, or the Isle of *St. Columba*. Holinshed thus relates the circumstance alluded to in the play : "The Danes that escaped, and got once to their ships, obtained of Makbeth for a great summe of gold, that such of their friends as were slaine, might be buried in Saint Colmes' inch. In memorie whereof many old sepultures are yet in the said *inch*, there to be seene, graven with the armes of the Danes."

" *The rump-fed ronyon.*"—Act I. Sc. 3.

The chief cooks, in noblemen's families, colleges, and hospitals, anciently claimed the emoluments or kitchen fees of kidneys, fat trotters, *rumps*, &c., which they sold to the poor. The weird sister, in this scene, as an insult on the poverty of the woman who had called her *witch*, reproaches her poor abject state, as not being able to procure better provision than offals.—COLEPEPER.

"*In a sieve I'll thither sail.*"—Act I. Sc. 3.

Reginald Scott says, it was believed that witches "could sail in an egg-shell, a cockle or muscle-shell, through and under the tempestuous seas." And in a book, "declaring the damnable life of Doctor Fian," is the following passage: "All they (the witches) together went to sea, each one in a *riddle or cive*, and went in the same very substantially with flagons of wine, making merrie and drinking by the way, in the same riddles or *cives*."

"*And like a rat without a tail.*"—Act I. Sc. 3.

It was imagined, that though a witch could assume the form of any animal she pleased, the tail would still be wanting. This deficiency has been thus accounted for; though the hands and feet, by an easy change, might be converted into the four paws of a beast, still there was no part about a woman which corresponded to the length of tail common to almost all our four-footed animals.—STEEVENS.

"*I'll give thee a wind.*"—Act I. Sc. 3.

This gift of a wind must be looked upon as an act of sisterly friendship, for witches were supposed to sell them. So in *Summer's Last Will and Testament*, 1600.

"—— in Ireland and in Denmark both,
Witches for gold will sell a man a winde,
Which in the corner of a napkin wrap'd,
Shall blow him safe unto what coast he will."

It may be hoped that our witches behaved more handsomely than one of their relations, as described in an appendix to the old translation of Marco Paulo, 1579: "they demanded that he should *give them a winde*; and he shewed, setting his hands *behinde*, from *whence the winde should come*."—STEEVENS.

"*The insane root.*"—Act I. Sc. 3.

"You gaz'd against the sun, and so blemished your sight; or else you have eaten of the *roots of hemlock*, that makes men's eyes conceit unseen objects."—GREENE'S NEVER TOO LATE, 1616.

"*The prince of Cumberland.*"—Act I. Sc. 4.

"Duncan having two sonnes, he made the elder of them, called Malcolm, prince of *Cumberland*, as it was thereby to appoint him successor in his kingdome immediatlie after his decease. Mackbeth, sorely troubled herewith, for that he saw by this means his hope sore hindered (where by the old laws of the realme the ordinance was, that if he that should succeed was not able of age to take the charge upon himselfe, he that was next of blood unto him should be admitted) he began to take counsel how he might usurp the kingdom by force, having a just quarrel so to doe (as he tooke the matter), for that Duncane did what in him lay to defraude him of all manner of title and claime, which he might, in tyme to come, pretend to the crowne."—HOLINSHED.

"*I have drugg'd their possets.*"—Act II. Sc. 2.

It was a general custom to eat *possets* just before bed-time. Randle Holmes in his *Academy of Armory*, says: "*Posset* is hot milk poured on ale or sack, having sugar, grated biscet, and eggs, with other ingredients boiled in it, which goes all to a curd."—MALONE.

“*Colme-kill*.”—Act II. Sc. 2.

Colme-kill is the famous *Iona*, the burying-place of the ancient *Scottish kings*, one of the Western Isles, described by Johnson in his *Tour*.

STEEVENS.

“*The pit of Acheron*.”—Act III. Sc. 5.

Shakspeare seems to have thought it allowable to give the name of *Acheron* to any fountain, lake, or pit, through which there was vulgarly supposed to be any communication between this and the infernal world. The true original *Acheron* was a river in Greece, and yet Virgil gives this name to his lake in the valley of *Amsanctus*, in Italy.—STEEVENS.

“*Enter the three witches*.”—Act IV. Sc. 1.

Shakspeare has chosen every circumstance of his infernal cremonies with great judgment. A cat was the usual interlocutor between witches and familiar spirits. A witch, who was tried about fifty years before the bard's time, was said to have had a cat named *Rutterkin*, and when any mischief was to be done she would bid *Rutterkin go and fly*. The common afflictions attributed to the malice of witches, were melancholy, fits, and loss of flesh. They likewise destroyed the cattle of their neighbors, and the farmers have, to this day, many ceremonies to secure their herds from witchcraft. They were very malicious to swine; one of Shakspeare's hags, says, she has been killing swine; and Dr. Harsnet observes, that in his time “a sow could not be ill of the measles, nor a girl of the sullens, but some old woman was charged with witchcraft. Toads have long been reproached as the abettors of witchcraft. When Vaninus was seized at Tholouse, there was found in his lodgings a great toad shut in a phial, upon which, those that prosecuted him denounced him as a wizard. The ingredients of Shakspeare's cauldron are selected according to the formularies prescribed in books of magick. Witches were supposed to take up bodies to use in enchantments, which was confessed by the woman whom King James examined, and who had of a dead body that was divided in one of their assemblies, two fingers for her share. A passage from Camden explains and justifies our author in some other particulars: “When any one gets a fall, he stands up, and turning three times to the right, digs a hole in the earth; for they imagine that there is a spirit in the ground, and if he falls sick in two or three days, they send one of their women that is skilled in that way, to the place, where she says, ‘I call thee from the east, west, north, and south, from the groves, the woods, the rivers, and the fens, from the fairies, red, black, and white.’”—JOHNSON, &c.

“*And yet the eighth appears, who bears a glass*.”—Act IV. Sc. 1.

Magicians, in the superstitious age of our author, professed to have the power of showing future events by means of a *charmed glass or mirror*. So, in an extract from the Penal Laws against Witches, it is said, “They do answer either by voice, or else do set before their eyes in *glasses*, crystal stones, &c., the pictures or images of persons or things sought for.” Spenser has given a very circumstantial account of the *glass* which Merlin made for King Ryence. A mirror of the same kind was presented to Cambuscan in *The Squire's Tale* of Chaucer; and in John Alday's translation of Pierre Boisteau's *Theatrum Mundi*, “A certain philosopher did the like to Pompey, the which *shewed him in a glass* the order of his enemies' march.”—STEEVENS.

"*The mere despair of surgery he cures.*"—Act IV. Sc. 3.

The power of curing the *king's evil* was claimed by many of the Plantagenets. Dr. Borde, who wrote in the time of Henry VIII., says: "The kynges of England, by the power that God hath given unto them, doyth make sych men whole of a syckness called the kyng's evyll." In Laneham's account of the Entertainments of Kenelworth, it is said: "And also by her highnesse (Queen Elizabeth) accustomed mercy and charitee, nyne cured of the paynful and dangerous deseaz called the king's evil, for that kings and quaens of this realme without oother medsin (save only by handling and prayer) only doo it" This practice was continued so late as Queen Anne's time: Dr. Johnson, when a child, was touched for the evil by that princess.

English epicures."—Act V. Sc. 3.

Of the ancient poverty of Scotland, the following mention is made by Froissart: "They be like wyld and savage people—they dought ever to lese that they have, for it is a poore countrey. And when the Englishmen maketh any rood or voyage into the contrey, if they thynke to lyve, they must cause their provysion and vitayle to follow them at their backe, for they shall find nothing in that countrey." Such a people, who made but one meal a day, envying the "*English likerous delicats*," would be ready enough to brand their ancient enemies with the name of *epicures*.

STEEVENS.

"*Henceforth be earls, the first that ever Scotland
In such an honour named.*"—Act V. Sc. 7.

"Malcolm, immediately after his coronation, called a parlement at Forfair, in the which he rewarded them with lands and livings that had assisted him against Macbeth. Manie of them that were before *thanes*, were at this time made *earles*, as Fife, Menteith, Atholl, Levenox, Murray, Cathness, Rosse, and Angus."—HOLINSHED'S HIST. OF SCOT.

KING JOHN.

"*With that half-face.*"—Act I. Sc. 1.

The poet sneers at the meagre sharp visage of the elder brother, by comparing him to a silver groat that bore the king's face in profile, so showed but *half the face*; the groats of all our English kings, and indeed all their other silver coins, with one or two exceptions, had a full face crowned; till Henry VII. coined groats and half groats, as also some shillings with *half faces*, as all our coin has now. The first groats of Henry VIII. were like his father's, though he afterwards returned to the broad faces again. These groats, with the impression in profile, are here alluded to; though the author is guilty of an anachronism; for in John's time there were no groats at all, they being first coined in the reign of Edward III.—THEOBALD.

"——— My face so thin,
That in mine ear I durst not stick a rose,
Lest men should say, look where three farthings goes."—Act I. Sc. 1.

In Elizabeth's time there were *three farthing silver pieces*; they were impressed with her head, with a full blown *rose* behind it; these pieces were of course extremely thin. In this age, fashionables of both sexes wore flowers, especially *roses*, behind their ears. Combine these circumstances, and the allusion is obvious.—THEOBALD.

"*Plantagenet*."—Act I. Sc. 1.

Plantagenet was not a family name, but a *nick-name*, by which a grandson of Geoffrey, the first earl of Anjou, was distinguished, from his wearing a broom-stalk in his bonnet.

"*Now your traveller*."—Act I. Sc. 1.

Travelling, in Elizabeth's time, was the fashionable resource of those who had no fixed occupation; as to have seen foreign countries enabled a man to assume airs of superiority over his untravelled companions. "A traveller was a good thing after dinner;" a constant occasion of wonder and amusement. Yet travellers fell into strange impertinences. Sir Thomas Overbury, speaking of one, says:—"He censures all things by countenances and shrugs, and speaks his own language with shame and lispings: he will choke rather than confess beere good drinke, and his *tooth-pick* is a main part of his behaviour." Travellers brought home many ridiculous fashions. Gascoigne, in his *Poems*, 1572, describes some of these:—

"Now, sir, if I shall see your mastership
Come home disguis'd, and clad in quaint array:
As with a pike-tooth byting on your lippe;
Your brave mustachios turn'd the Turkie way;
A coptankt hat made on a Flemish blocke;
A night-gowne cloake down trayling to your toes;
A slender slop close couched to your dock,
A curtolde slipper, and a short silk hose."

"*Colbrand*."—Act I. Sc. 1.

Colbrand was a *Danish giant*, whom Guy of Warwick discomfited in the presence of King Athelstan. The combat is very pompously described by Drayton in his *Polyolbion*.—JOHNSON.

"*Richard, that robb'd the lion of his heart*."—Act II. Sc. 1.

So Rastal in his *Chronicle*:—"It is sayd that a *lyon* was put to Kynge Richard, beyng in prison, to have devoured him, and when the *lyon* was gapyng he put his arme into his mouth, and pulled the *lyon* by the *harte* so hard that he slew the *lyon*, and therefore some say he is called *Richard Cure de Lyon*; but some say he is called *Cure de Lyon*, because of his boldness and hardy stomake."—GREY.

"*By this brave duke came early to his grave*."—Act II. Sc. 1.

Richard was not killed by the duke of Austria; he lost his life at the siege of Chaluz, long after he had been ransomed out of the hands of this petty potentate. The producing Austria on the scene is also contrary to the truth of history. Leopold, duke of Austria, by whom Richard I. had

been thrown into prison in 1193, died in consequence of a fall from his horse, in 1195, some years before the commencement of the present play. The original cause of quarrel between Austria and Richard is variously related. Harding in his Chronicle says, that the source of enmity was Richard's taking down the duke of Austria's arms and banner, which he had set up above those of the king of France and the king of Jerusalem. The affront was given when they lay before Acre in Palestine.—MALONE.

"That thou may'st be a queen, and check the world."—Act II. Sc. 1.

"Surely Queen Eleanor, the kyng's mother, was sore against her nephew Arthur, rather moved thereto by envye conceyved against his mother, than upon any just occasion, given in the behalfe of the childe: for that she saw, if he were kynge, *how his mother Constance would looke to beare the most rule within the realme of Englande*, till her sonne should come to a lawful age to governe himselfe. So hard a thing it is to bringe women to agree in one minde, their natures commonly being so contrary."—HOLINSHED.

"The Lady Blanch."—Act II. Sc. 2.

The Lady Blanch was daughter to Alphonso IX., king of Castile, and was niece to King John, by his sister Eleanor.—STEEVENS.

"A widow."—Act III. Sc. 1.

This was not the fact. Constance was, at this time, married to a *third* husband, Guido, brother to the viscount of Touars. She had been divorced from her *second* husband, Ranulph, earl of Chester.—MALONE.

"Some airy devil hovers in the sky."—Act III. Sc. 2.

"The spirits of the *aire* will mixe themselves with thunder and lightning, and so *infect* the clyme where they raise any tempest, that sodainely great mortalitie shall ensue to the inhabitants. The spirits of fire have their mansions under the regions of the moone."—PIERCE PENNILESSE, HIS SUPPLICATION.

"Bell, book, and candle, shall not drive me back."—Act III. Sc. 3.

In Archbishop Winchelsea's Sentences of Excommunication, anno 1298, it is directed, that the sentence against the infringers of certain articles should be "throughout explained *in order in English*, with *bells tolling* and *candles lighted*, that it may cause the greater dread; for laymen have greater regard to this solemnity, than to the effect of such sentences."—REED.

*"Young gentlemen would be as sad as night,
Only for wantonness."*—Act IV. Sc. 1.

It was once fashionable to affect melancholy in company. Ben Jonson ridicules this folly in Every Man in his Humour; again, in Questions concernyng Conie-hood, and the Nature of the Conic:—"That conie-hood which proceeds of melancholy, is, when in feasting appointed for merriment, this kind of conic-man sits like Mopsus or Corydon, blockish, never laughing, never speaking, but so bearishlie as if he would devour all the companie, which he doth to this end, that the guests might mutter how this his deep *melancholy* argueth great learning in him, and an intendment to most weighty affaires and heavenly speculations." Again in Lyly's Midas, 1592:—"Melancholy? is melancholy a word for a barber's

mouth? Thou should'st say, heavy, dull, and dotish. *melancholy* is the crest of courtiers, and now every base companion says, he is *melancholy*." And in the Life and Death of the Lord Cromwell, 1613:—

"My nobility is wonderful melancholy.

Is it not most gentleman-like to be melancholy?"

STEEVENS.

"*And here's a prophet.*"—Act IV. Sc. 2.

This man was a hermit in great repute with the common people. Notwithstanding the event is said to have fallen out as he prophesied, the poor fellow was inhumanly dragged at horses' tails through the streets of Warham, and together with his son, who appears to have been even more innocent than his father, hanged afterwards upon a gibbet.—DOUCE.

"*The wall is high, and yet I will leap down.*"—Act IV. Sc. 3.

In what manner Arthur was deprived of life is uncertain; it seems that John conducted the assassination with impenetrable secrecy. The French writers, however, say, that John coming in a boat, during the night time, to the castle of Rouen, where the young prince was confined, ordered him to be brought forth, and having stabbed him, while supplicating for mercy, the king fastened a stone to the dead body, and threw it into the Seine, in order to give some color, which he afterwards caused to be spread, that the prince, attempting to escape out of a window of the tower of the castle, fell into the river, and was drowned.—MALONE.

"*At Worcester must his body be interr'd.*"—Act V. Sc. 7.

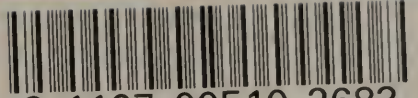
A stone coffin, containing the body of King John, was discovered in the cathedral church of Worcester, July 17, 1797.—STEEVENS.

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